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SAN JOAÕ DA FOZ & THE ENTRANCE OF THE DOURO

FROM A MIGUELITE BATTERY ON THE SOUTH

LUSITANIAN SKETCHES

OF

THE PEN AND PENCIL.

BY WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON, ESQ.,

AUTHOR OF "*THE CIRCASSIAN CHIEF*," "*THE PRIME MINISTER*," ETC.

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Goatherd of the Serra d'Estrella.

IN TWO VOLUMES.

VOL. I.

LONDON:
JOHN W. PARKER, WEST STRAND.

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TO

THE RIGHT HONORABLE

THE EARL OF CARNARVON.

My Lord,

I feel highly gratified by your Lordship's permission to dedicate to you the following pages. Though I should fear it might be mistaken for presumption in me to add my encomiums upon such works as yours on Portugal, possessing, as they are acknowledged by all to do, the philosophical views of a statesman, the elegant taste of a scholar, and indeed the highest literary merit, I may be allowed to assure you that I cordially agree in the favourable opinion you express of the Portuguese, refuting the unjust aspersions so frequently cast upon them by casual and ill-informed visitors to their lovely land. To no Englishman therefore

could I with greater propriety dedicate these slight Sketches of Lusitanian Scenery and Manners; and I beg your Lordship will accept them as a mark of my respect for those talents and attainments, which add lustre to your noble birth,

Permitting me to subscribe myself

Your Lordship's obedient Servant,

WILLIAM H. G. KINGSTON.

8 *York Gate, Regent's Park,*
June, 1845.

PREFACE.

THE following Sketches were written at different periods during a residence of nearly two years in the north of Portugal. They consist partly of tours made through the northern provinces from the Minho to the Mondego. The work is intended therefore to serve as a guide-book to travellers visiting the country, which object, though increasing the value to that portion of my readers, may give a degree of heaviness to some of the early pages, which I trust will not be found to be their general characteristic. My chief aim has been by them to illustrate the present political, social, and religious state of the Portuguese; and I hope I may have conveyed to my English readers a better knowledge of the country than the greater number now possess. I can assure my Portuguese friends, that if I have at times spoken of their faults or failings, I have done so without the least approach to ill-feeling; and I trust that nothing I have said will interrupt the harmony in which I have for many years lived among them.

The second volume may be found more interesting than the first, as it contains a description of a wider district, and of a greater variety of scenery. In it I have given an account of the wine-country, the production of port wine, the method of preserving and treating it, and advice to wine-merchants and private gentlemen as to the best way of selecting it. I have touched also on the Oporto Wine Company, and on the subject of the lately projected rail-roads.

These Sketches, I must again observe, vary very much in interest, yet I could not well omit any one of them; and I beg my readers therefore to pass over such as they find less amusing than they expect, rather than in consequence to throw the book aside. Some may appear trivial, but a correct painter must attend to minute points.

I have frequently spoken of religious subjects. True religion—belief—I have ever treated with due reverence: falsehood—mockery—imposture, itself conscious of deserving no better designation, with the scorn every honest heart must feel.

The pencil-sketches I either took on the spot myself, or they were done by the companion of my travels, and though not artistical outlines, they are true to nature, and will aid those of the pen.

I intend, at a future period, to illustrate in the same way the southern provinces of Portugal; thus forming a complete guide through the country. What I have already written will, I hope, afford amusement by the fire-side, as well as being found useful to the traveller.

I must observe that the Peninsula steam-boats now start from Southampton only three times in the month, on the 7th, 17th and 27th, except when either of those days falls on a Sunday, when they wait till the following Monday. They touch at Corunna, Vigo, off Oporto, and Lisbon, occupying about five days to reach the last-mentioned place.

London, September 1845.

CONTENTS

OF

THE FIRST VOLUME.

PAGE

PREFACE - - - - - - - - - - - - - v

SKETCH I.

London Society. Pleasant Reminiscences. Embark at Southampton. Comfort of a private Cabin. Lack of Accommodation for Ladies. Advice to Passengers. Call at Falmouth for Mail-bags. Fellow-passengers. Vigo Bay. The Town of Vigo. Good Roads much needed. Trustworthiness of the Gallegos - - - - - - - - - - - - 1

SKETCH II.

Quit Vigo Bay. Amusing Incident. The Minho. Portuguese Towns of Caminho, Viana, Villa do Conde. Arrive at Oporto. Appearance of the City. Occasional Difficulty in landing. Fortunate Issue of a dangerous Attempt. The Boats. Custom-house: Advice to Passengers. Deficiency of first-rate Inns - - - - - - - - - - - 16

SKETCH III.

Oporto. Bravery of its Inhabitants. Extent and Population. Appearance from the River. Topographical Ramble. Principal Streets. Suspension Bridge. Fountains. Convent of San Bento das Freiras. Localities of different Trades. Unconcernedness of the Shopkeepers. Praças or Squares. Town Hall. Italian Opera House. Lovely Walk of the Fontainhas. Fine Situation of the Largo do Torre da Marco. Suburbs of Oporto. The more Ancient portion of the City. Recent Improvements - - - - - - - - - - - 30

PAGE

SKETCH IV.

The River Douro. Brilliant Action on its Banks. Course of the River traced. Contemplated Improvements to facilitate its Navigation. Mournful Disaster from its sudden Rise. Voyage up the Douro. The Rio d'Ouro. Suburbs of Maçarellos. Quays. Church and Convent of St. Antonio. The Portuguese skilful Shipbuilders. Merchants engaged in the odious Slave-trade. The various Craft on the River. Suspension Bridge: frightful loss of life owing to its giving way. Serra Convent. Palace of the Freixo - - - - - - - 51

SKETCH V.

Society in Oporto. Assembly Rooms. Agreeable Reunions broken up by change of Rulers. Friendly Intercourse. Skill of the Natives in Music and extempore Poetry. Different Classes in the Social Body. Festas, or Merry-makings. Courtships. Marriages. Christenings. Funerals. Visits of Condolence. Feelings regarding the Dead. Belief in Purgatory. Procession of the Host to a sick Person - - - 72

SKETCH VI.

A Trip into the Interior. Comparative Merits of the Horse and Mule in Travelling. Macadamized Roads. Singular Occupation of female Children. Various Features of the Country. Ancient Church at Sobrao. Beautiful Village, and Mineral Waters, of Vizella. Its ancient Baths reopened. Lovely Scenery on the road to Guimaraens. Arrival there on the Eve of the Festival of its Patron Saint - - - - 96

SKETCH VII.

Visit the Cathedral of Guimaraens. Malapropos Inquiry. Marvellous Legend respecting a Tree held in great veneration. Magnificent *coup d'œil* of Guimaraens and Suburbs. Ramble through the Town. The Castle. Traditional Notices regarding it. View from the Walls. Ancient Chapel. The "Treasures of our Lady" in the Cathedral. Quit Guimaraens. Baths in the neighbourhood of Taipas. Extensive and beautiful Scene on approaching Braga - - - - - 119

PAGE

SKETCH VIII.

Arrivé at Braga. The Ladies, and Lattices. The Campo da Sta Anna. Carry Letters of Introduction. The Casa das Infias, and its polite host. Stroll through the City. Ladies not accustomed to walk abroad. Braga formerly an episcopal See. Restriction of Amusements prejudicial to Morality. Numerous Shrines scattered through the City. Elegant and interesting Reunion. Admiral Sir Harry Burrard Neale's Opinion of Portuguese Society - - - - - - 148

SKETCH IX.

Exterior of the Houses at Braga. The Cathedral. Barbarous modern Innovations. The Sacristy. Splendid Vestments and costly sacred Utensils. Precious Relics. The High Altar. Pure Gothic Chapel. Quit the Cathedral. Fountain of ingenious construction. Bishop's Palace. Orphan Institutions. Mountain and Church of the Bom Jesus. Singular Fittings of its various Chapels. Good View from one of the Terraces. Beautiful Sunset behind the Mountains of Gerez - - - 165

SKETCH X.

The line of Soult's Retreat before the British. Start early for Salamonde. Ascend the Carvalho d'Este. Noble view thence. Sunrise. Tower of Lanhozo. Pull up at St. Jean's for refreshment. Various Scenery of the Road. Arrive at the Village of Salamonde. Onward Movement. Amusing Recollections of our elder Guide. Ponte Nova: dreadful Slaughter of the French Troops. The Miserella. Sketching. Disasters on our return. Safe Arrival at Braga - - - - - 183

SKETCH XI.

Braga once more. Visit the Cathedral. The Praça dos Carvalhos. Collection of Roman Antiquities. The Hospital: its excellent Arrangements. Beautiful Elevation. Artists and Artisans. Recollections of Sir A. Wellesley in Portugal. Good Roads only required in order to develop the great natural Riches of this Province. Return to Oporto. Villa Nova de Familicão. Arrive at Oporto before dark - - - - 207

PAGE

SKETCH XII.

Retrospect of Monasticism in Portugal. Unpopularity of the Monks. Political Sermons. Churches and Convents of Oporto. The Serra Convent: occupied as a Military Post: its consequent Destruction. Various other Convents and Nunneries. Different Orders of Monks and Friars. Unprincipled Conduct of a Prior of the Carmelites. Atrocious Plot to fire the Convents where the Constitutional Troops were quartered. The Cathedral of Oporto. Nossa Senhora da Lapa. Ancient Church of the Cedofeita. Legend of its Foundation. Church of the Clerigos—the Misericordia, &c. - - - - - 221

SKETCH XIII.

Improved Roads in the Environs of Oporto. Consequent advance of Taste among the People. St. João da Foz, a favourite Summer Resort. Facilities for Bathing. Macadamized Roads. Matozinhos. Its Church. Marvellous Story concerning an Image contained in it. Mindello, the Landing-place of the Liberating Army under Dom Pedro. Villa do Conde, and Convent of Santa Clara. Some pretty Quintas. Sardinha-fishing. Remarkable Rock. Valongo Mines. Lovely Views on our Return to Oporto - - - - - - - - - 244

SKETCH XIV.

The People of Oporto. Generally pacific. Occasional Outbreaks. Comparative Skill in different Trades and Manufactures. Industry of the Women. The Lower Orders. Citizens of Oporto. Various Sign-boards exhibited. Means employed in disposing of numerous Commodities. The Gallegos: in constant requisition. Style of Bargaining. French Milliners greatly patronized. English Families in Oporto. British Merchants. High Character of the Medical Profession - - - - - 262

SKETCH XV.

A Ride from Oporto to Vigo. Damp Weather and muddy Roads. Pass the Night at Cazal da Pedra. Curious old Church at Rates. Village of Necessidades. Beautiful Scenery on the Banks of the Lima. Enjoy comfortable Quarters at Viana. Caminha, a frontier town of Portugal. Villa Nova de Cerveira. Castles on both sides the Minho. Scenery on

PAGE

approaching Valença. Cross thence into Spain. Town of Tuy. Wild Scenery on the road to Vigo. Arrival there, and Embarkation. Fellow-passengers - - - - - - - 277

SKETCH XVI.

Coup d'œil of the Public Institutions of Oporto. Their success consequent on the Regeneration of the Portuguese character. Politics. The Santa Casa da Misericordia, and other affiliated Societies. Asylums for Widows, Orphans, &c. Infant Schools. Various Brotherhoods. Foundling Hospital. Hospital for British Sailors. Italian Opera House: Madam Rossi Caccia and Signora Albertini. Theatre of St. João, and Minor Theatres. Club-houses. Printing-offices and Periodical Works. Public Library. Museum. Schools of various grades. Market-places. Road-making and Mining Companies. Post-office. Custom-house. Tobacco and Soap, royal Monopolies. Municipal Guard. Governors of different Departments. Public Cemeteries - - - - - - - 294

SKETCH XVII.

Traits and Traditions of the North of Portugal. Sebastianites. Religious Processions, at one time abolished: restored by the Pope. Procession on Trinity Sunday. That of the Corpus Christi. Feast styled "the Sacred Heart," peculiar to Portugal. Mode of ushering in Saints Days. St. Gonçalo. Religious Impositions. Penances much in vogue. Modes of performing them. Almost exclusive Worship of Saints. Catalogue of them, with their respective offices. Supernatural Beings. The Bruxas. The Lobishomes. Feiticeiras. Belief in a species of Metempsychosis. Wizards. License of St. John's Eve. Superstitious Observances - - - - - 320

LUSITANIAN SKETCHES.

SKETCH I.



Travellers in Portugal.

London Society. Pleasant Reminiscences. Embark at Southampton. Comfort of a private Cabin. Lack of Accommodation for Ladies. Advice to Passengers. Call at Falmouth for Mail-bags. Fellow-passengers. Vigo Bay. The Town of Vigo. Good Roads much needed. Trustworthiness of the Gallegos.

It was at the end of July 1843: the London season had been brought nearly to a close, and all the world were quitting, or preparing to quit, that vast arena for the communication of ideas and the exercise of the intellect; where the acerbities of our nature are rubbed off; where both the mind and manners become

polished; where a greater collection of talent, virtue, elegance, and beauty,—of all that is great, wealthy, and good, as well as of all that is bad—of crime, folly, and heartless frivolity, of poverty and misery,—is to be found than in any other part of the universe;—when, following the example of the rest of the mighty flock who were dispersing far and wide in search of health and of new ideas, to bring to the general mart on the following year, I too prepared to quit the scene.

Portugal, a land not unknown to me, was my destination, whose orange-scented gales I had oft before inhaled, whose vine-clad hills I had climbed, when my heart bounded joyously with youthful spirits; but now I was about to return with a more matured judgment, to correct my previous observations and opinions of men and manners, institutions and events; or, in other words, to touch up my former sketches of what I had seen, and to make new ones of what I was destined to see in the course of my sojourn in that land.

The steamers for the Peninsula then started from Southampton every Saturday; but, wishing to visit a large circle of relations in Hampshire, I threw myself into a carriage of the earliest Southampton rail-road train on Friday morning, so as to enjoy a whole day of their society. Much to my satisfaction I found myself the sole occupant of the carriage; for my mind was busy in communing with itself, and I wished not for idle tongue to interrupt the current of my thoughts. .... My recollection too was yet glowing vividly with the forms of light and loveliness which had passed

before my sight—with the unrivalled beauty of England's fair daughters: and in what part of the globe has creation produced ought to equal them? Think not that the maidens of Lusitania, with their dark, sparkling, expressive eyes, and well-rounded forms, can drive them from my thoughts. Think not that the dames of Spain, though majestic the carriage of their graceful figures, though elastic the step of their beautiful feet, can surpass them; nor can the laughing ladies of France, with their elegant *tournure* and exquisite taste, nor Italia's captivating daughters, nor even the maids of Georgia or Circassia. In beauty alone none are superior to my fair countrywomen, and in other attractive qualities how far inferior are all! In the high cultivation of the mind, combined with all the feminine qualities which adorn the sex, in the bright intelligence of their souls which beams through their eyes, they shine conspicuous. I thought of the syren voices I had heard, of the assemblage of talent in which I had found myself, of the noble, the patriotic, and philanthropic individuals whose society I had enjoyed, and of the dear ones I was leaving. Bitter too were my regrets, till it occurred to me that I was but fulfilling my duty to society, and that, as a denizen of the great world, I was bound, like many others, to bring back from my wanderings my quota of additional information to the great mart of knowledge I was about to quit. The idea cheered me, and I determined to perform my duty as far as in my power lay; and if I failed to instruct, to attempt at least to amuse.

I had engaged my passage on board one of the Peninsular Steam Packet Company's vessels, and was fortunate in securing a private cabin, which, as the greatest of luxuries, I should advise all my friends to do if possible, particulary those who are not ill at sea: they may then at least be free from the horrid sights, though not, alas! the noises, of a steamer on the ocean. Fancy the wretchedness of four human beings shut up in one cabin not six feet square; or, worse, of twelve, contained in a place about sixteen feet long yclept the *Omnibus*, all suffering in concert, placed on shelves one above another, and within a space so narrow that they can almost touch with outstretched arms the hands of those opposite to them. Fancy the stifling atmosphere, the sickening odours, the groans of the miserable inmates, the creaking of the bulk-heads and the humiliating spectacles of the prostration of boastful manhood. "And that same voice which bade the Romans mark him, and write his sayings in their books, cries, Give me some drink, Titanus, like a sick girl." I need not go on with the description, imagination must supply the rest, as it has done with me; for I never ventured inside the door, having once only put my head into the aperture of such a Tartarus, to inquire for an unhappy friend, quickly again withdrawing it, and am convinced that no pen could do justice to its horrors. Yet in almost as wretched a den (I am led to believe) are the fair portions of the passengers doomed to suffer, by the ungallant arrangements of the architects or managers of the vessels. The excuse offered is, that there are

fewer females at all times than men on board, and that ladies, who seldom venture on the ocean if they can avoid it, suffer patiently, while men are loud in their complaints if they do not find themselves comfortable. Oh shame on modern chivalry! open acknowledgment of man's selfishness! The evil might be easily remedied by sacrificing a little of the shape of the saloon, and by having the after part of the ladies' cabin with a shifting screen, which, when required, might be brought more aft, so as to increase its size, yet leaving them independent of the lords of the creation.

These steamers now leave Southampton every Thursday at 4 P.M. from the Docks, generally reaching Vigo on Sunday evening, Oporto on Monday morning, and Lisbon on Tuesday morning. Frequently the voyage is performed in even a shorter period by a fast steamer in a smooth sea. I should advise passengers to leave London by the train which starts from the Vauxhall station at 9 o'clock, in order to have time to see their heavy luggage stowed in the hold, and their lighter necessaries and comforts placed in their cabins in some situation easy of access. The stewards are apt to have the whole of a passenger's luggage thrown into the hold together, assuring the owner that it can at any time be got up during the voyage: so it may if it can be found, but the chances are that the unfortunate person is so ill that he would rather remain without his comforts than go on deck, and stoop over the dark abyss to point out his property. A long thin portmanteau

is best suited to the purpose of holding a change of clothes, as it stows easily away under the berth, being far superior to that destroyer of coats and cravats, that republican container of clean shirts and blackened boots, pocket-hankerchiefs and brushes, a carpet-bag, into which one may fruitlessly rummage for what is required till the search is abandoned in despair and sea-sickness.

At that time the vessels started on Saturday, touching at Falmouth to take in the London mails, by which the voyage was unnecessarily prolonged a day.

After parting from a large circle of kindred I went on board, and, punctual to the hour, as I shook a brother's hand, the steamer cast off from the pier-head, and glided quickly down the lovely Southampton Water.

In the morning we had passed several yachts belonging to some friends of mine, getting under weigh for one of the west country regattas. How I longed to be on board instead of in a "rattling, roaring, screeching, smoking, paddling steamer!" There is a feeling of such thorough independence in one's own yacht, nothing to say one nay,—except the elements and the quarantine officers, by the by. One may justly sing:

> "We are rovers where'er rolls the fetterless sea;
> For the boundless blue ocean was made for the free."

I never feel so like a monarch (of rather a small kingdom, I confess) as when walking the deck of my vessel before breakfast I put the question, "Where shall we sail to-day?" that is, when the weather is

fine. It nearly always rains when I leave England, and blue skies welcome my return—the heavens are in harmony with my feelings.

After clearing [illegible] night advanced it came on to blow very hard from the south-west, and we spent all the following day in pitching, rolling, tumbling, and tossing most unsatisfactorily. I thought of my yachting friends, though they in their buoyant barks probably made better weather of it than we did in the clumsy, slow-moving *Liverpool*. We reached Falmouth full twelve hours after the usual time, and by 10 A.M. on Monday, Lieut. Gardner, R.N. with his mail-bags having come on board, his pennant was hoisted, and we again, with a blue sky and calm sea, paddled out towards the Bay of Biscay.

Although Falmouth harbour has few claims to the picturesque, I have always, when returning from the parched and arid south, delighted to feast my eyes on the green hills and trees which surround it, and doubly beautiful, when I next see them, will appear the well-known verdant banks of the Southampton Water, and the shores of the yacht-bearing Solent.

Lovely as are the scenes I have visited, there is one spot, wheresoever I roam, on which my thoughts ever fondly dwell, and thither I return with anxious haste, eagerly as in Arabia's wastes the thirsting traveller seeks the green oasis—that spot, more cheering than the sparkling fountain, flowing perennially with the clear stream of pure disinterested affection—that spot is my home. Ever unwilling am I to quit

it for the arid deserts of the world; but I remember I too am a traveller, with my fortunes to carve; I remember that it is the destiny of every human being to be up and doing; from the proudest duke to the meanest artizan all must labour, so I take up my staff, and with a heavy heart depart. Were it not for that home, how burdensome do I feel would life become, destined rudely to buffet with the changing, heartless, mercenary world; how cold and callous would grow my heart: but when I think of the dear ones dwelling in that home, whose thoughts are ever of me, my nature softens, and I strive to keep myself undefiled by contact with the foul monster. How does my heart bound with joy even in the anticipation of again passing that loved threshold! As an exile in a strange land I write the dictates of my feelings.

The only passengers I remember were a Major L. on his way to join his regiment at Gibraltar, a pleasant amiable man, and his wife, an Irish lady, who was very far from making me alter an opinion I have had good reason to form, that Irish women are the most delightful beings in existence—so ingenuous and frank, so witty and sensible, so naive and unaffected.

We enjoyed a pleasant run across the bay, with a perfectly smooth sea; but our engines not having sufficient power, we never made more than eight knots an hour—frequently not so many; so that we were not off the Cape of Finisterre till Wednesday night. When I went on deck on Thursday morning we were running in for the Bayona Islands, at the mouth of

Vigo Bay. The balmy air came softly from the land, strongly impregnated by the sweet-scented flowers of the heather, which clothes the mountains of Galicia, then rising blue and indistinct on our left. Two hours elapsed before we entered the bay, leaving the Ons Islands and the harbour of Pontevedra on our left, and the two rocky Bayonas on our right—the inner sides of which are cultivated, and afford secure anchoring-ground and good shelter from westerly gales.

Everybody must admire the bay, or rather, from its great depth, it might more properly be called the Gulf of Vigo. It is large enough to contain all the navies in the world, and the water is so deep that I have been close up to the town in a first-class frigate, the *Castor*. As we sailed up, wooded and vine-covered hills, rising from the water, appeared on each side, covered with cultivated fields, interspersed with cottages and hamlets, and elevated into mountains on the north. About five miles up, on the south side, stands Vigo, picturesquely situated on a hill crowned by a dark frowning castle, the base surrounded by a wall and trench, which I suspect, from its appearance, would afford but slight protection to the town.

It has been my fate to visit Vigo several times. When leaving Portugal it has appeared to advantage, but the stranger from England cannot particularly admire the interior, however beautiful it may seem to him from the deck of the vessel. It is indeed very inferior to any of the other sea-port towns I have visited in the north of Spain. It boasts of a square,

in which stands a tolerable hotel, with several streets —not very dirty—containing many respectable houses. A good road leads from it in the direction of the famous St. Jago de Compostella; but how far the macadamized part extends I know not.

In the winter, and when there are threatenings of boisterous weather, the mail-bags for the north of Portugal are landed here, and dispatched by a courier, who travels night and day, on the same horse, to Oporto, enjoying only a few hours rest; but so bad is the road, except for a few miles in Spain, that he occupies nearly two days in performing a distance which he might with facility perform, were the roads improved, on three or four good horses, in less than ten hours.

The Portuguese government have already commenced forming several excellent roads in the north of Portugal; and I would earnestly recommend them to make that between Valença (the frontier town) and Braga practicable for carriages without delay. It would of course greatly increase the traffic in that direction, and, by facilitating the communication with England, would enable strangers to visit Oporto, who are now prevented doing so by the inconvenience of landing on the coast. Even now, should the weather threaten to be stormy, I would advise those bound for Oporto to land at Vigo, if they can endure bad inns, worse roads, and travelling on mules. Much of the scenery on the way is very beautiful, and there are several interesting places to visit, which will somewhat repay them for the fatigue of a land-journey.

A passport, to be procured from the Portuguese ambassador or consul in London, is here absolutely necessary to proceed to the south. The consul for England at Vigo is a Spaniard, and does not speak English; but having a secretary and a servant who do, he will assist the traveller in procuring mules and steady men, who are called *arrieiros*, to accompany them, and will give him every necessary information. A friend of mine performed the journey alone, and arrived in perfect safety at Oporto, without being able to speak a word of Portuguese; managing to make himself clearly understood by means of signs, the *arrieiros* being quick intelligent fellows, accustomed to that universal language. I have myself made the journey, and will, before I conclude this work, give a description of the route. The sky affording every promise of a serene sea, I determined, on the present occasion, to stay by the ship till she arrived off Oporto.

The Bay of Vigo extends some considerable distance above the town, when it suddenly narrows between high rocks, and then again expands into a second bason or lagoon, which I understand affords some beautiful scenery. Twice I have unsuccessfully attempted to explore it: once when cruizing in a ship of war we put into the bay, and, setting off with a party in a small boat, we were nearly lost, and compelled to return; a second time my companions idled away the day in the town, until it was too late to accomplish the expedition.

The moment the steamer's paddles are stopped off Vigo (for she does not anchor) she is surrounded

by numberless small boats manned by the most uncouth, wild-looking beings imaginable, all speaking together, and at the top of their voices, a harsh guttural language—a mixture of Spanish and Portuguese, although disowned by both. The lieutenant's gig is now lowered, and he proceeds on shore with the mail-bags for the north of Spain and Portugal, to deliver them to the British consul, accompanied by an important personage, the *comprador*, who is in search of fresh provisions—milk, eggs, and fruit, to regale the passengers. As the lieutenant in charge of the mails remains away barely an hour, it is scarcely worth the while of a passenger to visit Vigo, except for the sake of saying that he has trod on Spanish soil. Some twenty, thirty, or even fifty, fresh passengers presently arrive on board, but they are considered of the fourth class, and are stowed away on the fore-part of the deck, as pigs are when brought from Ireland for the English market. What a dreadful jabbering noise they make, and how fierce and wild they look! but they are in reality orderly and obedient, and go to the stations allotted to them without a murmur: blow high or low, sunshine or rain, it appears indifferent to these hardy sons of the mountains. They are *Gallegos*, the inhabitants of Galicia, of which Vigo is one of the chief ports, and are bound for Oporto, Lisbon, and Cadiz, in search of employment as water-carriers and porters, as also in the lower menial offices. From the inferior grades of servitude they frequently, by perseverance and honesty, rise to the higher situations.

They have expended all they possess in fitting themselves out and in paying their passage-money, but their hearts are light; for they put a firm trust in their patron saint, a stout arm, and a long stick, which, with a second shirt, a gay waistcoat, and coloured handkerchief, for festal occasions, constitutes the capital with which they propose to commence business. The poorer Gallegos leave their homes to seek their fortunes and work their way by land to their destination, subsisting on a dried herring and a piece of brown bread for each meal, and sleeping in stables, or under trees, with scarcely clothes to cover them.

It will be said that Galicia must be a wretched country when her people consider Portugal, supposed to be so poor, as the land whence wealth is to be obtained; but the truth is, Galicia is in general very fertile but over-populated, while Portugal is thinly populated in comparison to the vast resources she possesses within herself, and which alone require industry, set in motion by capital, with judicious direction, to be brought forth. Several examples of the perseverance and honesty of this race have come under my notice. Some friends of mine were residing at Oporto many years ago, when a youth offered himself to undertake the lowest menial office of water-carrier and shoe-black to the household, earnestly entreating to be taken into their service. He was at length allowed to remain in the house, that he might make himself useful as he best could, to do which he soon found many occasions—receiving as

his wages merely the food the servants gave him. When the French under Soult entered Oporto the family were obliged to fly the country, escaping on board an English merchant-vessel. They had already got out to sea, when the young Gallego was discovered stowed away in the hold, and when brought on deck he fell on his knees, and petitioned with tears that he might not be set on shore again, but be allowed to seek his fortune in England, promising to serve his master faithfully. Indeed it was impossible to land him, and he was consequently allowed to accompany the family to their home in England, where for some time he occupied the same unassuming office he had before held. Having narrowly watched the other servants he quickly learned the mysteries of their office, and entered the parlour as footman. He then taught himself to read and write, and became butler: he forgot his native tongue, and even form of religious worship, and regularly attended the Protestant church, saying he could not discover the difference. He proved a most excellent and trustworthy servant; and having saved some two or three thousand pounds, he returned, about three years ago, with the son of his old master to Portugal, where, when describing the wonders of England, he found himself sadly at a loss for words to express his ideas among his compatriots. From thence he went to his native village in Galicia, where he bought land, and, like Gil Blas, set up as an hidalgo; but he soon afterwards again made his appearance at Oporto, shaking his head, and saying that his was a miserable

country, that the inhabitants were barbarians with whom he could do nothing, and that he preferred a seat by the fire-side of his old friends' kitchen in England. He again went to England, but he found himself there treated as a servant, while in his own land he had been a gentleman, so he once more returned to Spain, and is now living with independence on his estate.

My butler came a half-clothed boy from Spain: (he does not confess to the name of Gallego:) by the aid of another servant he learned to read and write, and is now fully equal to any English servant—in some respects superior; for he keeps all the household accounts with the most scrupulous honesty. I have another man who was asked by the master that wished to engage him as a groom, when he first arrived, if he knew how to clean a horse with a curry-comb and brush, as in England. The man looked at the implements. "Nāo, Senhor," was the answer, as he shook his head. "Then you will not answer my purpose." "But, Senhor, I am not afraid of a horse, and I can learn." The master, pleased with the answer, engaged him; and the man was as good as his word, for he became one of the best grooms in the place, besides having learnt to wait respectably at table. I afterwards allowed him, at his earnest request, to take the office of cook, and he at once proved that after all his other attempts that occupation was his forte.

However, I shall have in another place more to say of the Gallegos, and we will therefore quit this country to continue our voyage.

SKETCH II.

Quit Vigo Bay. Amusing Incident. The Minho. Portuguese Towns of Caminho, Viana, Villa do Conde. Arrive at Oporto. Appearance of the City. Occasional Difficulty in landing. Fortunate Issue of a dangerous Attempt. The Boats. Custom-house: Advice to Passengers. Deficiency of first-rate Inns.

The lieutenant in charge of the mails, and the comprador with fresh provisions return on board, the shore-boats are ordered to keep off, the paddles are set in motion, and away we steam—without, it is to be hoped, leaving any of our passengers behind—as has nearly occurred several times. Once a large party from the steamer, mostly composed of naval men going out to join their ships in the Mediterranean, actually took Vigo unintentionally by a *coup de main*. It was late in the evening when they landed in a boat by themselves, and although advised to keep the lieutenant with the mail-bags in sight, they became separated from him. Being anxious to see as much as possible of the place, the moment they reached the shore they rushed along the quay in the way sailors *will* run when emancipated from their ship. It happened that a party of raw recruits had just been marched into the place, one of whom, a half-clad being in a tattered blue surtout and chako, was doing duty as sentinel near the landing-place. He gave the challenge—*Rendez vous*, shouted in joke one of the party, as they hurried onward. The poor fellow appeared to know two words of French—those were the fatal ones. Frightened out of his wits, he

did not exactly obey the order, but, throwing down his musket, he rushed into the town, shouting that the enemy were upon them. The soldiers hurried to their arms, a scene of confusion ensued, when the officer of the guard, hastening to the spot, the affair was explained, and the party were politely allowed to proceed. They soon became divided, as they strolled about the town, and when the mail-bags reached the steamer and a gun was fired, several of their number were missing. Notwithstanding the entreaties of their friends, the captain vowed he would not wait a moment for them, and the vessel had already passed the town before their shouts were heard. He was at last prevailed on to stop the steamer till they pulled alongside in a shore-boat, well frightened in their turns at their narrow escape from being left behind.

About three miles from the town a reef of rocks extends from the south a considerable way across the bay, from which a chain was once carried to the opposite shore, to protect the harbour, and a fleet of rich galleons, from the approach of a British fleet under Admiral Sir George Rooke, an ancestor of mine. Having a strong leading breeze he formed his ships in line, driving them at once against the chain—the barrier gave way, and he captured or sunk every one of the Spanish galleons.

We passed close to the end of the reef, and out by the southern entrance. This, although the most narrow, is sufficiently broad to allow a frigate to beat in between the main and the lofty bluff Bayonas, which form so admirable a breakwater to the bay.

We kept close in with the shore, which, to the confines of Spain, is like the character of its inhabitants, proud, lofty, and bold: we could hear the roar of the sullen ocean as it dashed in curling sheets of foam against those mighty boundaries, as if striving to overleap them, or again to be hurled back; yet, like some stubborn monster, returning undaunted to the charge.

In the first opening of the mountains we saw the mouth of the Minho, which separates Spain from Portugal, and with our glasses we could discern very clearly, about five miles from the sea on the south bank, the Portuguese town of Caminha. Sir Charles Napier, when an admiral in the service of the Queen of Portugal, surprised and captured this place from the Miguelites with a few Marines and British Blue-jackets. On the opposite side near the sea is the small Spanish town of Guarda, and in the centre of the river is a strong castle belonging to Portugal. Caminha is surrounded by a low fortified wall, above which is seen a church and a convent. There is a bar across the mouth of the river, which constantly prevents the entrance of vessels. I shall describe this place more fully when I give an account of a tour I made in the north of Portugal; so for the present I need say no more on the subject. The banks on each side of the river are high, though on that of Portugal less so than on the other. The coast now assumes a softer character—the hill-sides covered with pine-groves and fields, with white glittering cottages interspersed among them. We

could hear the sound of the wheels of the ox-carts screeching, or rather singing, in concert; for when at sea, and some distance from the shore, the noise has a pleasing effect to the ear, and tells of rural life, peace, and industry. On shore, when following a cart up a steep hill, on a hot day, and suffering from head-ache, it is quite a different thing.

The next town of importance, half way between Vigo and Oporto, is Viana, on the mouth of the Lima, the largest and most prosperous port in the province next to Oporto. It stands on flat, low ground, with hills in the neighbourhood. This town also surrendered to Napier, when by the terror of his name, more than by the strength or size of his army, he won the entire part of the richest province of Portugal for the queen. The interior of the province of the Minho affords some of the most beautiful scenery to be found in the Peninsula.

The coast now becomes still lower; a long line of rocky hills appearing at some distance from the beach, which is composed of fine hard sand; yet the land still seems sweet and smiling. About twelve miles from Oporto we passed the town of Villa do Conde, the most conspicuous objects in which are the large convent of St. Clara, built on a rock above the river Ave, and an aqueduct on lofty arches, which conducts water for many miles from the mountains to supply the convent and town. The town is of no great size. A number of the small craft used in the coasting trade of Portugal, and even many of larger burden, are built here. The coast from this place to

Oporto exhibits merely a succession of pine-clad undulations, sprinkled scantily with white cottages. It was in a little sandy bay between low rocks, about a third of the distance from Villa do Conde, that Dom Pedro, with his gallant band of warriors, disembarked to liberate his country from the tyrannical power of his usurping brother Dom Miguel: a white stone obelisk, which can be descried from the sea, although of no great elevation, marks the spot.

The shades of night had just closed over the world (as the poets sing) when we arrived off the mouth of the Douro. The darkness mattered little as the night was beautiful, the sea calm, and *Nossa Senhora da Luz*, (Our Lady of the Light) shone benignly forth to welcome our approach, and guide our course. This light-house stands on a hill about a quater of a mile from the mouth of the Douro, on the north side, and just outside the town of St. João da Foz, or St. John of the Mouth. The paddles were stopped, and a gun was fired to call the attention of a pilot, whose boat is always kept in readiness to land the mail-bags and passengers. To shew our position, a blue light was then burned; and as we gazed in each other's countenances over which it cast a lurid hue, we could not help acknowledging that we looked more like ghastly spectres of some phantom-bark than human beings; the awful noise of the escape of the steam contributing to confuse our senses. We appeared indeed like the crew of the far-famed Vanderdecken, or of another sister cruizer, of whom as a boy I read, and almost believed in, which sails along the deep to collect the

souls of those who depart this life on the realms of ocean—the young—the brave—the true. Ah!.what a noble freight must she bear!

In day-light, from the decks of the steamer the city of Oporto can be clearly discerned, standing about three miles from the shore; the most conspicuous objects being the Torre dos Clerigos, a high conical arabesquely ornamental tower, the church of Nossa Senhora da Lapa, which shews a dazzling white front. The city appears as if standing on the summit of high cliffs, on each side of a gap in the land through which the river flows. It is however entirely built on the north side of the Douro; the large convent of the Serra, and the town of Villa Nova, in which are the far-famed wine-stores, being on the south bank, with a few scattered houses and manufactories nearer the sea. The whitewashed collection of houses with a church in the centre, the light-house standing on a hill to the left, and the low castles guarding the entrance to the river on the right, is the bathing, fishing, and piloting town of St. João da Foz, or, as the English call it, St. John's.

Observe another mound to the north of the light-house. On that spot a Miguelite battery was thrown up while Dom Pedro's party held the latter. At these close quarters for several months the two armies were playing with iron and leaden balls, and in the light-house Colonel Cotter and many other fine fellows were killed. The intermediate space down to the shore was cut into covered ways by both parties, the one endeavouring to prevent, the other protecting the

landing of provisions. A few hundred yards further north appear some boat-sheds, and here a fine stone pier runs out into the sea, forming a small boat-harbour. At this pier, lately constructed, when the current runs too strongly out of the river, or there is too heavy a sea on the bar to be encountered with safety, the mail-boat lands her bags and passengers. It has an awful appearance when there is a high sea running directly on to this dark rugged coast; but so accustomed are the pilots to the waves, and so exactly do they know when they will break, that an accident rarely occurs. It is a great inconvenience to a stranger to be obliged to land at this pier, and the so doing must give him a very miserable idea of the civilization of the country; for he is compelled to walk full a mile over sand, and a bad road, before he can embark on the Douro to proceed up to the city; every article of his luggage being seized upon by different people, and carried off to the custom-house at Foz. Being night he will find it still less agreeable; but he must remember this is the worst landing-place, and only occasionally made use of in bad weather. Generally the landing is effected without danger or difficulty; though I would advise ladies who are at all delicate to proceed on to Lisbon, and to return in a small steamer which runs between the two places.

We are waiting all this time for the arrival of the mail-boat alongside the steamer. "What can have caused the delay?" "The crew are asleep or gone to some festa, the oars cannot be found, or the rockets are damp." "No: Manoel is always on the look-out,

and his boat is in good order. There—up goes a rocket!—how beautiful its glittering drops appear as, like the drooping willow, curving round they vanish towards the dark sea, mocking the falling stars!" "The boat will soon be here." He is a gallant fellow that Manoel Francisco, whose cool courage and silence in danger win admiration from all, on account of the frequent absence of those qualities among the seamen of his country. Many can bear witness to his good behaviour, particularly my friend Mr. Butler, who owes his life to his bravery and determination. It was late one evening in winter when the steamer, in which Mr. Butler had come from England, arrived off Oporto. Manoel came alongside in his boat, observing the sea was high, but that he expected to be able to cross the bar. Mr. Butler consequently quitted the steamer, which proceeded on her voyage, but when they arrived near the bar of the Douro, they found that the sea had so suddenly risen as to make it impossible to cross with any degree of safety. A strong gale had sprung up from the westward, and was rapidly increasing as night was coming on, while the huge billows rolled in with tremendous force, and breaking in a long line of milky foam, threatened to overwhelm any bark which should venture within their power. In vain Manoel watched for a lull, and a spot free from breakers,—none presented itself: the same impassable barrier was seen along the whole extent of that rocky coast. Their only chance of safety—a forlorn one it seemed—was to pull out to sea, so as to gain an offing before the

increasing tempest should drive them back, and hurl them to destruction on the rocks. Not a drop of spirits, not a particle of food, had they to support nature, and now was a time when all their strength and determination would be required. By dint of hard pulling they succeeded in getting off shore and keeping the boat's head to the sea, but at length the gale so much increased that they could no longer make headway against it. As far as could be ascertained in the darkness of the night, they appeared to be nearing the deadly shore. The men's courage now gave way, some of them throwing themselves into the bottom of the boat, and refusing to contend any longer against their inevitable fate. Manoel retained his post at the helm, endeavouring by words of encouragement and his own calm behaviour to keep up the spirits of the crew; but his expostulations availed not,—the seas were breaking over the sides of the boat, and by constant baling they could scarcely keep her afloat. He gave one hurried glance towards the shore,—his experienced eye saw the imminent danger. Begging Mr. Butler to take the helm and attend to his directions, he suddenly threw off his coat, and seizing an oar, thus shamed some of the crew to return to their duty. Although their strength could not have held out much longer, every time they were about to abandon the contest Manoel urged them to fresh exertions, and thus for many hours, death staring them in the face, they continued battling the waves. At length, as day dawned, they perceived to their great joy a sail: the vessel fortunately soon

discovered them, and bearing down upon them, took them on board and their boat in tow. She proved to be a Newfoundland ship bound for Oporto; but, alas! the captain and all his crew belonged to the Temperance Society, and not a drop of wine or spirits had they on board to cheer the hearts and warm the chilled bodies of the half-perished boatmen. The gale continued for three days, so that had not this vessel so providentially appeared the boat must have been lost; for once brought broadside on to that raging sea she must inevitably have been swamped. Manoel's courage and perseverance saved the party from that fate, which but for him would have been theirs on the first night of the adventure.

When the sea is thus stormy, the steamer does not attempt to communicate with the shore; but if she has not left her passengers and mails at Vigo, she carries them on to Lisbon, whence they return by the Oporto steamer.

The boat employed to land the mails is one of a class called a *catraia*. It is about thirty feet long, sharp at both ends, with great beam, and the rudder is in the shape of, and hung like, that of a Dutch galliot. She pulls from ten to fourteen oars, double-banked, that is, two men sit on each thwart, placing their feet on the after one. Each oar has but one thole, to which it is fastened by a grummit, so that when not used they are allowed to swing fore and aft. Except at the stern where the passengers sit, there are no bottom boards, so that the water is easily baled out. I have seen in good weather one of these fine

boats cross the bar with thirty persons and an immense quantity of luggage. They have but one sail, bent to an enormously long slender yard, and hoisted to a slight mast without any stay except the halyards brought aft to windward.

Such are all the pilot and larger fishing-boats at the mouth of the Douro; and I know of none that are better. The fishing-boats are particularly fine, for they are much larger than the pilot-boats, and are without a particle of paint, being merely varnished and oiled over. It is a pretty sight to see a fleet of them coming into the river with their prodigious stretch of white canvass swelled by the sea-breeze, carrying twenty or more men each, fine athletic fellows, tanned to a bright copper colour, and dressed in long pendent red caps, blue waistcoats, and broad short white trowsers, while they sing in loud chorus, their hearts cheered with the thoughts of finding a good market for their finny prey.

At last the catraia with Manoel came alongside and, bidding farewell to my friends, I followed the huge mail-bags, which were handed into her.

We pushed off from the vessel which had thus far borne me safely on my way. "Go on!" I heard cried; and with puffs and groans the huge monster glided into darkness. How solitary I felt as, left in comparative darkness on the world of waters, I beheld my late home moving rapidly away, the cheerful lights shining from her cabin-windows enticing me to follow her,—it seemed as if the last tie which yet bound me to England had been rudely severed.

It was a lovely night, the beacon on the shore burned brightly; at each stroke of the oars the water sparkled with phosphorescent brilliancy, and, gliding over the now tranquil bar close to a long black reef of rocks on the north, and a spit of sand to the south, we passed under the walls of a darkly frowning castle, and landed at a jetty called the *Cantareira*, running out from the town of St. João da Foz. I found a party of kind friends waiting to receive me; nor was I put to any inconvenience with regard to my luggage, having indeed always received the greatest civility from the Portuguese authorities. When however a stranger lands at the Cantareira, the custom-house guards seize upon every article of luggage, and if it be night, deposit it in a guard-house, where he is obliged to see it sealed. Next morning it is sent up under charge of one of their people (for which payment is demanded) to the custom-house at Oporto: here it is examined, though seldom strictly or vexatiously, particularly if a clerk from one of the mercantile houses to whom he may have letters of introduction attends instead of himself. If he lands early in the day, and is not dying of hunger, by all means let him accompany his luggage himself at once to the custom-house, to get the examination over, conquering any annoyance he may feel, and treating every body politely, when he will assuredly receive the same civility in return: he may then repair, with his mind at rest, to the hotel or house he intends to reside in. There is a small hotel at Foz, kept by an English person, to which I would

advise him to resort if he lands late in the evening. Suppose he lands early in the day, let him place himself with his luggage and a guard in one of the boats which ply for passengers on the Douro. They are of the race of the gondolas; but there is as much difference between them and a Venetian gondola as there is between the Portuguese and the graceful Italian architecture. They rise forward with a long bow overhanging the water, and are low and rounded at the stern, while the floor is perfectly flat. The oarsmen row standing, and facing the bow, one at each end, the aftermost one guiding her with a broad-bladed oar, which he every now and then trails astern. The roof is nearly flat, painted green, with curtains. They hold about ten passengers, who sit on benches along each side, facing one another; but the rowers are at times in too close contact to be agreeable; for the roofs are so high that the aftermost man is compelled to look through the boat to see his way. They carry a sprit-sail of the most ugly form, broad at the head, and narrowing at the foot, set on a light rough mast, which a man can lower in an instant. Though rudely built they are very well adapted to the purpose for which they are used; and being flat-bottomed they pass over the warps and shallows in the river, nor did I ever hear of an accident happening to one of them. Such is the Oporto *toldo* boat. I have never seen one used in any other place.

It takes about half an hour to reach the quay of the custom-house—the *Alfandega* it is called;

where having gone through the necessary forms, a stout porter will place an hundred weight of the traveller's luggage on his back, and for the sum of two testoons, about ten pence, will carry it to any part of the town he may wish.

Oporto has nothing to boast of with respect to its hotels—indeed, I know of no city in Europe of its size and consideration which possesses so few, and those so bad. The two best, kept by English women, are small but very respectable; one by a Mrs. Blunt, in the Rua San Francisco near the river, and the other by a Mrs. Romon, in the Rua do Bello Monte, who has lately established a very excellent one at St João da Foz. They are, at all events, superior to any the traveller is likely to meet with in the interior of the country. I believe that a large hotel, fitted so as to receive Portuguese visitors as well as English travellers, with all the modern luxuries, would answer to the proprietors, and would most certainly be a very great advantage to the place.

SKETCH III.

Oporto. Bravery of its Inhabitants. Extent and Population. Appearance from the River. Topographical Ramble. Principal Streets. Suspension Bridge. Fountains. Convent of San Bento das Freiras. Localities of different Trades. Unconcernedness of the Shopkeepers. Praças or Squares. Town Hall. Italian Opera House. Lovely Walk of the Fontainhas. Fine situation of the Largo do Torre da Marco. Suburbs of Oporto. The more Ancient portion of the City. Recent Improvements.

The heroic and ever-unconquered city of Oporto, as it is now designated, is one of the most irregularly built towns with which I am acquainted. Few of its streets are level, and fewer still run at right angles with each other; indeed, its inhabitants seem to have an abhorrence of right angles; it is, however, a very picturesque, interesting place. It well earned the title of heroic from the gallant defence it made against the army of the usurper Dom Miguel, in 1832, when every military man declared that, according to all the rules of military tactics, it ought to have been taken. The armed inhabitants, the few regular troops, and the foreign auxiliaries, thought otherwise, or, being ignorant of the art of war, did not know when to yield! so the city was preserved, to prove the nucleus whence the genial beams of true liberty and enlightened education may radiate over the fair surface of Lusitania. As to its claim to the title of "the ever-unconquered," the inhabitants, when they gave it, surely must have forgotten the circumstances of its capture by Soult, and all the miseries they suffered during the short time his army held possession;

as also too, probably, its relief by the gallant British troops under our great duke. The Portuenses have so well proved their prowess under their great duke (of Braganza), that they ought to be above any vain boast: they ought not to forget that the fierce hosts of Gallia brought havoc, destruction, and all war's miseries into their fair land—they ought to remember that the armies of Britain brought them succour, peace, and happiness.

The extreme width of Oporto is rather less than a mile from the river: it commences about three miles from the sea, and extends in length about one mile along the banks of the Douro, up hill and down dale; half this space, too, being occupied by gardens, which few houses are without, except those close to the river. It contains, if I am informed rightly, about eighty thousand inhabitants, but no one seems to be exactly certain on the subject. The houses are built to the very edge of the water, whence the city rises on two high steep hills, which are themselves again broken into smaller hills and valleys.

It was once surrounded by a wall of large square stones, fastened without any cement—many suppose built by the Moors; but it is in reality of much later date than the time of their short sojourn in Oporto, though an imitation of their style. The greater part of the wall still remains entire, but the city has grown very far beyond it. That part along the side of the river is in perfect preservation, with a walk extending its whole length, on which the doors of houses open, flanked on the western end by a low round

tower. At each end of the city it runs directly up the hill from the river, surmounted by a pointed parapet, and having a steep precipice on the outside. Two square towers, and some hundred yards of the wall, are also to be seen from the Rua de St. Antonio, which is now the very centre of the city. The architecture of the houses varies very much: those on the wall facing the river put me in mind of Havre de Grace, and similar Norman towns, while others, in the oldest parts of the city, are of substantial stone, richly carved, somewhat like the old town of Edinburgh; and others, again, would almost vie with many of the Italian palaces, in size, if not in elegance; but the buildings of a later date are of an architecture peculiar to themselves, in which all rules and plans have been entirely discarded. Indeed, esteeming the Portuguese as I do, for their many admirable qualities, I must say that at the present day they are the very worst architects I have in any country ever met. Looking at the city from the river, the most conspicuous object is the episcopal palace—a large square stone building with many windows, standing on the summit of a hill in the centre of the oldest part of Oporto. Near it is seen the cathedral, a substantial edifice of stone, whose towers rise above the surrounding houses. Again is seen high above the many belfries scattered throughout the city the arabesquely-carved tower of the Clerigos. To the extreme east is an elegant chain suspension-bridge, lately erected, connecting the two banks of the river, and just above it is one of the ancient towers of the city-walls, in later years con-

verted into a summer-house for the nuns of Santa Clara, whose convent, built on the edge of the rugged precipice, is seen near it. On the summit of a high and rugged cliff on the south side stands the now dilapidated, but once rich convent of the Serra, with its lofty circular church and domed roof. Below the convent, directly facing Oporto, and extending down the river on the sloping sides of its banks, is the town of Villa Nova da Gaia, the long low buildings seen in which are the wine-stores of the Oporto merchants.

Such is a rough sketch of Oporto from the river. We will now land and wander through the city, first setting foot on the new, broad, handsome quay near the Custom-house, at which vessels of two hundred tons' burden can discharge their cargoes. Passing up a short steep hill among bales of goods and ox-carts, with the Custom-house, a shabby looking building, on the right, we enter the Rua Nova dos Inglezes—the New Street of the English. It is of no great length, but the broadest in the city, and contains some good houses, the finest of which is the English Factory House. High above it, at one end, appears the bishop's palace, looking down from its eyrie, and at the other is a collection of churches. Here the merchants hold their exchange, and congregate to talk of business, or the last new opera. At one end a broad street has lately been opened, extending up the slope of the hill, in which a fine stone front is being erected to the extensive walls of the suppressed convent of St. Francisco. It is to serve as an exchange, with rooms for offices. Within the building a handsome

hall has already been opened, on the plan of the commercial rooms in most large English towns: here also the Commercial Association hold their sittings. Close to the exchange another fine stone building is rapidly rising, intended for the banking-house of the Branch Bank of Lisbon. Both buildings will soon be completed, and will add much to the beauty and dignity of the commercial part of the city. In the Rua Nova and its neighbourhood are the counting-houses of the merchants; but their dwelling-houses are generally in the higher parts of the city, or in the country. The most regularly built street is the Rua Nova de San João, rising on a steep hill from the river, and crossing the eastern end of the Rua Nova dos Inglezes. By a regulation, which has been strictly adhered to, each house must correspond with the one opposite to it, to prevent, we may suppose, the one staring the other out of countenance, so that if the builder of one side has displayed any remarkably bad taste (no uncommon occurrence), the builder of the other, though a man of superior judgment, has been obliged to imitate him. As it is, the effect when landing is good, for the houses are high, with gaily painted and gilt balconies; a handsome stone fountain against the gable end of a house to the right, and reaching to the roof, first meeting one's sight. Had the suspension-bridge been carried across the river from the foot of this street, as was first intended, it would have been a sight of which the people of Oporto might have been justly proud. As it is, the bridge is placed completely out of the way, with a wretched

approach at each end. This fault was committed to take advantage of the solid rocks on each side, in which to fix the chains, and because the river is there a few feet narrower. It was erected by a French engineer, and belongs to a company. By its bad position a large sum is lost occasioned by the number of persons who cross the river in boats who would otherwise have gone on foot.

The idea of making the opposite houses match, originated, it is said, with the Marquis of Pombal, who ordered several streets to be built, and planned many others, of which the monuments remained for many years in the shape of very magnificent door-ways and lower window-frames of highly carved stone, some covered with the humble roof of a cottage, and others serving as walls to gardens. Of late years, as the city has increased in wealth, most of those buildings have been completed. Granite being the foundation on which the city stands, every edifice has the window and door-frames of well-carved stone, and is most substantially built; even the lowest cottage being formed to endure for ages.

In all parts of the city are fountains, generally formed after Moorish models, in what I call the arabesque style. Some are built under arches, and against walls, as are to be seen in Italy—but all have some carved work about them, and are, at all events, far more elegant and ornamental to a city than is the Aldgate-pump, *par exemple!* At every hour of the day they are surrounded by Gallegos with their water-barrels, and girls, some with pitchers, to fetch

water, and others washing clothes. The inhabitants of all warm climates delight in fountains, and lavish the greatest care on their construction; indeed, when walking the streets on a hot sultry day, it is truly delightful to see the pure bright water bubbling forth, and running over the stone basons or tanks in every direction.

At the top of the Rua Nova de St. João, turning to our right, we enter the Rua das Flores, the best paved street, and containing the richest merchandise of any in the city. It is principally inhabited by the goldsmiths and cloth-merchants: the shops of the latter are dingy-looking places, without glazed windows, the light being admitted by two open door-ways, in front of which the bales of cloth are piled up. The goldsmiths' shops are very attractive, being filled with the most beautiful ornaments of light filagree work in gold, very similar to those made in Genoa of silver. Even the richest shops are of small size: the commoner ornaments are hung up in glass cases on each side of the windows, to attract the peasantry as they pass on a market-day, and the counters are elegantly decorated with the more costly jewels, also in glass cases. The gold used is without any alloy, nor can that so called by English jewellers be worked in the same way. The Portuguese look upon it as some base metal, unworthy of the name of gold. Their precious stones and jewels are also very beautiful, and are sold at a much lower price than is paid for inferior ones in England.

At the end of this street is the large and once

wealthy convent of San Bento das Freiras, the Nuns' Convent of St. Bento. A few nuns advanced in years still reside there, who employ their time, and gain a livelihood, by making sweetmeats and ornamenting boxes of dried fruit, which they sell chiefly to the English merchants. A flight of steps leads to a court-yard in front, through which is the principal entrance. It is a high white-washed edifice, full of closely barred windows, whence in days of yore many a fair face has gazed forth with a hopeless, wistful look, longing to escape. The church is on one side, and behind it is a secluded garden, of which the old wall of the city forms one barrier.

Turning to the left for a few yards, we enter the Praça de Dom Pedro, at the foot of two of the widest and gayest streets, the Calçada dos Clerigos and the Rua de Sant Antonio, which face each other, rising up two steep hills. At the summit of the first is the church and lofty tower of that name, of which I have before spoken, and at the top of the Rua de Sant Antonio is the Church of Sant Ildefonso. The shops in these streets are chiefly those of the linen-drapers, mercers, French hair-cutters and milliners, and of French bijouterie. Here are to be found the trunk- and saddle-makers, and the manufactories of hats, of which great numbers are exported to the Brazils.

The people of each trade congregate very much together. The grocers live in the Rua Nova de San João, the shoemakers chiefly in the Bello Monte, the ironmongers in a dark, narrow, winding street, that

of Santa Anna, the tinmen in one equally dirty and obscure by themselves, the shops of the soco-makers are found in numbers together. The *soco* is the wooden shoe worn by all the lower orders: the sole is formed of orange-wood with a high heel, the upper part, generally of some bright leather, is shaped like a slipper. As the wearer runs along the pavement they make a loud clattering noise, and one is surprised that they can be kept on the feet: a novice attempting to walk in them will most assuredly kick them off at the first step he makes.

But to return to the shopkeepers. Unlike most other shopmen, they appear to be utterly careless whether they sell or not, throwing about their goods without seeming to know even the prices; generally asking at first more than they will take, and indeed being perfectly ignorant of the illustrious Sam Slick's art of dealing in 'soft sawder.' I have frequently entered a shop with the intention of purchasing some article, and have quitted it without getting what I required, merely from the people not choosing to take the trouble to search for it, although I have had no doubt that the shop contained that, or something which would have answered my purpose. They are both in manners and appearance the most disagreeable class of the inhabitants of the city, yet even they at times are polite and attentive to a stranger. They are also absurdly proud, and expect to be addressed by the title of "O Senhor"—as, "The gentleman will have the goodness to shew me a pair of gloves." These remarks refer more to the

shopmen, frequently raw lads from the country, than to the masters; though there is abundance of room for improvement in them also.

There are seven or eight large open spaces in the city rightly called *Praças*, to which we in England should give the name of squares; though as few of them are built with much mathematical precision, they cannot lay claim to the latter appellation. The largest is the Praça de St. Ovidio, one of the highest parts of the city, whence there is a fine view; the air also is excessively pure and healthy. On one side stand the principal barracks, a fine building capable of containing three thousand men, the space in front serving as their exercise-ground: here also all grand reviews are held. On another side is the house of the Visconde de Beira, with some pretty gardens before it, which he throws open to the public every Sunday in summer. Behind the barracks is the handsome church of Nossa Senhora da Lapa, containing the heart of Dom Pedro; a broad well-paved space being in front, and a fine flight of steps leading to it. Near the church is also a beautiful terrace cut in the side of the hill, planted with trees, and ornamented with a balustrade and stone-seats. The view hence over the city, river, and neighbouring country, covered with pine-groves, fields, and hamlets —the isolated rocky height of St. Jeans to the right, and the castle and town of St. João da Foz in front, with the broad extent of the Atlantic beyond —is very beautiful. The high road to Braga passes here, and it is by far the best approach to the city.

The next praça in size is the Cordoaria, or rope-walk, so called from being exclusively appropriated to the use of the rope-makers, who ply their trade across it. It was formerly surrounded by noble trees, three only of which now remain, the others having been cut down during the siege to form palisades for the trenches; but it has again been planted with young ones. In every direction appear fine buildings, but so irregularly placed that their effect is lost. On one side is the prison, a handsome edifice of dark stone—opposite is a college, incomplete, but already occupied as a school of medicine, and behind it is the Foundling Hospital. In one corner is the lofty tower of the Clerigos, and close to it the new market-place, in constructing which the useful has decidedly been more consulted than the ornamental. On the other side, towards the sea, is the fish-market, on the side of the hill, so that the roof alone is seen. Near it is the small pretty church of the Anjo; and in another corner the grand hospital, by far the finest edifice in the city, but much of it is hid from view; the ground sloping down to it, and a row of houses standing in front on a more elevated site. The other sides of the Cordoaria are filled with the houses of the rope-makers, and by a number of miserable sheds, which are being gradually pulled down. If however the rope-walk were removed, as proposed, to a more proper position on the banks of the river, this would be a very fit place for public gardens; being in a central position, and the approaches to it easily made

good. Just below the Cordoaria is a very pretty spot for a public walk, called the *Virtudes*—a terrace on the summit of a wall built up to a great height from a valley; but it is of small extent. It is ornamented with rows of lime-trees, which in spring emit a most delicious odour, and has stone seats along it, reposing on which one may enjoy a view of the shipping crowding near the quays below, the suburb of Maçarellos, the whole length of the river, with its rugged cliffs and shallow bays, to the very mouth, the castle of St. João, and the bright blue glittering sea beyond. Yet lovely as it is, from being open to the road, few people except those living in the immediate vicinity ever resort thither.

Leaving the Cordoaria, we descend the broad street called the Calçada dos Clerigos, and reach the square now called the Praça de Dom Pedro; but it has changed names with each revolution in the form of government. On one side is the Casa da Camara, or Town-hall, exhibiting a specimen of the taste of the Camaristas; it being painted on the outside a bright blue and yellow. Some of the rooms are of considerable size, but as a building its pretensions to beauty are not very great. The side next it is occupied entirely with the church and convent of the Congregados, now used partly as a tobacco-manufactory, and part fitting up for private houses. On the other sides are dwelling-houses and shops, and in one corner appears the old city-wall. The centre space is perfectly level, and is surrounded by stone-pillars, and an iron railing, with trees planted on each

side, forming a very neat and pretty square. This was formerly the place of execution, and here the ten Constitutional judges who had formed the Provisionary Government were put to death by Dom Miguel when he usurped the crown—two others who were respited being compelled to witness the death of their friends. So little did the unfortunate men believe in their danger, that though they might have escaped from prison they refused to do so.

Ascending the broad but somewhat steep street of St. Antonio, to the right of which between gaps in the houses is seen the old wall of the city, we reach the Praça de Batalha, where at one end stands the church of St. Ildefonso, and at the other the Italian Opera House, a large pile having not the slightest claim to architectural beauty, being a high oblong edifice, with pink walls, and crowded with windows.

There are several large houses here, the principal one being that of the Condessa de Pangim and Senhor Manoel Guedes her husband. This is the most irregular praça in Oporto: all the buildings appear to have started forward eager to reach the centre, but finding the ground too rough for their advance, had remained twisted and turned in every possible direction. At the end of the street leading from hence is the Praça de San Lazaro, the only one laid out in public gardens. They are surrounded with stone-work and a handsome iron railing: the flower-beds are in the French style, with numerous seats, and a large circular bason with a *jet d'eau* in the centre: altogether a very pretty spot, each year improving as the trees grow up, and

the resort on a summer-evening of many respectable people; sentries being stationed at the gates to prevent those who are not so from entering. Two entire sides of the praça are formed by convents; one, the Nunnery of Sant Lazaro, is still inhabited by a few of its former inmates: it contains also an establishment for young ladies who are left orphans and have no friends with whom to reside. The other is now converted into a public library and a picture-gallery, of which I will hereafter give a description. A little way beyond it are some gardens, established by an Italian, the former Impressario of the Italian Opera House. He has given the name of Tivoli to them. They are completely in the French taste, containing a *Montagne Russe*, roundabouts, swings, a shooting-gallery, and other means of amusement; but are not much patronized by the fashionables of Oporto society.

Turning down a narrow lane from the Batalha, we reach the beautiful but much-neglected walk of the Fontainhas, running along the very edge of the cliffs above the river. Few cities are able to boast of a more lovely view than that seen from it. In the depths below, the dark-shining stream glides rapidly along, spanned on the right by the graceful iron suspension-bridge, above which, crowning rugged cliffs on the north side, appear the ancient walls and towers of the city; and on the opposite side, on the summit of yet higher rocks, the circular dome-roofed church and convent of the Serra, now falling into decay. Beyond, again, stretching along the shore and up the hill, is seen the wide extending town of Villa Nova.

To the left, between the high and barren cliffs, we catch a glimpse of green and smiling banks covered with trees, and the turrets of the picturesque palace of the Freixo in the distance. Here and there too below us a tiny cottage is seen on some jutting point, or the white sails of a windmill—vines and shrubs growing among the broken crags, and many a sparkling stream darting down over the moss-grown rocks. At the end of the walk to the east is a ruined building called the Seminary, the first post the British gained at the passage of the Douro. A large space near it, formerly the gardens of the bishop's quinta, is now converted into a public cemetery,—one of the most important improvements made of late years in Oporto.

I delight in the view I have attempted to describe, particularly as seen from the gardens of my friend Mr. H——, which overlook the walk, when seated in a summer's calm evening on the stone seats beneath the trelliced vines, the last rays of the setting sun tinging the crumbling summits of the convent-walls and the topmost points of the rugged cliffs, a dark shade thrown into the chasm below, while the distant hills are yet glowing with a ruddy hue. Then as the shades of night draw on, the lights twinkle forth one by one from the bridge and from the windows of Villa Nova, and the song of the boatmen is heard ascending from the depths below; while, perchance, from the bark of some party returning from a pic-nic on the lovely banks high above the city, a flight of rockets shoot up from the dark abyss in a jet of mimic stars, the bright sparkling drops reflected in the placid mirror

of the silent stream as they take their downward course. A few years ago, Lieut. Holman, R. N., well known as the blind traveller, paid a visit to Oporto, where I had the pleasure of meeting him; and I one day took him to the walk of the Fontainhas, minutely describing every point of view. "I see, I see!" he exclaimed; "it is very lovely:" and seemed as much pleased as if he could actually behold the prospect with his visual organs. Should he publish a further account of his travels, I doubt not that he will give as exact a description of the spot as I have now done. He is, indeed, a most extraordinary person; possessing, notwithstanding his entire deprivation of sight, the most undaunted courage, the highest spirits, and a vast fund of humour: he is also full of information and anecdote; having, as he says, through his own perseverance seen the greater part of the world. He is accompanied by no servant, but hires always a native of the country he is visiting: he writes his journal, shaves, dresses, and invariably packs his own portmanteau, never losing an article. He visited the interior of Portugal during his stay in the country, riding on a mule, and was once nearly killed; the animal, having got on some sand, threw him off, and commenced rolling over him. He was stunned, but not otherwise seriously hurt, and again mounting, continued his journey as if nothing had happened.

At the end of the walk is an enclosed space with trees, seats, and a fountain, but not kept in order; indeed, a row of shabby houses on one side prevents it from becoming a fashionable resort. If some hand-

some houses were built in this place, it would be as delightful a spot as any in the city,—similar, but far superior in beauty, to the terraces near the St. Vincent's rocks at Clifton.

Besides the *praças* or *largos* I have mentioned, there are, close to the Cordoaria, those of the Ferradores and the Carmo, in which is the most frequented church in Oporto. The barrack of the municipal guard is in the convent to which the church formerly belonged. In the former are a number of wine-shops, and also the shops of the makers of deal-boxes, chairs, and tables—the highest-priced costing half-a-crown: they are formed of the pine of the country, fastened together by wooden pegs, but are strong and serviceable. In the centre of the Carmo is the corn-market, where the dealers in corn sit on the market days, before moveable stalls, with trays, on which their samples are displayed, while their carts and cattle are collected around. Out of the Ferradores runs a long street, called the Cedofeita, in which are several good houses, and from it numerous other new, well-paved streets branch off to the north, all the houses of which have gardens: they may be considered the outskirts of the city. There are also several other praças, the names of which I forget.

I must not, however, omit to mention a large open space, within the barriers to the west of the city, called the Largo do Torre da Marca, on the summit of some cliffs overhanging the river, a road running down at their base. It takes its name from a mark which formerly stood there for the entrance of vessels into

the river, shaped like the gable end of a church with a large arched window in it. The building was knocked down by the cannon-balls from an opposite battery during the siege of Oporto, and the materials were carried off to erect a new mark in a more convenient position, nearer the mouth of the river. On one side is a group of beautiful quintas, one below the other, nearly to the water's edge; on the other, some barracks for soldiers; indeed, this space is often used as their exercise-ground. Both up and down the river the views are lovely: to the west between the cliffs the entrance to the river is seen, with the castle of St. João da Foz on one side of it, and a long sand-bank on the other, between which the richly laden barks dash boldly on from the wild waves of the ocean into the tranquil waters of the Douro. To the east, the city is seen rising from the stream, house above house, many a church steeple elevating its head among them, till all are crowned by the elegant tower of the Clerigos. On the opposite side is the now shattered, but picturesque convent of the Serra; the wide-spreading town of Villa Nova extending in the form of a theatre up the hill, while far beyond are seen range above range of mountain-chains, each more blue and indistinct, till lost in distance. The river, taking a sharp bend some way higher up, gives the water from hence the appearance of some land-locked arm of the sea, increasing its picturesque beauty. Nearly opposite is the site of the ancient Calle, the hill on which it stood now crowned by a round signal-tower, and directly in front the church of St. Antonio,

belonging to a suppressed convent, whose once picturesque gardens, full of statues and fountains, are now rooted out and destroyed. On the inner side of this beautiful spot is a row of dirty houses; but I have heard it proposed to pull them down, and to build in their stead a fine crescent, such as adorn some of the heights on which Bath and Clifton stand. Should such a plan ever be followed out, the residences here will be the most desirable in Oporto; for even in the calmest day of summer the sea-breeze seldom fails to reach this spot. Behind it is one of the largest houses in the city, the residence of the Conde Terrena Jozè, a square edifice with a fine old square tower at one corner. Near it is also another large building, called the *Casa das Carrancas* (The House of Ugly-faces), where the Emperor Dom Pedro took up his abode during the siege, and which was successively occupied by Marshal Soult and Lord Wellington during the Peninsular war. This is the most airy and cleanest part of the city, and in this neighbourhood the greater number of English reside. Here of late years several straight, level, and broad streets have been opened, and a number of good houses have sprung up—indeed a variety of improvements are still going on.

The suburbs of Oporto to the north and east extend for a considerable distance on each side of the principal roads; the houses being chiefly small, but here and there a few of good size appear. The chief high roads are those to Viana, still left in the old style of badness; to Braga, a fine broad macadamized

road, to Guimaraens, also a fine new road; to Amarante, a tolerable paved road for some distance; and to Valongo near the river, partly macadamized and partly paved—then across the river, and through Villa Nova to the south towards Lisbon, a fine road is progressing rapidly.

It may justly be said, that in comparison with most other cities of the Peninsula, the streets of Oporto are light, clean, and airy, with the exception of the most ancient, which run along the river within the wall, and those which surround the height on which stands the *sè*, or cathedral, and on which hill there is no doubt the first foundations of the city were laid. These streets are however well worthy of an exploring visit to those who have any taste for antiquarian research, as, though narrow dark and winding, the houses are lofty, of fine hewn stone, now blackened by time, and contain many curious specimens of that elaborate carving, with which our ancestors delighted to adorn their domiciles. Here, as in the old town of Edinburgh, many of the ancient families possess mansions, now mostly abandoned for more airy situations, or inhabited only during their short visits to this the northern metropolis of Portugal.

One of the most foreign-looking (if I may be so allowed to call it) of the streets of Oporto, is the Rua das Hortas, which is paved entirely across with large smooth flag stones, and is of great length, extending up to the Campo do St. Ovidio. Like the streets in many Spanish towns, it has no raised

trottoirs: the houses are high, with several rows of projecting balconies, and so narrow a space between, that people in them can conveniently carry on a conversation across the street. When on the day of some grand procession, crowded with well-dressed ladies, and hung with various-coloured flags and cloths, the ground being strewed with flowers, the effect is excessively pleasing. Few of the houses in Oporto are without one or more rows of balconies, supported by brackets of carved stone, and having iron railings painted and gilt, which give them a very gay appearance.

From the faint outline I have drawn, my readers may judge that Oporto is a very picturesque and handsome city: it is so—and a rapidly improving one in every respect. Ten years of constitutional liberty have worked wonders—ten years more of internal peace and mercantile prosperity, and I doubt not still greater and more beneficial changes will take place. People who knew it some years ago will say that I have overcoloured my drawing: if this work is read ten years hence by a visitor to the place, he will declare that I have not done it justice; for I feel assured that my prognostications will prove correct.

SKETCH IV.



View of the Alto Douro.

The River Douro. Brilliant Action on its banks. Course of the River traced. Contemplated Improvements to facilitate its Navigation. Mournful Disaster from its sudden Rise. Voyage up the Douro. The Rio d'Ouro. Suburbs of Maçarellos. Quays. Church and Convent of St. Antonio. The Portuguese skilful Shipbuilders. Merchants engaged in the odious Slave-trade. The various Craft on the River. Suspension-Bridge: frightful loss of life owing to its giving way. Serra Convent. Palace of the Freixo.

THE Douro is worthy of a sketch to itself; and well may the inhabitants of its banks be proud of their beautiful stream, possessing, as it does in its course, every variety of lovely scenery, and affording a high road from the interior of Spain to the wide ocean, by means of which they reap the advantages of an extensive commerce. To Englishmen it is a

name ever allied to recollections of triumph and victory.

On the 11th of May, 1809, the French advance guard of Soult's army having been driven into Oporto by the British, who were advancing from Coimbra, destroyed the bridge of boats. When Sir Arthur Wellesley arrived at the banks there were for some time no boats to be procured. Having sent General Murray up the river to cross at Avintes, and General Sherbrooke to the lower parts of Villa Nova, he posted himself on a rock to the east of the Serra convent overlooking the river, having a broad valley below, in which the main body of the army were drawn up, sheltered completely from the sight of those in the city by the lofty cliffs on which the convent stands. At last it was reported to the general that two boats had been procured: "Let the men cross," was the order given. A company of the Buffs, under my gallant friend Major M^c^Crohan, were the first to pass, when clambering the steep rocks they took up a position in and round the seminary before the French were able to attack them. The rest of the army crossing, and Murray and Sherbrooke appearing on each flank, the French hastily retreated, leaving their sick and wounded, fifty pieces of cannon, and great quantities of ammunition behind them. It is said that so little did Soult imagine that the British would cross, that he was actually about to sit down to a banquet in the Casa das Carancas, when he was obliged to mount his horse and fly; his conqueror partaking of the feast thus ready prepared. Pursued

by the British, the French general made a most masterly retreat into Spain, through the pass of Salamonde; of which I shall hereafter give a description.

The Douro rising near Soria in old Castile, traverses the kingdom of Leon, and then taking a southerly course, forms the eastern boundary of the Portuguese province of Tras-os-Montes. Again trending to the west, it separates the latter province from that of Beira, as also Beira from the Minho; running continually between almost inaccessible mountains till near Oporto, below which city it falls into the sea. It was formerly navigable only for a distance of about twenty leagues from the sea to a place called St. João da Pesqueira; a line of solid rock there running across its course. But some years ago an English engineer was engaged, who by blasting the rock removed the impediment, making the channel deep and safe; so that there is now a free communication along the entire distance into Spain. Many rocks and sand-banks even at present much impede the navigation throughout its whole course; but several improvements have already taken place; and it is now in contemplation to deepen all the shallow parts, so as to allow boats of large size to proceed from the mouth into Spain without unloading, which at present they cannot do, at all events during the dry seasons.

Works of great magnitude have already been commenced to improve the entrance of the river. It is intended to narrow the stream by means of stone walls, and to throw out an immense breakwater of stone

on the north side, from the castle to the Figueira rocks. This will both turn a large body of water which now flows in that direction to the main stream, and will break the force of the waves which now roll in with north-westerly gales. The rocks in the centre are to be blown up, so that it is anticipated, that except during freshes (that is, swells of the river) vessels will at all times be able to enter, and that the steamers from England will always communicate, even if they do not enter the river, which I see no reason why they should not then do. On the north side of the entrance is a dark stone castle, of little value as a modern fortification, were it not protected by reefs of rocks, which would prevent a hostile bark from approaching near enough to injure it. From the south, a spit of sand a quarter of a mile in length runs directly across what was probably, some centuries back, the embouchure of the river, leaving only a narrow passage near the castle. The point of this spit it is which the engineers propose to remove, as well as to blow up the hidden reef and the other rocks between it and the northern shore.

I love to gaze on that stream, either in calm and sunshine, or when, as swelled by the wintry floods, its foaming billows chafing the shore, it rushes on with headlong force towards the ocean. It is pleasant, too, on a sultry summer's day to glide in a light bark over its calm tides, and to dart forth from beneath the walls of its frowning castle into the broad Atlantic. Oh what words can describe the delicious coolness one enjoys, the elasticity and purity of the air, the

feeling of boundless liberty one experiences, as the boat dances gaily over the bright sparkling wavelets just raised by the fresh sea-breeze which has not yet reached the scorched shore. None but those who have dwelt in climes where, stopping the breath and parching the skin, the hot sirocco blows, can fully appreciate the delightful sensations one enjoys as the first breath of the ocean-gale fans one's cheeks, and one enhales its saline coolness, restoring vigour and energy to the exhausted frame. Yet those waters, now so calm and smiling, may become to-morrow a sea of foaming breakers, that, rushing onward with terrific force, would hurl to fragments, if once within their grasping power, the proudest ship which ever ploughed the ocean's bosom.

The time when the Douro assumes truly a character of wild grandeur is in the early spring, when under the influence of a warm southerly wind the deep snows melt rapidly from the mountain's brow, and at the same time deluges of rain fill the many rivers and rivulets which run into the main stream. A few hours only have passed since with a clear current it flowed sluggishly along, and it has now become a mighty roaring torrent of turbid and foaming waves, sweeping in its irresistible force buildings and cattle, human beings and their frail barks, to destruction. In that time the water has risen twenty to thirty feet between the lofty and confined banks, filling the ground-floors of the houses in the lower part of the city and of Villa Nova, sweeping away the bridge of boats across the river, and tearing many

vessels from their moorings, has borne their shattered remains out to sea. I speak of times past. Such was the fate of the last bridge of boats, now replaced by a handsome suspension one of iron. I have stood on the banks watching the tumultuous and yellow tides bearing in their vast eddies whole trunks of trees, whirled round like mere straws; the leafless branches now lifted high, and again in a moment the roots appearing above the waves, till I have been compelled to turn away my head, made giddy by the rapid whirl of the waters, and my ears stunned by their loud roar, as indignantly they chafe their shores. But it is when it reaches the river's mouth that the most terrific conflict is seen between the fierce current and the ocean-billows as they meet on the bar, throwing high aloft the foaming and sparkling spray, and rearing like two enraged horses of the desert, loudly snorting in desperate combat as their flowing manes toss wildly in the air. The river however triumphs over all opposition, and its yellow tide is seen stretching far out to sea, ere it consents to mix with the clear waters of the wide ocean.

Many years ago—I remember well the time—with scarce any warning, the waters from the interior of the country rushed down upon the city, tearing several vessels from their moorings, driving them high up on the banks, or carrying them far out to sea. In one, called the *Fair Hibernian*, which it was proposed should sail the next day, General M'Crea, afterwards so celebrated in India, had taken his passage; all his luggage being on board, though

his family were providentially sleeping on shore. He had himself gone on board, when down came the roaring tide—the iron chains and stout ropes which secured the vessel parted like packthread—he had just time to leap on shore, and she was hurried whirling round and round down the boiling stream. Some of the unfortunate crew who were below rushed on deck, to witness their awful situation, without the power to save themselves. They were quickly bearing down upon a line of raging breakers, when the vessel giving one heel, turned keel uppermost, and her masts drove firmly into the sand. Some of the hapless mariners still remained alive, and managing to climb up the sides, secured themselves on the keel, the water foaming round them, and forming a complete cataract on the side towards the sea. There they remained for hours waving their hats, and making every signal to the shore for assistance which the energy of despair could dictate; for well they knew the uncertain hold the masts could have, and that a moment might sweep them away. Crowds of people lined the banks, endeavouring to devise means to send them assistance. The consul, Mr. Crispin, the British merchants, with the philanthropy and noble liberality which always distinguishes them on occasions of real emergency, offered the highest rewards to the persons who should save them; but no human power could guide a boat through that mad whirlpool, and no one dared venture towards them. Higher up boats with strong hawsers were carried across, serving but to add the pangs of bitter disappointment to the

feelings of the unfortunate wretches on the wreck, for not one could reach them. Still more wildly did the hapless beings wave their hats, more despairingly they shrieked; but their cries were drowned by the far louder roar of waters. The spectators' hearts beat quick: those were awful moments: with anxious looks each man regarded his neighbour. "Can no aid be afforded them?" was the eager question often asked. "None! They are in the hands of God," was the answer. Yet no one could withdraw from the sad spectacle. "Great Heaven!" was the general cry, "the mast has given way!" The vessel moved—but still the mariners cling to life: madly she turns—in a moment she is among those watery mountains; and ere the pallid wretches can offer up a prayer for mercy, they are swept from their hold. The greedy billows hide them and their once proud bark from mortal ken, and their mangled forms find fitting shrouds amid the tangled sea-weed in their ocean-graves.

But I have dwelt long enough on wrecks and disasters, and on the whirlpools and tempests of the Douro. I will now describe that lovely stream in its calmer moods, with the smiling aspect it generally wears—the sun shedding forth its brilliant and somewhat scorching rays—the sky blue, how intensely blue none but those who have dwelt in a southern clime can credit—the water calm and pure—the finny tribe leaping forth in very joyousness to gaze on the lovely world. A gallant bark, the white and azure banner flying at the main, is just entering with all canvass set,

from her long western voyage, welcomed by an hundred anxious spectators, and surrounded by numerous pilot-boats ready to carry out warps, should the light breeze fail, to tow her from the threatening rocks. What a confusion of tongues there seems, above which the deep-toned voice of the pilot or of captain is heard, issuing his orders, or the creaking of the yards as the sails are trimmed to meet the changing wind, or brailed up, ere the anchor is dropped in its well-known home. A few of the river fishermen, in their narrow flat-bottomed canoes, turning up at each end like a Chinese shoe, are on the bar, lifting their nets, while a fleet of the large fishing-boats, with their single lofty latine sail, are gliding quickly in towards the shore. Some hold their course up the river, and others land their scaly cargo at the Cantareira, now crowded with women eager to fill their baskets: some of the crews are unloading the boats, others are washing their nets, and troops of boys are scrambling for the smaller fry, shell-fish, and crabs, while all are laughing, shouting, and jabbering. At the end of the Cantareira (a pier which extends over some rocks into the stream, with a slip by its side) is a small watch-tower with a domed roof, and which contains a shrine dedicated to the patron saint of mariners.

Before we commence our voyage up the river, observe a troop of urchins—I mean not *æchini*, but little human beings, *sans* clothes, and *sans* shame, gamboling in the water near the end of that rocky point: they holla to us with their shrill voices, and ask us to throw a piece of copper-money into the

water; so quickly do the amphibious little monsters dart down, that ere it has reached the bottom they have caught it, returning with it in triumph as their reward. In the centre of the river is a structure of solid stone-work to mark a ledge of rocks, and on the south side is the commencement of a wall to confine the stream. This wall is about to be concluded. Beyond it is a shallow bay stretching some way inland, its shores of pine-covered hills, on which are seen a few country-houses.

St. John's, formerly a mere fishing village, now possesses a number of neat pretty houses, with its club and billiard-rooms, and is, during the bathing season, a favourite resort of the Oporto fashionables. From it a fine broad road cut into the rock extends the whole distance to Oporto, lined with lime-trees, poplars, and willows. For nearly a mile on the north side extend the houses of fishermen and pilots, undulating hills rising behind them covered with pine-groves and cottages. We then come to the Naval Arsenal, whence several beautiful vessels have lately been launched. A brig of war is on the stocks before it: her architect has a right to be proud of her, and far may she bear the blue and white banner of her constitutional sovereign over those seas on which the Lusitanian name has reaped undying renown! Now arise on each side lofty and precipitous cliffs, that on the north extending near to Oporto, that on the south forming a high bluff point. Where the northen cliff commences, a small stream falls beneath the road into the river. It is called the Ouro, and is said once to

have contained gold, whence the river takes its name. *Ouro* being the Portuguese for gold. The *Rio d'Ouro* is, literally, the river of gold. I suspect however it gained its name from the colour of its waters after rain, which may, like those of the Tiber, poetically be said to be yellow as gold.

At the foot of the cliffs by the side of the road are several fountains, whose cool streams spout forth from the solid rock into tanks overshadowed by drooping willows, beneath whose shade stone-seats are formed, grateful resting-places to the weary pedestrian on a scorching summer's day. At the termination of the cliff is the suburb of Maçarellos, behind which is a beautiful valley, whose sides are covered with houses, and large gardens filled with the orange and every variety of tree. A line of houses along the shore extends hence to the city, every nook in the cliffs above them containing buildings and terrace-gardens—crowds of vessels, bearing the flags of all nations, moored to the broad quays before them. First appears the Brazilian custom-house, an extensive edifice, and higher up the former convent of Mont Chique, now turned into a military store, the tower of which is worthy of notice. There is then a broad esplanade, the houses receding far back with an arcade before them, extending to the ancient gateway and wall of the city. The wall runs directly up the summits of precipitous cliffs, at right angles from the river. It is now however almost concealed by modern houses. The city rising on many hills to the north, and Villa Nova

opposite to it in the form of a theatre, I have already sketched.

Opposite to Maçarellos on the south side is the bluff cliff, which forms a picturesque feature in most views of the city. In a slight indenture within it is an uncultivated spot among the rocks, where, in former days of bigotry, the remains of the English and other Protestants who died in the city were deposited. A little higher up are the ruins of the church of St. Antonio, to which a convent was attached, with lovely gardens extending up the hill, full of orange- and lime-trees, and the sweetest flowers—with flights of stone steps, terraces and balustrades surmounted by flower-pots of all shapes and sizes, having fountains spouting the coolest waters into tanks, some full of gold and silver fish, and others serving as reservoirs to preserve the snake-like but delicious lamprey. But the boast and pride of the good monks were their statues; and certainly a most extraordinary sylvan gallery of them they possessed. Not only had they all the saints of the Christian calendar, but all the heathen gods and goddesses on record, so completely mingled in amicable disorder, that it was a difficult task to distinguish whether the personages before one belonged to sacred or profane history: indeed, their worthy owners, not possessing a superabundance of classical knowledge, were under the impression that they were one and the same characters; an idea which has occurred at times to less pious persons. Venus therefore was often paraded as the Virgin Mother, Jupiter was exhibited

as St. Peter, while to Mars was assigned the honour of representing St. Anthony. Every one affirmed that a statue with his caduceus in hand, and wings to his heels, was no other than the angel Gabriel, and would have considered the person most impious who doubted it. Apollo with his harp was always introduced as the king of Israel; and poor Pan, that amusing monster, was pointed at as the King of Darkness. There was no end indeed to the mistakes committed; but it mattered little—the pious crossed themselves with equal devotion as they passed, and never failed to return to their homes highly edified by the spectacle.

It must be confessed that the worthy friars took every lawful means to increase their creature comforts; for which purpose as the fishing-boats came down the river at night (their usual time of sailing to follow their calling on the deep) a light was seen burning brightly before a shrine on the beach, where was stationed a holy friar to invite the mariners to offer up a prayer for their preservation, and success in their expedition, he promising to employ himself during their absence in seconding their petitions. On their return, they never failed to give their spiritual advisers the choice of a certain number of their booty. In these enlightened times the fishermen have learned to fancy such was an useless tax. Poor men! they forget that their golden goose is killed, and that friars, if their prayers were of no service, and if they indeed did not eat fish themselves, at all events encouraged others to do so, while now few eat it except when they feel inclined. Peace be to the friars, and

the goddesses, the saints, and Jupiter's court; for they all disappeared some years ago, hewn down by the ruthless scythe of war, and the spot which once knew them, knows them no more. The property was put up to auction: it was bought, alas! by a man who cut down the trees, ploughed up the land, which now bears Indian corn and cabbages, and filled the church and convent with pipes of wine. May the spirits of the thirsty friars still hover over the spot, and suck dry the wine-casks, so that when the dull, miserly owner comes, he may find his treasure has disappeared.

As one sails up the river, one is struck by the number of beautiful vessels of all classes, from the heavy Brazilian merchantman to the light *rasca*, which float on its waters. A great many English vessels, of from seventy to two hundred tons burden, trade to Oporto, but except a few from the port of Liverpool, they appear to great disadvantage alongside the Portuguese merchantmen; for, though the latter people have sadly fallen from their ancient naval supremacy, they still build some of the finest models in the world. In the dock-yard at Villa Nova there are frequently eight vessels—ships, brigs, and schooners—at a time on the stocks, seldom taking more than three months from the time the keel is laid till they are launched. The Portuguese are first-rate caulkers and riggers; and I have frequently seen them sheath a large ship with copper on both sides in three days. Most of their vessels are honest traders to the Brazils; though I have seen many a lovely but most wicked-looking craft—a sharp

low schooner with taunt raking masts, square yards, and light canvass, which I had good reason to know has had a different destination. It is said that these vessels first run to some American port, where they fit out, taking their manacles on board, and then proceed to the African coast to load with a cargo of human beings. Certain it is that the Brazilian slave-market is abundantly supplied; that many of their own, as well as Portuguese and Spanish vessels, are engaged in that detestable traffic; also that many wealthy merchants trading with Rio de Janeiro have made their fortunes by employing their money, if not personally engaging themselves in it. Aye, several whose names stand well in the world are known to have gained their wealth by that cursed means. Many of the Portuguese either cannot see, or wilfully shut their eyes to the heinousness of the crime; nor do they understand the feelings of detestation with which Englishmen regard it. As a proof that my assertion is correct, I need but mention a conversation which occurred between me and a person whom I encountered during one of the tours I made into the interior of the country. He was a man wealthy and respected, with a large family whose pursuits he was describing to me. "One son," he observed, "is assisting me at home in my business, another is at the university, and two elder boys are merchants at Rio." "You have settled them well," I said. "Yes, thank God! they are prospering bravely: I heard lately from the two in the Brazils, whither they had just returned with a large cargo of

slaves from the coast of Africa." "Trade in slaves!" I ejaculated unconsciously, while a feeling of repugnance to the man crept over me. "Yes, they have been, with the blessing of Heaven, very fortunate: they have themselves run several cargoes without losing a vessel, though they have had some narrow escapes from the British cruisers." "The same British, my countrymen," I exclaimed, "you are aware, would imprison if they caught them, and would a short time ago have hung them!" "They are well aware of the risks they run," he answered, with a short laugh; "but think of the immense profits they make—the temptation is irresistible." He probably would have inveighed against the British for this interference, and I dared not trust myself to speak further, lest my indignation should uselessly break forth. I should have felt more satisfied with myself had I turned my horse's head and galloped away from the man who could speak thus, instead of partaking as I did of his hospitality. He all the time was perfectly unconscious of the effect he had produced on my mind. The slave-trade he had been taught to look on as a lawful traffic: he could not comprehend its foulness—its enormity. We Englishmen must thank Heaven that we have been brought to think rightly on the subject. By the aid of that merciful Heaven may the free sons of Britain at length put a stop to such deeds of darkness!

The Portuguese, as I have said, do not, or will not understand our motives and feelings, declaring that we are anxious to put down the slave-trade,

because, having abolished slavery in our own possessions, like the dog in the manger, we are unwilling others should enjoy its benefits; and, observing that we were fools in the first place to do so, they laugh at the idea of any philanthropical motives now swaying us. To which I indignantly answer — Do they affirm that justice, honour, humanity, exists not in the world? Do they suppose that philanthropy is a mere chimera, which dwells only in the brains of a few madmen? Can they, whose countrymen I have seen share their last loaf with a beggar, who shrink from inflicting pain on a dumb animal, who are by all acknowledged to be a charitable people—can they affirm that justice, charity, did not demand the sacrifice? It did, and I know that I speak the truth. It was a spirit of exalted, of the purest philanthropy, unadulterated by any base interested motives, which animated the bosoms of a whole nation; which made them rise with one accord, and demand of their rulers that the foulest stain on the national character should be wiped away without a moment's delay. They knew perfectly well that it would injure their pockets, they knew they must pay for their demand; but they felt like the beggar with the hideous wen, which he insisted on having removed, though he had hitherto gained his livelihood by its exciting compassion, and though he knew perfectly well he might bleed to death from the operation and should be obliged to work honestly, or starve, but yet determined at all risks to get rid of the hideous deformity. I am proud that they were my countrymen who did that noble deed,

who set that bright example to the rest of the world; an act which itself places them at the head of the true chivalry of the age, and which will be remembered through all times, though even our nation itself pass away. History will hand it down to the latest posterity, that Britons were the first great abolitionists of slavery.

If people do not believe what I affirm, they cannot believe that virtue has any existence—philanthropy must be to them a mocking phantom; they cannot believe in goodness, they cannot believe in charity, the very essence of their nominal faith; they are recreants from their God, they are infidels—they are the worst of infidels—they are Atheists! Let the world sneer—it was an action of which Britons must be proud, and our foes know it right well. Perhaps Heaven's approving smile for that very deed may remit the curse which seems to hang over all great nations, and the downfall of England, in which an envious world would rejoice, may yet be far distant. Let this thought be a cheering consolation to those who have lost their wealth by the most noble act of our young sovereign's reign.

Besides the handsome Portuguese ships, brigs and schooners, and the lean-sided, deep-waisted English merchantmen, there are tub-like Dutchmen of yellow varnished wood, Danes, Swedes and Prussians; nor must I forget the native *rascas*—little decked vessels employed in the coasting trade, generally with round sterns, long narrow and low, having three short stumps as masts, on which are set lofty and tapering latine sails,—the most picturesque craft they are

which dance on the waves. Then also there is the *hiate*, which ventures on longer voyages, and is of the most ugly and graceless style of rigs the idea of man could invent. She is a species of schooner, but the masts rake in different angles; indeed the foremast frequently rakes forward, while the head of the foresail is nearly square without any peak, and the mainsail is peaked up in the most awkward fashion: the hulls are however very fine, and I have never been able to discover why they are rigged in so hideous a fashion. The large fishing and pilot-boats I have already described, as well as the *toldo*, or Portuguese gondola, and the small flat fishing-boats shaped like the toldos without the roof. Then there are the *Ovar* boats, like canoes, with decks turning up at each end; the *caiques*, little flat-bottomed punts; and the long narrow canoes cut from the trunk of a tree, and used by the ship-builders and caulkers. The custom-house has also several large boats, with a complete room in them containing a table and chairs. Such are the different varieties of craft which float on the waters of the Douro.

At the extreme eastern part of the city, with a high cliff at each end, is the new suspension-bridge; the supporting columns of handsome white stone, the ends of the chains being fixed into the solid rock. It is a very beautiful and ornamental object, but not so picturesque as the unfortunate bridge of boats, which crossed a few yards lower down the stream, and over which the heaviest waggons could pass, each

of the boats forming it measuring sixty to seventy tons. At the taking of Oporto by Soult it was the scene of a dreadful calamity. After a brave defence of the place, by the armed citizens, who were encouraged by the bishop and the priests, there being but a few regular troops under the command of the Baron d'Eben, the entrenchments were stormed, and the French cavalry entering, cut down all they encountered. The people, panic-struck, fled towards the bridge—a current was running at the time—the bridge gave way beneath the weight of the foremost—the rest, not seeing what had occurred, pressed on, precipitating those before them into the stream. Several thousands, it is said, thus perished. A picture was hung up till lately at the end of the bridge commemorating the catastrophe, with a box beneath it, on which was inscribed, "Give alms for masses for the souls of those who died." Passing beneath the suspension-bridge we have lofty and rugged cliffs on each side; the walk of the Fontainhas on the summit of those on the north, with the seminary and bishop's quinta, now masses of ruins, and the Quinta de China on the extreme point. Crowning the dark and precipitous rocks on the south is the Serra Convent—how changed from what I once knew it! battered by shot and shell, the roof fallen in, its walls tottering, and its once rich gardens a wild stony waste, except that, here and there, amid the shattered fragments of columns and vases, a few sweet roses still struggle into existence, to mark the spot where once they grew in rich luxurance, under the

skilful care of their priestly owners. Emerging from this narrow and romantic gorge, the river expands into a lake-like scene, with soft and smiling banks, covered with hamlets and villas peeping forth from the varied foliage which surrounds them. A quarter of a mile up the stream stands the palace of the Freixo, with its hundred windows, turreted walls, and terraces reaching to the water,—the most picturesque edifice in the neighbourhood. It was built by a descendant of the Lancaster family, and belongs to the Visconde de Azureira, who resides entirely at Lisbon.

Though we have seen scarcely four miles of the river, I must conclude this Sketch, as I shall describe the chief part of it on my return down its course from the confines of Spain.

SKETCH V.

Society in Oporto. Assembly Rooms. Agreeable Reunions broken up by change of Rulers. Friendly Intercourse. Skill of the Natives in Music and extempore Poetry. Different Classes in the Social Body. Festas, or Merry-makings. Courtships. Marriages. Christenings. Funerals. Visits of Condolence. Feelings regarding the Dead. Belief in Purgatory. Procession of the Host to a sick Person.

To describe the society of a country in which one has resided a long time on intimate terms with a large portion of its members, may be easy; but it is certainly a delicate task: praise may be considered as flattery, and censure would be condemned as ingratitude towards those from whom one has received constant attention and kindness.

Lord Porchester observes, "Were I asked in what country society had attained its most polished form, I should say in Portugal. This perfection of manner is perhaps most appreciated by an Englishman, when seen in that portion of the aristocratic class, which has adopted in minor points the refinements of the first European society, and has retained the spirit, while it has in some degree dropped the exaggerated ceremonial, of the old Portuguese courtesy. Portuguese politeness is delightful, because it is by no means purely artificial, but flows in a great measure from a natural kindliness of feeling. A Portuguese has a real repugnance to wound the feelings of the humblest individual, and sedulously avoids any expression which can possibly have that effect; not only because it is ill-bred, but because the act of inflicting pain on

another is disagreeable to himself. A Portuguese possessed of strong sarcastic talent, will seldom direct it, however veiled, against any individual present, and will use the utmost circumlocution in conveying an unpleasant truth."

"The restless feeling so often perceptible in English society hardly exists in Portugal: there are no ardent aspirations after fashion; there is little prepared wit, and no one talks for the mere purpose of producing an effect, but simply because his natural taste leads him to take an active part in conversation. In spite of manners apparently artificial, society is more unaffected in Portugal than superficial observers would at first suppose."

Speaking of the fair Portuguese, his lordship observes: "They do not possess, to the same extent, the heady passions and romantic feelings of their beautiful neighbours; but they are softer, more tractable, and equally affectionate. Certainly, with some few exceptions, they are not highly educated; they feel little interest on general subjects, and consequently have little general conversation. A stranger may at first draw an unfavourable inference as to their natural powers, because he has few subjects in common with them; but when once received into their circle, acquainted with their friends, and initiated in the little intrigues that are constantly playing along the surface of society, he becomes delighted with their liveliness, wit, and ready perception of character. The best society in England is perhaps the best in the world, because it combines civilization of manner with cul-

tivation of mind; but, without reference to intellectual culture, the last finish of polished breeding distinguishes, perhaps in a still greater degree, the higher orders of Portugal."

With the above observations of that highly-talented and amiable nobleman, an admirable discriminator too of character, I most cordially agree. In one respect he would find an improvement. Education, now widely extending among all classes, has not been neglected by the fair and young fidalguia. Many with whom I am acquainted possess all the usual accomplishments of our own fair countrywomen; they are well read on many subjects, and speak both French and English with facility; some also Italian. I will but mention the names of a few belonging to the first families of Oporto. The Condessa de Terrena José, and her fair daughter-in-law Donna Maria Guedes, the wife of Senhor Francisco Brandão; the young Condessa de Rezende, and her charming sisters, daughters of the Visconde de Beire and nieces of the Duke of Palmella, with whom I have conversed in each of the languages of which I have spoken. I might give a long list of other ladies of the highest families in the kingdom, whose education has been carefully attended to, including many also of less exalted birth, who possess equal attainments. To a stranger they are as reserved as Englishwomen generally are, if not more so; and the idea of displaying their knowledge never entering their heads, a visitor to the country may remain a considerable time, and depart, under the impression that they do not possess it. Many English

residents not mixing in the more select circles of their society, have been unable to form a correct opinion on the subject; indeed, I know of few writers on the country who have enjoyed opportunities of observing the higher classes correctly. The known character and rank of Lord Porchester at once gave him the *entrée* into the best society, and he therefore has described the nobility of Portugal in true and very pleasing colours. With few exceptions, the Portuguese gentlemen of the present day, whatever may be their rank or fortune, are possessed of an elegant education, though their classical attainments rarely equal those which our universities afford. When I describe Coimbra, I shall speak of the subject more at large.

There are but trifling differences in the style of general society of the present day throughout all the large cities of Europe, particularly where, as in Portugal, the aristocratical privileges,—those barriers which served to keep the different classes asunder,—have been completely overthrown. At the large balls in Oporto all ranks of gentle birth and education meet on equal terms; the daughters of the highest noble giving their hands in the dance to any gentleman, whatever may be his lineage, who claims the honour, without waiting for the formal introduction of the lady of the house, or the master of the ceremonies. There are at Oporto two assembly-rooms, which the higher classes frequent, being invited by the respective members of the associations to which the rooms belong. The oldest is the British Association, commonly called the English Factory House, established some fifty

years ago by twelve or rather more of the principal British merchants of the city. The ball-room is of most elegant proportions, with a drawing-room and supper-rooms on each side; and I have seen it crowded with a brilliant assemblage of rank and beauty, such as few other establishments of a similar nature can boast of. Many royal guests have honoured it by their presence; balls having been given by the members to the Emperor Dom Pedro, the young king of Portugal, the young Prince de Lippe, Lord Beresford, and many other personages of distinction who have visited Oporto. I mention these names merely to shew the style of the society in these assemblies. At one time the fidalgos only, with few exceptions, were invited there, including the chief military and civil authorities in the place, with their families. Now, however, it would be impossible to keep up such a distinction, and consequently all respectable families, who mix in the general society of the place, are in turn invited.

That next established was the *Assemblea Portuense*, or Oporto Assembly-rooms. Every gentleman of whatever nation is eligible to become a member by ballot; most of the principal people in the place belonging to it. It is a regular club-house, with the addition of a very handsome ball-room, rather larger than that of the Factory House, where six balls are given during the winter, ladies only being invited; no gentleman who does not belong to the club being admitted, unless he is a stranger. The greater number of the fidalguia frequent them, and the music and refreshments are

very good. There are also several large private houses in which balls are given, but far less frequently than formerly.

A few years before Lord Porchester visited Oporto, some of the principal fidalgas opened their houses, each an evening in every week, so that not a night passed without an agreeable reunion of very delightful society. Those once admitted into their circle might drop in at pleasure; no invitations being issued. At that time many British officers held commands in the Portuguese army; and those who still remain alive will remember the elegant *soirées* of Donna Anna Forbes d'Albuquerque, Donna Emilia de Souza, Donna Gertrudes Leite, and of many others, where the most polished manners were combined with vivacity, wit, and courteous kindness towards their foreign guests. So many of the principal families supposed to be favourably inclined to Dom Miguel retired to their country-houses on the arrival of the liberating army, that the circle I speak of in Oporto was completely broken up; nor have they since assembled in the same form.

A similar agreeable style of society is however still general in the place, although the greater number of the actors in it are changed; but I cannot pretend to say it is equal to what it was before the present democratical tendency had gained so much ground. The bitter feelings of animosity engendered during the strife between despotism and liberty are gradually wearing away; and as the present generation of nobles grow up, accustomed to associate with their

countrymen of less aristocratic birth, though equally well educated, it is fair to suppose that all acerbities will vanish, and that society, though enlarged, will be equally polished, and carried on in the same amicable way as formerly.

It is however on their own estates in the country, surrounded by their relations and dependents, that the Portuguese nobility are seen to the greatest advantage; and if a stranger is pleased with their demeanour when meeting them in the society of a city, he will be doubly so on such occasions. In the country their houses are open nearly every evening for the reception of their neighbouring acquaintance, who there meet and amuse themselves much in the same way that we do in England, though perhaps with more vivacity. Dancing, of course, where there are young people, forms one of the principal sources of amusement. They have a variety of games, such as French blind-man's-buff, cross questions and crooked answers, and one in which a person gives a line, and each of the rest of the party must add another rhyming to it. Then there are few young ladies who do not play on the piano—generally very well. Most of them, as well as many gentlemen, touch the guitar, with which they accompany their voices in their exquisite *modinhas*, and they will frequently sit round in a circle, each of the party following the other, singing *improviso* verses. There is also scarcely a neighbourhood without its poet, who recites his verses on all great occasions, without the slightest degree of *mauvaise honte*; and if there are two or more present,

they will frequently enter into an amicable contest for superiority, like the bards of old. The Portuguese language is admirably adapted, as well for tender and pathetic (of which there exist as beautiful specimens as any language can produce) as for comic and satirical poetry, in which the people certainly excel; and on the occasions of which I speak, much amusement is afforded by the poets reciting verses of the latter style; for though they will generally raise a good-natured laugh against some of the party present, they take care never to make use of expressions which can offend.

As in most continental countries, it is much the custom for people to visit each other in their boxes at the opera—a very agreeable way of passing the time between the acts, and during the ballet; though they love music too well not to attend to the singing while that is going forward.

From what I have said, it may justly be supposed that the best society in Portugal is most agreeable and polished; nor can even a stranger fail to be pleased with it. Of the second class I know less, though there are two other assembly-rooms in club-houses, besides those I have mentioned, to which a great number of members belong, where large balls are constantly given; one called the *Civilizadora*, the other *Recreative*. Many of the young ladies whose families frequent them are possessed of considerable beauty; and though I cannot say how far their mental education may have been attended to, they all dance remarkably well, and most of them are very fair

musicians: indeed, there is scarcely a house of any respectability in Oporto which does not boast of a pianoforte. I speak of the class of society—a very large one too—whose members are not precisely the most wealthy merchants, and who are yet above tradesmen or artizans—such as rich shopkeepers, clerks in public offices, brokers, &c. In dress they vie with the higher orders; the ladies universally now appearing in Parisian costumes, as do the men; a slight difference only in the style being discernible between them and the higher orders, and the he beings appearing with a greater profusion of oily locks and gold chains, according to the custom of *La Jeune France.*

The only time ladies now wear the mantilla is when they go to mass, or rather to confession; on which occasions it is not the etiquette for any of their gentlemen acquaintance to notice them, as they are supposed to be *incognita:* even that custom is gradually going into disuse, and I believe many ladies do not even possess this article of dress. The richer females wear a mantilla of thick black silk: it consists of a petticoat and a long hood with a triangular piece of pasteboard at the top bent over the head. It is then kept in front by the hands of the wearer, and is far from an ungraceful costume. The lower orders wear it made of a sort of camlet. In a few years it will probably entirely disappear; for little girls even of the lower ranks are invariably dressed in bonnets, though their mothers adhere to their old style of dress. The third class of the social body have

also their peculiar amusements; the principal of which is a visit on a holiday to some neighbouring village, where there is a *romaria*, a festa or merry-making. A romaria is a fête held in honour of some saint, generally in an open space before the village-church. Here booths and stalls are erected for the sale of fried fish, sweet cakes, and prints of the saint, with the latter of which the visitors adorn their hats on their return home. The people from the neighbourhood for several miles round assemble in their gayest costumes, the young men with their low-crowned, broad-brimmed hats, set jauntingly on one side, their jackets thrown over one shoulder to exhibit their bright-coloured waistcoats and white shirt-sleeves, most of them carrying their three-stringed guitars in their hands; the young women in a far greater variety of dress—some with a white handkerchief thrown over the head, and a gay one over the neck, with or without any cloak; others wearing low-crowned broad-brimmed hats, from beneath which the most coquettish cork-screw ringlets appear. Then again others have high-crowned ponderous black hats, bedecked with flowers and ribbands, and a bright shawl worn on the shoulders. But the most magnificent of all are the farmers' wives, with the last-mentioned style of hat, and a blue riding-habit, their necks literally covered with gold chains, and large gold rings of filagree work pendent from their ears. They generally arrive on the back of a mule, donkey, or horse, their lords following on one of those animals behind them; nor can the noblest lady in the land look more proud than

they, as they return, having their hats adorned with a print of the saint, and well filled with *bacalhao*, sweetmeats and wine. The older men wear long blue coats, carrying a thin stick of considerable length in their hands. Then come the citizens—the wife with a bonnet of a far from fashionable shape: for want of style a profusion of flowers makes amends—a bright shawl covering all other defects—either on foot, or on a pack-saddle; the husband sometimes, if they are not blessed with offspring, on a small donkey, or else carrying, with paternal solicitude, his last infant in his arms, and leading one or two other little cherubs by the hands; the mother and the maid-servant accompanied by a like number each. The people on these occasions perform a small quantity of praying, a good deal of eating and drinking, and a vast quantity of dancing and singing: but although numberless wine-casks are brought to the ground in carts, drunkenness is very rare; nor are there any of those quarrels or disorders which take place on similar occasions in most other countries. The dances consist (the partners first facing each other) in performing the figure of eight to a slow tune, with sundry hops and skips, but without much spirit; their countenances generally wearing a grave expression,—except perhaps when a witty observation is made by one of the beaux, on which the girls will clap their hands, and give way to a hearty shriek of laughter, apparently almost uncontrollable. The castanets are peculiarly Spanish, I believe; at all events, I have never seen them used in Portugal. The guitar is the instrument generally used, accom-

panied by the voices of the dancers, except on grand festas, when large bands of musicians attend.

It is highly amusing to accompany a large party of people returning from a romaria, a dozen or more men walking together with their guitars, or rather violas, in their hands, with which they accompany their voices, as one after the other they give forth extemporary poetical effusions; sometimes pathetic, and at others jocose, as their spirits incline them; the women answering them in return. There is a monotony in their airs, which may at length fatigue the ear, but it is extraordinary what beautiful images these rustic poets will invent; nature—the great master—being their best instructor. The bright skies of day, and glittering stars of night, the pure sparkling atmosphere of their delicious clime, their green fertile vales, their picturesque mountains, their clear streams, and, more than all, their dark-eyed maids, the gallant sons of Lusitania, and their love of liberty, are in their turns the subjects of their muse. I have heard the same style of singing in Germany, and it must be confessed that the peasantry of that country are far more scientific musicians, though I doubt their being such good poets.

In my walks I have frequently stopped at the door of a cottage, where a large party have been assembled, amusing themselves with music and dancing. The dances I have then seen performed have been very similar to quadrilles, with all the gravity and decorum to be seen in more brilliant assemblies; and I must do the people the justice to say, that I have never seen in

their behaviour anything at which the most fastidious person could cavil—except such as would deprive the humble peasant of all light and innocent amusements suited to their taste.

From dancing we naturally turn to the style in which courtships are carried on in Portugal. Here the gentleman seldom enjoys the same opportunities of paying his addresses to his mistress as in England: not that love-matches are not common, but the arrangements are more frequently made by the parents, and a *mésalliance* is consequently scarcely ever heard of. With regard to the higher ranks, there is but little difference, if indeed any, with the custom of our own country. In the next class the gentleman walks as frequently as possible under the lady's window: when he has attracted her attention, he stops and utters a few complimentary speeches, and then, if observed by strangers, he moves on, and returns again to renew the conversation. He next meets her at church, and as he kneels near her at some side altar he must be dull indeed if he cannot send her a *billet-doux* expressive of his admiration. The chorister-boys, or sacristans, on these occasions frequently perform the office of Mercury, if a lynx-eyed duenna, or severe mother accompany the young lady. It being the custom at balls to hand a lady to her seat next her *chaperone*, as soon as the dance is concluded, a lover has little time for that tender style of conversation which we Englishmen find so delightful in the retired alcoves and snug boudoirs with which our luxurious houses are so properly supplied. It cannot be surpris-

ing therefore that they are of the Italian opinion, that *Tutto il tempo e perduto che in amor non se spende*, and that they make the most of the time they are together. Where the gentleman has good birth or fortune to recommend him, of course the parents afford him every facility of meeting their daughter, under, however, a stricter *surveillance* than an Englishman would approve of.

Among the peasantry love-making is a more refined affair than in England. A Lusitanian clown when he meets his mistress respectfully takes off his hat, and stands leaning at some distance on his long stick, while she, on the other side of a gate, or with her basket resting on a wall, looks demurely on the ground, a smile playing on her lips, every now and then turning on her swain such sparkling glances from her bright eyes that it is no wonder his heart is enflamed; and I believe that very rarely is either party fickle or false. I have a very high opinion of the Portuguese peasantry, but particularly of the females, who are possessed of all the amiable qualities which adorn the sex throughout the world, with as large a share of beauty as generally falls to the lot of any.

The courtship concluded, the marriage-ceremony takes place, among the lower orders in the parish-church. The priest literally ties the hands of the loving couple together with the end of his surplice, before he puts on the ring. He reads the service in Latin, the spectators all the time not thinking it necessary to act with any great decorum; and as soon

as it is over they salute the bride and bridegroom with showers of bon-bons, before even they can get out of the church. I remember on one occasion seeing the officiating priest almost blinded by one hitting him in the eye, greatly to the amusement apparently of all present. The higher orders are married in the private chapels belonging to their houses, the ceremony being the same as in other catholic countries; a ball afterwards taking place at the house of one of the party, at which the newly-married couple are invariably present.

They frequently live on for years in the house either of the lady's or gentleman's parents, till their family increasing over much they seek another home, though more often till it becomes their own.

Christenings being frequently consequent on marriages, it next occurs to me to describe them. Those I have seen have taken place in private chapels. I once accompanied an English Protestant friend who had been requested to stand godfather to the child. The guests first assembled in the drawing-room, when refreshments were handed round, and we then repaired to the chapel, where each person was presented with a long wax-taper, with which in our hands we stood round the font on the left side of the entrance. There was only one godfather, and one godmother. They stood close to the priest, who, habited in rich vestments, took the infant in his arms, anointing its lips and eyes with oil, and afterwards made the sign of the cross with water on its brow. A few prayers quickly hurried over in Latin completed the cere-

mony, when we gave our tapers to a servant, and took our leave. One important thing may be noted, that people can scarcely be called bigoted who will admit of Protestant sponsors, for it is at once acknowledging them equally good Christians with themselves; and I know many Protestant residents in Portugal who have several Catholic godchildren. Perhaps, however, the most rigid Catholics would not allow it.

The only church-ceremony which is in Portugal performed in an imposing manner is the burial of the dead: all others are hurried over as fast as the priests can get through the work. When a person of distinction dies, he is laid out in state on the following day in his chapel, which is lighted up by candles. In the evening the corpse is carried in an open coffin to one of the principal churches, where it is placed beneath a black velvet canopy trimmed with silver, on a bier covered with the same. The attendant mourners line the church, with long waxen tapers in their hands, while the burial-service is read, and some music is performed—frequently very fine, though the tunes are not always appropriate to the gravity of the occasion. The coffin is then closed, and the key handed to the person of highest rank present, or to the most intimate friend of the deceased, whose duty it is to hand it to the nearest relation. The mourners then accompany the coffin to a cemetery near at hand. The same coloured canopy is used for matrons, but for maidens it is always blue and silver, and for young children of various gay colours. The canopies I

speak of might be called temples, raised for the occasion in the centre of the church: the devices are elegant, and the pillars being ornamented with silver wound round them, they have a very handsome appearance.

The Portuguese give the very poetical name of *anjinhos*, little angels, to young children when they die; and considering that they are at once translated to heaven, without the unpleasant passage through purgatory, instead of mourning for them, they rejoice, putting on their gayest attire: thus at their funeral no one appears in black, and the parents are congratulated instead of condoled with. I remember attending the funeral of a friend's child, but when people went up to congratulate him, he shook his head, observing, "A father feels the same whatever may be his child's age."

Hearses have lately been introduced at Oporto, which were much required, as the cemeteries are all now on the outskirts of the city. Throughout the country it is prohibited to bury the dead in churches; a wise regulation, which followed close upon that made in England to the same effect. The poor think much of the way their children are buried, and will make any sacrifice to get the little corpses decked out gaily. One frequently meets a woman with a small blue coffin open on her head, and a dead child, dressed in silk and tinsel, with its cheeks painted, to give it the appearance of life. I like the idea which prompts this, for at the last glance the mother takes of it, before it is closed for ever from her sight, it

appears to her eyes to retain all its beauty; and she thus thinks of it only as a lovely angel about to enter the realms of bliss.

The most disagreeable, and I think absurd ceremony, which takes place after the death of a person of any family, is the visit of condolence to the nearest relations of the deceased, called the *pesemo*. On entering the house the visitor finds the hall and passage dimly lighted, and following a servant he is conducted into a room hung with black, with a single small taper burning in it. Groping his way up to where he supposes the owners of the house are sitting, he bows and makes some appropriate speech—they rise, and bow in return, and he then retires from them, and finds a place on the seats arranged round the walls of the room among the other guests, with whom he may converse in whispers. He ought to sit there till some fresh guests arrive, when he may rise, make his bow, and depart. I have always found these visits the greatest tax upon my politeness; and I should think that having thus to sit up for three evenings must be excessively irksome to people whose feelings have just been agitated by the loss of a near relative. The custom arose from the more intimate friends calling to console those who were in affliction; but at present it is considered incumbent on all persons to receive even their common acquaintance. It has now become the practice to issue notes of invitation to funerals; and rather curious compositions they are. The paper surrounded by a broad black edge, and a print of a tomb at the top, sets forth, that as Heaven

has pleased mercifully to take to itself the illustrious Senhor Jozé Antonio Teixera Pinto Alvarenja d'Aziverdo, his widow requests you will do your utmost in paying respect to his memory, and accompany his body to the grave. These invitations are frequently issued by the undertakers, who send round according to the lists they have had on former occasions, without reference to your acquaintance with the family of the deceased; but of course in such case it is not necessary to comply with them.

A relation of mine, commanding in this district, was once asked to take charge of the key of the coffin of some person of consequence, who had died, and to deliver it to the widow. One of his officers, led by curiosity, approached the coffin after it had been locked, and examining it, found that there were no hinges. He afterwards mentioned the circumstance — "Oh," said somebody present, laughing, "of course the sacristan would never think of burying the fine clothes with which the corpse is covered, and that handsome coffin: the clothes he will sell for a good price, for they will serve to deck some of our city dandies, and the coffin will probably contain the remains of fifty other illustrious personages."

The truth is, that in general the Portuguese think little of the bodies of their friends after death: the last obsequies are paid—they have done their duty—and it is given over to the arch-devourer of kings and beggars, the hungry worm. It is for the soul, the *alma*, the essence, they utter their ejaculations: they offer up their prayers, and expend sums in masses, to

free it from purgatory. This idea, or feeling, is, I conceive, more general among the southern nations of Europe, than those of colder climes, and is certainly more philosophical than the one which causes people to regard with affection the mouldering remains of their friends. The North American Indians bury the implements which will they think be required in the happy hunting-fields; the ancient Irish laid the weapons of the warrior by his side; the Scandinavians did so also; the Saxons raised magnificent monuments to the dead, whom they fully believed appeared often in their bodily forms;—even in the present day the Russians, Swedes, Danes, Germans, and English, talk and think far more of the body of the deceased than of the spirit. We speak of our departed friends—the Portuguese invariably express themselves regarding the souls of the dead. They pledge each other to the *alma* of the departed. I remember particularly a friend of mine relating a circumstance to that effect. During a *pesemo* visit the lady of the house rose from her seat, and pouring out a glass of wine put it to her lips, saying in a solemn voice, "Let us drink to the soul of my deceased brother." The effect of the speech may be more easily conceived than described.

The numberless pictures of bodies surrounded by flames over the altars by the road-side, as also over all the money-boxes at the entrance of the churches, and in various other places, would lead one to form a different opinion, had they not the words above them, "Give, that masses may be said for the souls in purgatory." That same belief in purgatory is, for

obvious reasons, more deeply instilled into the minds of the people than any other; and I have found many who had little trust in every other article of their faith, still cling to that. Though most certainly no authority can be produced from the scriptures in its favour, it is one at which the mind eagerly grasps, and was a theory of many philosophers long before the Christian æra—not in its present grotesque form, which represents potentates, monks, priests, nuns, statesmen, soldiers, and beggars, grinning with agony in a burning caldron; but the old heathens taught that the soul, after throwing off this earthly and gross coil, must be cleansed by fire from all impurities, to prepare it for the bright realms of eternal bliss. It has been proved to be a most dangerous doctrine (if its falsity is not so clearly made known) by the very gross abuses to which it has given rise, and should not be credited by those who found their faith on the revelations of scripture.

To be no longer serious, the subject puts me in mind of a Portuguese story, said to have been told by the Bernardine friars, who have the same reputation of repeating facetious anecdotes as the celebrated Joseph Miller, esq.—A certain person who had been guilty of piracy, and various other objectionable acts, by which he had amassed a large fortune, was told, during his last illness, by his confessor, one of their order, that he must leave his property to their convent, or he would most assuredly have to sojourn for a very long period in purgatory. Though unwilling to undergo so disagreeable an alternative, he did not im-

mediately comply with the advice the friar so disinterestedly gave him, but took the first opportunity of informing his son of what he was about to do, and that he should be obliged to leave his children destitute, or take a long spell in that place of torment. To his son's expostulations, he answered, "Think, my son, of the burning flames, and the wicked characters with whom I must associate for thousands and thousands of years, if I do not pay for a sufficient number of masses." "And think, my father, of the poverty and misery I and your other dear children must endure if you give your property to those lazy friars," responded the affectionate son, pressing tenderly the hand of his dying parent. "Think of that, my beloved father: besides, what is it after all? *You know you will soon get accustomed to it!*" When the friar next came the old pirate had departed this life, and his son ever proved himself a most exemplary character—being esteemed one of the most wealthy men in the place.

I forgot to mention a ceremony which I should think must often hasten the departure of a sick person of delicate nerves. When the friends of the invalid see his end, as they think, approaching, they send to the parish-priest, who, at whatever hour of night it may be, hurries to the church, where he assumes his vestments, and, taking the box containing the wafer, the ointment, the wine, and oil, issues forth; four men holding a canopy over his head, and a number follow with candles, one person preceding him ringing a bell, to give notice of the approach of the Host, while a collection of choristers

accompany him chanting. As the emblem of the sacred mystery approaches, all hasten to do it reverence. Ladies will leave the gay dance, and rush to the balcony to kneel—gentlemen will rise from the social board—servants open the street-door to gaze on it—the porter deposits his load, and falls before it—the cavalier dismounts, and bends bare-headed, while the line of torches is in sight: indeed, the man who would refuse to do so would be regarded as the most impious wretch. He would formerly have run the risk of being stoned to death, though now he would escape with perhaps a threat or so, and a shower of abuse for his want of proper courtesy to the opinions of the people. Arrived at the house of the dying person, the priest and his immediate attendants enter with much bustle and parade, while the remainder stand outside the door loudly chanting. The holy sacrament of extreme unction is then administered, according to the usual style in the Romish Church, and the priest and his *cortége* allow the sick man to die in peace, or recover, as he best may. It is said a person has been *sacramentado* when this ceremony has been performed.

I have invariably dismounted from my horse, and taken off my hat whenever I have unavoidably met the procession of the Host, sometimes with a feeling far from complimentary to the ceremony or the performers. A little reflection, however, will convince most unprejudiced persons that what appears gross idolatry in the surrounding multitude, is not so in reality, with the more educated portion at all events.

The belief in transubstantiation being established in their minds, they kneel before what they conceive to be the real body and blood of Christ passing at the time. Previously therefore to one accusing them of idolatry, one must prove that article of their belief to be absolutely false and absurd. That is more than I can pretend to do, whatever I may think on the subject; and indeed I suspect it will serve as a bone of contention between both parties to the end of time. The lower orders, probably no great reasoners on the articles of their faith, kneel, and pronounce the proper prayers, for the simple reason that they have been taught to do so from their earliest days; so that they, at all events, are not to be condemned.

I will conclude this sketch with a piece of scriptural advice to the traveller in Portugal: "Cast out first the beam out of thine own eye, and then shalt thou see clearly to pull out the mote that is in thy brother's eye."

SKETCH VI.

A Trip into the Interior. Comparative Merits of the Horse and Mule in Travelling. Macadamized Roads. Singular Occupation of female children. Various Features of the Country. Ancient Church at Sobrao. Beautiful Village, and Mineral Waters, of Vizella. Its ancient Baths reopened. Lovely Scenery on the road to Guimaraens. Arrival there on the Eve of the Festival of its Patron Saint.

As I suspect my readers must by this time be weary of hearing so much about Oporto, I shall beg leave to take them for a short period into the interior of the country, before I conclude my sketches of that far-famed and interesting city.

It was on a beautiful morning in August 1844, when, accompanied by a party of six friends, all of us well mounted on stout, active steeds, I left the city of Oporto, to make a tour through the lovely and fertile province of the Minho. Our baggage-mule was sent on ahead by the direct high road to Guimaraens (the place we proposed resting at on the first night), while we took a circuit to the right, to visit the long-celebrated baths of Vizella.

We disdained employing the slow and heavy mule to convey our own valuable persons; for however steady that truly sagacious and philosophical animal may be in ascending or descending rugged and precipitous mountains, he causes a sore trial to the temper when a sylvan glade, or a long line of smooth level road opens before the traveller; and such are constantly to be found even in the most mountainous districts, however much the stranger may suppose to

the contrary; I always, therefore, when travelling in Portugal, prefer the horse to his sage cousin, either native bred, or, what is better still, a small stout Irish cob, after he has been a short time acclimatized, and has learned to masticate the chopped straw and Indian corn,—the only provender he is likely to enjoy. The mule, it is true, will always perform the same distance as the horse in the course of the day, or perhaps even farther on consecutive days of travelling; but then his unfortunate rider has to undergo an eternal jog, jog, jog, bump, bump, bump, from sun-rise to sun-set, without any variation in pace, except it be a canter, from which may his patron saint deliver him! for the chances are, that at the end of it his *macho* precipitates him (gently, or not, as may be) over his head; while the beast refuses again to rise, till he has enjoyed the pleasure of rolling the saddle, holsters, and other accoutrements, in the mud, or dust, according to the season of the year, or the situation of the spot, he has selected to perform his feat.

The said animal is admirably calculated to carry the august persons of reverend priests, or sedate merchants, who care not how long a time they employ on the road to heaven, or to wealth, so that they attain their respective goals at last. For my part, I prefer the exhilarating gallop, on the soft turf, the enlivening trot on the hard road, or the steady walk, while I admire the beauties with which nature has so bounteously sprinkled the surface of our earth, to the jog-trot pace of either priest or trader.

After all, which man enjoys the happiest old age, he who has jogged and bumped through life on a mule's back, to attain gold which he cannot enjoy, or he who can look back on the joyous scenes of his youth, when he galloped across the pampas of South America, or the steppes of Tartary, climbed the dizzy precipices of the Alps, or bounded over the dancing bosom of the ocean? Give me the retrospect of the latter,—the delights of a traveller's existence.

All the party being of my opinion, had, as I have said, chosen horses. A guide we had, who assured us he would shew us the way, mounted on a mule, but, like true members of the new generation, we soon left him and his mule far behind; nor did they again overtake us till we halted to bait our steeds and ourselves.

The rays of the sun, it must be acknowledged, as we proceeded were fervent, but our spirits were light, and so were the white loose coats we wore, our heads being protected by broad-brimmed hats of thick straw, while our feet were covered by large yellow boots. There was also a clear elasticity in the pure air, which made us care little for the heat. Some of the wiser ones of the party tore down boughs from a chestnut-tree to beat off the flies from their horses' necks, in imitation of a peasant we passed with a large leafy bough over his head serving in the place of a parasol.

The idea may be useful to an army on their march, under a burning sun, and the slight additional

weight would be amply recompensed by the luxury of shade. It would look more military, too, than Colonel Rolt's proposal of having an umbrella stuck in the saddle of each cavalry soldier. Besides, Malcolm set the example when Birnam wood marched forth to Dunsinane. I believe the gallant colonel intends only the officers to carry parasols; but such an exclusive privilege I deem very unfair, when the men might equally well enjoy it; and I doubt if he could *thus* keep his *moral command* over them. Fancy Lord Cardigan on a parade-day charging at the head of his regiment with parasols guarding the men's complexions! I suspect the idea was taken when the king of the tournament at Eglinton rode into the lists with an umbrella expanded above him. With due respect do I mention that magnificent outward revival of the pageantry of chivalry. I must persuade that excellent officer to adopt the Portuguese peasant's plan of a bough.

To commence our journey. After leaving the roughly-paved streets of the city, taking an easterly direction, our pleasure may be supposed when we found ourselves on the newly-constructed broad macadamized road leading to Guimaraens. Those only can duly enter into our feelings who know what that road was, full of stones and ruts, rugged and broken. Our horses seemed to know our thoughts; so, without waiting for the touch of whip or spur, away they gaily cantered, nor seemed willing to stop for some miles till we turned off on the road leading to Vizella on the right.

"Ah!" I exclaimed, "I have now firm hopes of the regeneration of Portugal!" On each side were green and fertile fields of the ripening Indian corn; on the left, low undulating ground with a serrated ridge, on which the Miguelite entrenchments were thrown up in 1833, and on which I saw drawn up the last remnant of Dom Miguel's army before they finally dispersed. It was a sad day, for they madly descended to the plain, and were met by the followers of Dom Pedro, when a gallant constitutional officer, colonel Pacheco, fell; the hands of countrymen being uselessly dyed in each others' blood. At that time the royalists' cause was lost. We passed a pretty villa, much like an old English country-house, near the road-side. Here, I believe, the prince held his head-quarters for a short time.

On our right for several miles extended the seemingly barren ridges of the Valongo hills, whose bosoms are however filled with rich stores of minerals, among which coal and antimony are not the least valuable, while gold is still found on their surface; and the streams which flow from them turn the many mills and irrigate the fields of the corn-producing valleys below.

We now passed under high banks, crowned by small trees and shrubs, which forming a complete arbour, sheltered our heads from the rays of the sun; reminding us of the shady lanes of our beloved England, albeit the ground beneath our feet was far from soft or even. With a few bad bits, which had served as watercourses for the winter-rains, the rest of the

road allowed of quick transit. Observing seven crosses scattered on the side of a lofty barren hill, I asked of an old woman at whose cottage I had stopped to inquire the way, why, and by whom, they were there placed. "They were there planted by a holy bishop many, many years ago, Senhor," she answered. "He called the spot 'the holy Calvary,' and thither the young women go up yearly to worship the Lord." We first drew rein at the small village of Alfena, where we breakfasted, and breathed our steeds, who required a little rest after their morning's gallop.

One of our number, the soul of the party, who generally led the van, rejoiced in wearing a huge pair of boots reaching up to his thighs, something between such as are worn by the Life-guards and Dutch fishermen; and I was much amused, as, entering the village the last of the party, a respectable-looking personage made me a profound bow, demanding "if the gentleman who rode first in the boots was the baron?" What baron, he said not; but I conclude he meant a certain German baron, minister from the court of Prussia, who was then travelling about the country. "Sim, Senhor," I answered, bowing equally low, "O Barão das Botas;" and the title has stuck to our excellent friend ever since. We were not always, when we had become travel-stained and dusty, taken for such exalted personages.

As we again rode on, we passed some ten or a dozen men with drums, fifes, and other musical instruments. "Where are you going, my friends?" I

32967

asked. "We are going, Senhor, to play this evening at a festa at Ramalhão, on the other side of Oporto; and we have come this morning from a place three leagues off. We are musicians, and travel about to gain our livelihood. Adeos, Senhor!"

Passing through a pine-grove, one of the party exclaimed, "Why the trees grow little girls!" and looking up to the top of one of the highest pine-trees, whose slender straight stem was destitute of boughs, there surely enough I beheld a young child, steadily poising herself on a slight bough, and chopping off the ends of those around her with her hatchet. In the same way on different trees several other girls were thus occupied. How they could have climbed up seemed the puzzle, for the stems of the trees afforded not the stump of a branch on which they could fix their tiny feet. I remember, some years ago, riding in the neighbourhood of Oporto with a friend, when we were followed towards a pine-grove by a young and very pretty girl, bearing a hatchet and a bundle. We lost sight of her for a minute; when a figure appeared with the head-dress of a woman, but the nether garments of a man, and throwing a broad band round the stem of a pine-tree, and fastening it also round her own waist, commenced a gradual ascent by lifting the belt with her hands, and pressing the trunk with her bare feet. It was our fair friend, who soon reaching a lofty bough commenced strewing the ground around with her green trophies. The young shoots of the pine are used as litter for oxen, and afterwards as manure; while the cone is burnt in the houses of

the rich, it yielding a pure bright flame. The lower orders eat the kernel when baked: it is found between each leaf, and has a strong oily taste.

Our road, gradually ascending, carried us to the summit of some lofty hills, whence behind us the bright blue sea could be perceived, the intervening country being composed of rich luxuriant valleys and gently-rising pine-clad hills; the city we had left being hid from our view by the summer-haze, as was the Douro itself; while towards the east, and in every other direction, rose hill upon hill, and mountain upon mountain, in endless succession, till lost in the azure tints of the pure sky. After again descending from our elevated position, we rode along the course of a rich valley, till we came to a small hamlet containing a little inn newly built, completely in the Elizabethan style; though I doubt not the builder had never heard of such an order. From the upper story an oak bridge, under which we passed, led to the opposite bank: on the summit of the bank, or rather it may be called a rocky and green mound, was a small platform surrounded by venerable trees, and in the centre stood a small low and ancient church. Into the body of the building, which could not contain twenty people at the utmost, we did not enter; but before it was a porch, about the size of the rest of the structure, containing a round stone pulpit, and on each side of the platform were rough stone benches, while several crosses with figures representing various events of the crucifixion stood in different positions around. About the whole structure was much elaborate carving, stained

and defaced by time. Here, then, probably, in the primitive days of the Lusitanian empire, or even before the time of Roderick, the aged priest would discourse on the mysteries of our holy religion, while his flock sat around, listening to his words, beneath the shade of the thick foliage, or knelt before the emblems of their Saviour's suffering. In those days the gorgeous pageantry of Rome had not carried away the minds of men from the contemplation of the simple truths of Christianity,—or, if I mistake not, that rustic church would never have been built. The name of the hamlet is Sobrão. On leaving it, a light stone bridge carried us across a clear stream, and we continued along the valley.

As we were proceeding through a muddy lane and stream, "Some of these horses are given to rolling in water," exclaimed a good-humoured Irishman of our party; "look out, my friends." The words were scarcely out of his mouth, when down went his own horse; he fortunately managed to extricate himself and scramble up the bank, but nothing would induce the animal to rise, till he had rolled over and over, crushing and wetting the saddle completely. Neither thrashing behind or hauling at his rein had any effect,—roll he would and did. It was impossible to resist laughing. "Why, O'Shaughnessy, your horse is as bad as a mule!" we cried. "Arrah! sure his mother was one before him, the baste!" he answered, applying his whip to the animal. "It was your own fault, my good fellow; why did you not spur him?" observed some one. "That is good! how could I think it

was *my* horse that was going to roll?" This naive answer drew forth loud shouts of laughter at our friend. When at length the horse thought fit to finish his bath, a warm sun soon dried the saddle, which escaped without material injury, besides being well washed in the stream; so in a few more minutes we were again *en route*.

We now mounted to the summit of the highest hills we had yet reached, and rode for many miles on an almost level path of soft gravel, along what is so justly likened to the back of a gigantic hog. The air in those elevated regions was pure and cool as on a spring morning, while the scenery on each side was wild and beautiful. On the hills in every direction were scattered immense rounded blocks of dark granite, like the petrified skulls of a race of giants, who might be supposed to have there fallen in some terrific combat. No mortal hand thus placed them, so there they must have remained since the Flood, though we might suppose that it would require the washing of the waves for centuries to have brought them into their present form.

On one of the highest points of the hill we passed a rough stone cross by the road-side, surrounded by a heap of small loose stones. "Who was murdered here?" we asked of our guide, who, for a wonder, was with us. It is the custom to place a cross on the spot where a murder has been committed, that each passer-by may say a prayer for the soul of the victim. "No one was murdered here, Senhor; but an *almocreve* was struck dead by lightning; and each

of his calling as they pass throw a stone to keep away the evil spirits." The *almocreves* are the carriers who, taking charge of six or ten mules each, transport goods to every part of the Peninsula. "Then why, Silvestre, do not you too throw a stone to keep the devil at a respectful distance?" we asked. He gave a scornful look with his handsome features, shrugging his shoulders as he answered, "*Orra*, Senhor, who cares for the devil? the devils and the saints, they are all alike—a set of cheats and thieves." "Hillo! Senhor Silvestre, I am afraid you are a bad boy: has the French school of infidelity sent its masters abroad to teach its doctrines to arrieiros and mule-drivers?" I thought. "I hope your opinions do not extend far, Silvestre," I observed. "There are more fools than wise men in the world," was the philosophical answer.

I must describe Silvestre (our arrieiro), who was an old acquaintance, having made a long journey with a relation of mine who spoke scarcely a word of Portuguese, and taken exemplary care of him, without cheating him of a sous—an admirable example of honesty. He was a good-looking, strongly-built youth, of middle size, and with a remarkably modest air; indeed, except when animated, his countenance had rather a heavy, frightened expression. His dress, with the exception of a broad-brimmed, round-topped, black felt hat, and a red sash, was somewhat nautical both in cut and neatness. He had paid attention to his dress; for he was now acting the part of squire to some English fidalgos. He rode proudly along on his mule, carrying two brace of saddle-bags containing

sundry bottles of liquor, cold chickens, and tongues. Notwithstanding his sad want of pious faith, we found him a steady good youth, although of no great wit in his profession.

People mostly talk of the broiling clime of Portugal, and here were we on one of the hottest days in August travelling for miles, and enjoying the cool air—warm enough, it must be confessed, the valleys were, but we cared not for that, braced as our nerves were by the air of the upper regions, nor did our horses either in any way suffer.

While yet on high ground a broad valley suddenly appeared before us, clothed with fertile fields and thick woods, beyond which rose, rugged, dark, and precipitous, a lofty mountain. At the foot of it, surrounded by trees, stood a house of considerable size, belonging to a Senhor Passos. The grandeur and solitude of the spot, and the barrenness of the mountain, reminded me of one of Scotia's old baronial castles; for many such I have beheld when wandering through that lovely land of heather, mountain, and lake. It might be Tullibardine, for instance.

We now again descended, and travelled along one of the most fertile valleys I ever saw, literally crowded with orchards; containing enormous cherry-trees, the vines loaded with the ripe and clustering grape hanging in thick festoons, from trees which lined the road-side, and almost capturing us in their snares, to avoid which we were obliged to bend low over our horses' necks. The vegetation was the most luxuriant I ever beheld: it is impossible to name

the vast profusion of gigantic trees, shrubs, and plants, which literally shut out the neighbouring hills from our view. A complete garden of Eden it seemed, and so indeed might be the whole province.

Descending the hill, suddenly a turn of the road brought us upon a high single-arched bridge, beneath which flowed a bright sparkling stream, and on each side rose high banks, clothed with trees, and covered with villas and cottages. "The valley of Ems in miniature, but more lovely far than Ems!" I exclaimed. The cottages, perched about on craggy heights in all directions, particularly on the left, were much in the Swiss style of architecture, with broad eaves to the roofs, and wide balconies painted in various colours, while flights of steps led up to them. I had not seen or supposed there was any thing like this vale in Portugal, which I at once rightly concluded was that of Vizella, famed for its mineral waters. The most conspicuous and prettiest cottage was one on the left, built by an Englishman, who took up his residence there for the sake of his health. Riding along a narrow but not uneven road for half a mile, with the style of scenery I have described, the valley expanding considerably, we found before us a wide space, bordered on the right by neat clean-looking houses of various sizes, and the rest occupied by public gardens, full of graceful trees, with walks and seats in all directions. Here was another new feature, also unlike any thing I had supposed existed in Portugal. Skirting the gardens, and a collection of curiously shaped low buildings, which we

learned were baths, we rode round the praça to the *estalagem* which stands in one corner. The approach to the upper story of our inn was by a flight of wooden steps on the outside, leading to a broad verandah. Shaking the dust from our hats and coats, and dispatching some of the contents of our saddle-bags, we sallied forth to visit the baths.

It must be observed that the valuable medicinal qualities of the highly sulphuretted waters of Vizella were well known to the Romans, and that they here formed a large establishment of baths. When those civilized people were driven away by the Gothic hordes of barbarians, the new inhabitants, ignorant of the virtues of the waters, allowed them to fall into disuse, till the baths gradually becoming filled up, were entirely lost to the world. About fifty years ago a peasant in digging discovered a bath in perfect preservation, with a fine tesselated pavement and sides to it. About twenty baths, of various shapes and sizes, have since been discovered, all in the most perfect state of preservation; so that buildings being raised over them they are now of as much service as they were to the Romans in days of yore. Probably there are in other directions many more baths yet undiscovered; for the luxurious Romans always amply supplied their wants in that respect. How rich and elegant must have been the edifices built over them, and how lovely must the vale have been with its marble temples and shrines to the various deities who preside over these healing fountains of nature! The

government, with beneficent charity, took possession of them, and rebuilding the edifices over them, have placed the baths at the service of the public, without receiving payment of any sort. A person is appointed as a superintendent to take care that each is not occupied longer than necessary by any individual.

The guardian of the baths offered himself as guide in our tour of inspection.

The first we visited was a small square bath, to hold one person. The temperature was 91°, which the guardian informed us was the coldest. I tasted the water as it trickled from the channel, and found it tepid, and but slightly impregnated with sulphur. There were several others of about the same size, and but slightly increasing in temperature. On the doors of each was painted the moon in its different phases, which we learned is to shew the time of the month when each bath was discovered, and to distinguish also one bath from another. Some are also named after the sun and stars. We now entered a large round bath with tesselated sides and bottom, which was discovered about three years ago. It is of 96°. It was occupied by a person, who seemed perfectly indifferent to our entrance, and quietly described his sensations as, floating in the centre, we stood round asking him questions. Another we entered is in the shape of a half circle, in admirable preservation, also 96°.

It must be observed, that winter or summer the water retains the same temperature, and never alters

in quantity. As we walked along we knocked at several doors: "Occupied by women," was the answer, so we passed on; but when men were there our guide insisted on our entering, and invariably the invalids seemed perfectly accustomed to be thus exhibited.

It is supposed that the most advantageous time to bathe is before sun-rise, when the guardian has the privilege of excluding all who refuse to pay him, and consequently at that time the baths being cleaned out, the richer classes take the opportunity to bathe in privacy. Were it not for this regulation, it would be impossible for respectable people to enjoy the benefit of the waters.

We now came in front of a building considerably larger than any of the others, and on entering we found a bath thirty feet long, twenty-five broad, and about five deep. The temperature under 100°. It will easily contain fifty persons at a time; and while we were there several were robing themselves after their ablutions. As the figures stood round in the distance seen indistinctly through the obscurity, with white sheets thrown over their forms, one could fancy them the spirits of the old Romans, who had bathed there eighteen centuries ago. This bath was discovered about forty years since, if I understood our guide rightly. The water rises into these baths from the earth, almost directly beneath them, and after having been used, is conveyed by pipes under ground to a neighbouring marsh.

Near this large bath was another small one, into which the water was pumped up. Though the door

was open, the stench of sulphur and the humid heat of the atmosphere were most oppressive. This water is the hottest used for bathing in: it is 120°. Plunging my hand in it I found it as hot as I could well bear.

This village of baths was at one end, and on the outside of the gardens, which we now entered: in the centre of them is a small circular bath with a domed roof. Passing through the shady walks, we arrived at a semicircular wall, with seats placed round it, and from the centre of the wall gushed forth a steaming fountain. It was precisely similar to those public seats to be seen in several elevated positions in Pompeii. "This is the hot drinking fountain, Senhor," said the custos: "it is considered very fine, and admirable for the health." One of our party, eager to taste a draught of the precious liquid, stooped down, and took a large gulp, but his face of dismay, disgust, and pain, convinced us he would rather not have done so. "Boiled rotten eggs and sulphur, by all that's horrible!" he exclaimed, as soon as he could speak. Notwithstanding my friend's warning I partook of the medicated spring. It was at a temperature of 120°, and tasted precisely similar to the Harrowgate waters, which are not remarkable for their niceness. At one end of this semicircular fountain, which was discovered about fifty years ago, was an obelisk of late date.

After going the rounds of the baths, we rested on some seats in the gardens. The walks, cutting each other at right angles, with high box borders, were well kept: the beds were full of gracefully weep-

ing willows, chestnuts, sycamores, acacias, and many other trees, while in the centre of the spot where we sat was a stone tank and fountain throwing around its cooling showers. Beyond the trees could be seen a row of neat Swiss-looking houses, with broad verandahs and deep eaves to their roofs, and rising directly above them appeared the steep banks of the valley, in most places clothed with luxuriant vegetation; though here and there the rugged rocks peeped forth, giving effect to the scene. "Yes, this is more lovely than Ems!" I exclaimed. It requires, nevertheless, a certain finish—smooth cut walks winding slowly up yon rugged hills, to make it like. The large hotels and dashing equipages too, are wanting, with the bands of music, and the gay company.

This was not however the season for taking the baths, and consequently few people were there; but I met one family with whom I was acquainted. The two months considered most favourable are July and September, and then there is no lack of company, or even bands of music to enliven them; but it would most certainly puzzle a stylish equipage to get there. Still, I do not despair of seeing some there in the course of a year or so, when the road from Oporto to Guimaraens is finished; for between the latter place and Vizella we found a fine broad way.

While we sat in this quiet lovely spot a most dreadful collection of beggars crawled up—the maimed, the halt, and lame—all waiting at this pool of Bethesda for the troubling of the waters. A few coppers purchased numerous blessings on our heads.

The custos of the baths now came up to inform us that he had emptied the large circular bath for our inspection. We therefore repaired thither, and descending into it found the mosaic at the bottom in some places as perfect as when first formed, but in others sadly broken away; nor did our guide seem to have much regard for it, as he knocked off several of the bits and offered them to us. We learned that there are many other baths at the end of the valley near the bridge.

Two or three people have done much towards improving Vizella, and I should much like, I confess, to construct over each of the baths an elegant white marble building, after the classical models of Greece or Rome. Perhaps some more wealthy man may take my hint, and I shall be delighted to procure the designs. When the good roads are finished, Vizella must, both by the beauty of its scenery and the invaluable qualities of its waters, draw large crowds to it, and consequently hotels and the other conveniences and amusements of German and English watering-places will make their appearance.

Having rested our horses, seen everything that our guide was able to shew us, and collected all the information to be gained, we again took the road.

The views all the way to Guimaraens are very lovely, and the road affords excellent riding ground. Indeed, it was once evidently a fine looking broad road, but being ill constructed, and neglected, is in many places sadly worn away by the rains. It would be endless to speak of the overhanging vines

loaded with their ruddy fruit, because every road was bordered by them; but I must describe a charming vale on our right, full of the most graceful trees of every description; those bearing fruit being twice the size of any I had before seen, while high and rocky hills rose beyond, now tinted of a pink hue by the rays of the setting sun. Most of the houses we passed had roofs the eaves of which reach a long way beyond the walls, with verandahs, and slabs of stone projecting under the windows, on which stood pots full of flowers. Indeed all the cottages had a greater appearance of neatness and comfort than I had been accustomed to see in other parts of the country.

It was nearly dark when, leaving the broad road which led directly into the centre of the town of Guimaraens, we, in order to make a short cut, turned to our right, and after taking several twists, passing some mean looking suburbs and various churches, to our great delight we found ourselves in front of our estalagem. Throwing ourselves from our horses, we passed through the most unpromising entrance of the estalagem d'Oliveira, and up stairs to some rooms we however found to be very comfortable and good. The windows faced the lofty gothic tower and richly worked entrance of the cathedral, in front of which stands a small gothic shrine, and a tree carefully railed in, which is supposed to have existed since the foundation of the city. On our left was the town-hall, a very ancient edifice, supported by arches, while dwelling-houses filled up the other sides of the square. Some of the party sallied out while supper was preparing

to see the town, but it being dark, they found considerable difficulty in so doing. To prove that Guimaraens is a civilized place, they discovered a billiard-table. Hunger soon however drove them in.

We were all seated, doing justice to a capital supper, and congratulating ourselves on a quiet night's rest, when one of the party observed that it was the eve of the day dedicated to the saint, the patron of the cathedral, or the city, I know not which:—"Oh! then we shall see all the beauty of Guimaraens abroad," said another. "We will soon to bed then, and be up to hear early mass, and see the fair worshippers," exclaimed a third. He had scarcely uttered the words, when "dong, dong, dong," every bell in the cathedral—and large ones they were too—directly facing us, began to toll; every other bell in the city keeping them company. At the same time all the windows of the houses in the square were lighted up. Suddenly up went a rocket before our noses, and flames burst forth from the windows of the tower, while the whole platform on the summit appeared one mass of fire, among which dark figures could be seen moving about. Then rose up a flight of rockets, throwing their sparks in a fiery shower below. It was difficult to persuade one's-self that the tower was not really in flames. As the rockets arose, so did the sound of some twenty large drums most unscientifically played, while the bell-ringers redoubled their efforts. "I hope this will not last all night," I exclaimed. "Depend on it it will: the people here are very pious. By their works ye shall know them," said

a friend. "By their fire-works you mean," observed another. "Come, no joking on so serious a subject," I cried. "Oh dear! oh dear!" Bang, bang, bang! drum, drum, drum! whiz, whiz, whiz! What a hurly-burly. The city must be on fire. Oh! hang these sort of righteous people. Away flew the rockets, more sonorous rang the bells, louder beat the drums. "There is such a noise, I cannot see to eat," exclaimed O'Shaughnessy. Bang, drum, whiz—there will be no end of it. "Thank the saints, the bell-ringers' arms must get tired," observed some one. "Do not solace yourself with that idea, my friend," said another; "there are relays of bell-ringers and drummers; for every man who pulls those bells, and beats those drums, gets a dispensation for so many sins." "Oh dreadful! then the rockets cannot last for ever, that's a comfort." All this time we were hallooing at the top of our voices. "Well! I shall try to sleep. A midshipman slept through the battle of Navarino; and I don't think this noise can be much louder," cried the most sleepy of the party, with a hopeless yawn. At that moment the dreadful assemblage of somnifugeous sounds increased tenfold, but great was our delight to find it was a last effort. Suddenly the fires ceased to burn, the drums to sound, the rockets to whiz; the lights in the windows disappeared, the people retired to their homes; and in ten minutes not a noise was heard but the cry of a roving cat, or the howl of a hungry dog. We did thank the saints as we threw ourselves on our couches, and I believe the cessation from the previous hurly-burly made us

sleep the more soundly—if any thing was wanting to make us do so.

Such was the end of the first day of our tour, and thus I cannot select a better moment to bring this Sketch to a conclusion, hoping that my readers have been half as much amused in glancing at it as I was in taking it, and have not fallen into a soothing slumber over the work.

SKETCH VII.



Cathedral of Guimaraens.

Visit the Cathedral of Guimaraens. Malapropos Inquiry. Marvellous Legend respecting a Tree held in great veneration. Magnificent *coup d'œil* of Guimaraens and suburbs. Ramble through the Town. The Castle. Traditional Notices regarding it. View from the Walls. Ancient Chapel. The "Treasures of Our Lady" in the Cathedral. Quit Guimaraens. Baths in the neighbourhood of Taipas. Extensive and beautiful Scene on approaching Braga.

We rose early, for we had a long day's work before us; besides, the first hours of a summer's morn in a hot clime are invaluable. My brother and I were the first on foot, and, as may be supposed, we directed our steps to the cathedral; not, however, to see the faces of the fair worshippers; for the many lovely ones which doubtless were there were so occupied with

their devotions, that they did not give one upward gaze at the strangers who were passing. We also, as in duty bound, were careful not to interrupt the service by intruding among the crowds of kneeling figures.

The whole interior of the cathedral has been renewed in a modern style; but being free from the paint and gilding so much in use in Portugal, it is one of the most chaste edifices I have seen. To the right of the high altar I observed an elaborately-chased silver shrine, which by some miracle escaped the sharp eyes and pillaging hands of the French.

We then wandered into the sacristy, but could find no one to shew us the treasures it contains. These treasures are called "The Treasures of Our Lady"—Os Thesouros de Nossa Senhora. A young lady of my acquaintance made an odd mistake on that subject when visiting Guimaraens some time ago—a very natural one, it must be confessed. On her first arrival, while dressing, the maid-servant at the hotel informed her that among the many wonderful things her native city contained were those in the cathedral, particularly, "Os Thesouros de Nossa Senhora," which she understood—Our Lady's scissors. When, therefore, she with the rest of her party visited the sacristy, and several venerable priests, whose fair round bellies were with fat *caldo* lined, were standing round, and politely exhibiting the holy treasures of their shrine, she, after all had been shewn, with much hesitation, from considering that they might be unwilling to allow eyes profane to behold so valuable a relic, begged to see "the scissors of Nossa Senhora." "What does

the lady want to see?" said one worthy priest, holding his sides, while his cheeks filled out, his lips curling and a bright sparkle illuminating his eyes. "The scissors of Nossa Senhora," said the young lady quietly. "The scissors of Nossa Senhora! Ha! ha! ha! The scissors of Nossa Senhora! Ha! ha! ha!" repeated the priests in chorus; and never was such holy cacchination before heard. At length the first who recovered his breath and voice, with tears in his eyes, explained, amid numerous bursts of merriment, that however much they should value so inestimable a treasure, they did not possess it; that they had already exhibited "*os thesouros* de Nossa Senhora," but that for "suas *tesouras*," they unhappily possessed them not. Ha! ha! ha! and again they all laughed. Whoever visits the cathedral of Guimaraens, and wishes to hear a hearty laugh, let them ask to see the "scissors" of Nossa Senhora. It should be explained, that *thesouros* are treasures, and *tesouras* are scissors.

We did not then see them, though we afterwards did; and again wandering forth, we examined the exterior of the building. The belfry is square, with beautifully-worked, delicate columns at the outside corners; the windows of the purest and most elegant Gothic, as is a vaulted apartment on the ground-floor, seen through them. The principal entrance and a window over it are of the most elaborately-worked gothic architecture, but, alas! one end of the edifice, having fallen into decay, has been repaired with an Ionic column. How the man who erected that

column could be guilty of such a solecism in architecture, I know not; but yet more dull and destitute of taste were the whole band of reverend prebends who allowed so barbarous an innovation on their elegant cathedral.

To the right of the principal entrance was an inscription in modern and ancient Portuguese. The modern I copied, but lost patience before I had finished the first line of the ancient: the tablet on which the latter was carved was surrounded with small shields bearing the arms of Portugal.

The translation of the inscription is as follows:

"It was in the year one thousand three hundred and eighty-five, on the sixth day of the month of May, that this work was begun by order of Don John the First, king of this realm of Portugal, son of the very noble king Don Pedro of Portugal. This king Don John engaged in a royal battle with the king Don John of Castile, and was the conqueror of him; and in honor of the victory which the holy Mary gave he ordered this work to be performed."

Nearly in front of the chief entrance stands the little Gothic shrine or temple of which I spoke. It is formed of four pointed arches with a domed roof, and in the centre stands a highly carved cross. Near it is also the ancient tree so much respected by all the inhabitants.

I had been examining its high pointed arches, and massive pillars, when I turned round to look at the tree which on a green mound surrounded by iron palings stands near it. I was wondering why it was thus carefully preserved, when I heard a voice in a low tremulous tone, with but a slight touch of the

beggar's whine, asking for alms, and taking a small silver from my pocket I let it drop into the withered skeleton-looking hand I saw extended towards me. "May God and the Holy Virgin and all the saints guard you from harm, my young fidalgo," said the voice, which I found proceeded from a woman of advanced age, as her white locks, her tottering steps, and her bent body, which she supported by a long stick, fully declared; yet she made no attempt to excite compassion by a squalid or tattered dress; on the contrary, her clothes, though patched in many places, were as neat and clean as her circumstances would probably admit. She had too, I doubt not in her youth been lovely as the lily of the valley, a being on whom lordly man might have set his fondest affections, or who might have warmed his bosom with the most ardent flame—now she was one from whom he would turn aside with disgust. I judged this from the regularity of her thin parchment-like features, and the large eye now sunk and dim, which had been either of a dark blue, or a purplish blue grey, a colour so attractive among the fair Hibernians.

"You are gazing at that little tree, Senhor, with a curious eye; yet perchance you have not heard the tale of its holy origin," she observed. I confessed my ignorance, and begged the old woman to enlighten me, if in her power so to do. "I can, Senhor, and gladly shall I thus be able to repay you, though inadequately, for your charitable feeling towards a poor forlorn old woman like myself—in Heaven must you look alone for your great reward." "I am eager to

hear your tale, my good lady!" I exclaimed; "pray commence it." "I will, I will, Senhor. Youth is always in a hurry," she muttered.

"You must know, Senhor, that many hundred years ago—I might almost say thousands—there lived in this province a man of the name of Wamba. He was a person noted for his extraordinary piety, his bravery, and his learning; for it was well known that although he could not write like the learned clerks to be found in the monasteries, he was well able to read, and thus was he reputed far and wide by those of all ranks who knew him throughout the Peninsula. The former king of the country having died, the people were anxious to elect a new one, but had great difficulty in making their choice. In this emergency they fixed their eyes on Wamba. At that time the spot where we now stand was an open space, in a fine grove, where the neighbouring proprietors used to assemble to exchange their cattle or corn and wine for what they might require. There was one day a collection of people far greater than usual on the spot, when the principal ones again began to discuss the subject of electing a king; and at last it was agreed that no man was more fitted for that office than Wamba. He had not then made his appearance, but scarcely had he been unanimously elected, when he was seen approaching the spot, driving before him with his long stick a remarkably fine pair of oxen. He drove them into the crowd, and offered them in exchange for so much corn and wine and oil, which he was anxious to present to

some holy monks who lived up in that sheltered nook in yonder mountain, which you see from hence; when what was his surprise on beholding all the surrounding people take off their hats and hail him king!

"Wamba was a pious man, and modest respecting his own virtues and acquirements—a sign of true talent, it is said, Senhor; he therefore at once taking off his own hat, entreated his friends not to expose him thus to ridicule, but if they wished to make a mockery of any one, to select some other person as their laughing-post. They one and all declared, that far from wishing to mock the good Wamba, they were never more serious in their lives; again entreating him to accept the regal dignity. 'It cannot be!—it cannot be!' he exclaimed. 'I am not fitted for so high an office. Heaven has appointed me to the quiet life of an humble *lavrador*, and in that, please God, I will remain. Receive many thanks, my friends, for your good opinion of me, of which I am sufficiently proud, and do you select some more worthy person.' 'No one is more worthy than Wamba! no one is more worthy than Wamba!' was shouted among the crowd; and the chief people again stepped forward, entreating him with prayers to accept the regal crown. Now Wamba, though a pious man, was a little impatient in his temper, as even the best of us are at times when tried; and he was anxious to dispose of his oxen, and to return home to his wife; so when thus unexpectedly delayed, he began to lose patience. 'It is enough, my friends; I beg you do not mock me!'

he cried: 'I must away to my home.' But as he endeavoured to retire from the little mound on which he was standing, they thronged still more round him, taking hold of his robes to detain him. 'This is folly, my friends!' he exclaimed, striking in his vexation his long iron pointed goad (his *pau*) into the ground with considerable force. 'When my stick, which I cut twenty years ago, begins to flourish, then, if it please Heaven, I will be your king, or anything you require; but till then I swear on the four evangelists and the holy gospels I will never make so great a fool of myself.' At hearing these words the people were sadly disappointed, for they knew well that no earthly power would make him break so great an oath; and though they were determined to have a king, they knew not whom else to select.

"They were all retiring disconsolate to their homes, and the humble Wamba was about disposing of his oxen, when a loud exclamation of wonder was heard from those standing round the little mound where in his vexation he had left his stick. They rushed to the spot, when what was their amazement to behold the dry iron-pointed stick, which they had seen thrust into the ground a few minutes before, now sending forth green leaves in every direction! Wamba flew towards it, and his first impulse was to attempt to draw it forth, thinking it was the work of witchcraft, but it resisted all his efforts; it had taken too firm root—an emblem of the Portuguese monarchy. Overcome by his feelings of pious amazement, he fell on his knees, beseeching power might be vouchsafed

him from above to fulfil the onerous and honourable task he now clearly perceived he had been especially selected by Heaven to perform. He was at once proclaimed king with loud shouts from all the people as they rose from their knees, on which they had fallen at sight of the wonderful miracle. He no longer made a pretence of refusing the regal crown. They immediately set to work to erect a palace for him near the spot where Heaven had itself conferred this dignity on him; and that was the very first house built in Guimaraens, which has since become so important a place. His reign was long and prosperous, nor were the people ungrateful for the benefit Heaven had conferred on them. The tree, too, has always been preserved with religious care by succeeding generations, but has never increased nor decreased in size, being the first to put forth leaves in the early spring, and the last to shed them in the autumn; a living manifestation of the truth of miracles which the most sceptical cannot doubt.

"Adeos, Senhor! I trust your heart will be moved by what I have said," concluded the old woman: "I must now away, for I have a sick grandchild at home—a lovely bud, who requires my utmost care, and I go to buy some delicacy with the charity you have bestowed."—"Stay," I cried, "for one instant. Many thanks for the wonderful legend you have narrated; but I am far more interested in hearing something relating to yourself; for, if I mistake not, judging from your air and language, you have passed through some strange vicissitudes." "You judge

rightly, Senhor, I have; and if you will follow me down yonder street near which I live, I will narrate some of them, and I do not think you will have cause to regret your curiosity." To be brief, leaving my companions, I followed the old woman into a low but neat cottage, where on a couch, in what appeared to me the last stage of consumption, I beheld a being so fair, so passingly beautiful, that she seemed already more fitted for an inhabitant of the pure ether than for the heavy earth. The old woman left me for a few minutes, and when she returned with the purchases she had made, and administered some food to her grandchild, she sat herself down by my side, and narrated a tale of such deep, such thrilling interest, that I cannot interrupt the course of my present sketchy tour by repeating it. I therefore reserve it for another time, when I promise faithfully to describe all the strange and wonderful events she told me, as well as to give an account of the youthful being she called her grandchild.

After spending some time with the old woman, with whom I left a larger donation than before, and promising to return on the first opportunity, I hurried to regain my brother, who was wondering what had become of me, while waiting for my reappearance in the square.

Having thoroughly examined the cathedral, we strolled onward towards an open space, called the Praça da Feira, at one end of which a most lovely view appeared before us. Over a small stream, by whose sides grew several large and gracefully weeping willows, a bridge with statues at each end, half

shrouded by the light green foilage, led to an elegant church. To the right of the church appeared a grove of olive-trees, and further on to the left, on an elevated terrace, the palace of the Baron de Villa Pouca, while beyond all arose a range of richly clothed hills, dotted with quintas, cottages, and convents. Passing the bridge we mounted by a flight of steps to the broad terrace in front of the mansion of the baron. Having the honour of his acquaintance, and having but a few days previous received a kind invitation to visit him at one of his many houses in another part of the country, I knew that he was not there, and consequently did not wish to intrude into the house. This much-esteemed and amiable nobleman is not only the senior baron of Portugal, but is also one of the oldest families in the country. His father was the Visconde de Pezo de Regoa; but he takes the older title, which is hereditary, the higher one not being so.

The magnificent view from the terrace amply repaid us for our walk. Before us lay the town full of convents, churches, and steeples, and surrounded by gardens; fertile fields stretching away on every side, interspersed with pretty quintas, groves, and orchards. In the centre appeared on a rocky mound the lofty square towers of the castle and palace of Alfonso Henrique, while around arose the green laughing hills which form the sides of the bason in which stands Guimaraens. We sat for some time on the seats of the terrace congratulating the baron in having so delightful a possession, admiring the loveliness of the view, and enjoying the fresh morning

air, when on a sudden all romantic associations were driven from my thoughts by my brother, on whom the air had been working, exclaiming, "I wonder if the others have begun breakfast!"

I had not before thought of hunger—in a moment I was ravenous; and rushing down the steps, we hastened to the inn, where we found the rest of the party making a first attack on a dish of "*biftakes.*" I mention the circumstance merely to remark to my incredulous countrymen, that the Portuguese have a dish which strangers invariably mistake for a very capital plate of English beef-steaks.

On our walk through the streets we remarked that they were paved with very large flat flag-stones, and that even the smallest houses were built of well cut square blocks of considerable size, nearly all having broad balconies.

While the rest of the party were finishing breakfast, I took from the window of the sitting-room a sketch of the cathedral.

I ought not to omit an extraordinary circumstance which occurred in my morning-walk, when entering the church at the end of the bridge. It convinces me that not only are the inhabitants of Guimaraens most piously inclined, but that so are the very animals of the town. My brother will bear witness of the fact, though I have not ceased regretting that O'Shaughnessy and the rest of the party were not with us, to add their testimony. Leaving the bright sunshine, I at first thought no one was in the church, till I observed an old woman in a ragged mantilha

paying her devotions to a saint over one of the side altars. No other human being appeared. Advancing further into the body of the church, I beheld, as if to set an example to those who ought to have been there, (*mirabile dictu!*) two little black pigs before the high altar, in an attitude of adoration! "A miracle! a miracle!" I exclaimed; but the old woman was perfectly deaf, and half blind; besides that, having been absorbed in her own devotions, she had not observed the occurrence. At length she rose from her knees. I pointed to the juvenile worshippers, and explained that they were worthy of canonisation; but, dreadful old sinner! she misunderstood my words, and, regardless of the sanctity of the place, she kicked with many a curse the pious little pigs out of the church, and then begged for *cinco-reizinhos*, as if she had performed a meritorious action.

I was also much annoyed when relating the story to find some of my friends incredulous: even O'Shaughnessy, who being a good catholic ought to have believed it without hesitation, as he would if father O'Toole had told him, was sceptical, hinting that some one might have dropped a few crumbs of bread, biscuit, or sweet cake, from his or her pocket on the steps of the altar, which might possibly have tempted the little pigs to the spot. I vowed that I would never again give an account of any other miracle I might be blessed by witnessing; nor would I of this, did I not hope that it would meet the eyes of some pious believers who will, I feel assured, place that implicit confidence in it that it so fully merits.

There was to be no rest for us this day, so with a guide to shew us the lions, we sallied forth again. Passing through a long street with a handsome nunnery in it, that of St. Clara, and several large houses belonging to fidalgos, we turned to our right, and ascending a rocky mound through a grove of olive-trees, we stood before the gates of the palace, built, it is said, by the warlike Alfonso Henrique, the first monarch of Portugal. It is yet very perfect, and part of it, of course repaired, is used occasionally as barracks for troops. To the left stands the once proud castle of Guimaraens, yet a stalwart ruin, refusing to sink into decay. The castle was built by the gallant Count Henri of Besançon, the father of King Alfonso.

This Count Henri was a French knight, who marrying Teresa, the illegitimate daughter of Alfonso VI., king of Spain, the government of Portugal was conferred on him, in consequence of the assistance he had rendered his father-in-law (the famous conqueror of Toledo) against the Moors. Before that time, A.D. 1095, that part of Portugal not in possession of the Moors had been subject for several centuries to local governors, dependent on the counts of Galicia. Count Henri died A.D. 1112, leaving his son, Alfonso, only in his second year, during whose minority the administration of the country was assumed by Teresa his mother. This Donna Teresa appears to have been a princess not only of a fierce and warlike disposition, but addicted to the softer passion of love, if the scandal relating to a certain Dom Fernando Perez is to be credited. At all events, her son quarrelled with her,

and routing her army under the walls of this very castle, drove her to take shelter in that of Lanhozo, about which I shall hereafter have a story to tell. It appears he took her prisoner, and bringing her back to Guimaraens, he shut her up within a lofty tower which has but one entrance, twenty feet from the ground. This he did from being a great advocate of female morality, and wishing that his mother should set a better example to his subjects than she had previously done.

The Count Alfonso first assumed the dignity of royalty A.D. 1140, after his ever-memorable victory on the plains of Ourique (in the Alemtejo), obtained over the Moors. A winding pathway amid rugged rocks and crumbling walls conducted us to the narrow and strongly-guarded gateway of the castle. The walls and turrets are still perfect to their full height on the outside; though within time has made greater ravages. The building is of an oblong form, with square towers guarding the entrance, also one at each corner and half way at each side. In the centre rises the enormously high, dark, frowning tower, which formed the prison of the naughty Donna Teresa. It is said that for centuries no one has entered that prison-tower. Climbing over a ruined wall, through a narrow doorway, we looked up at the lofty keep, and there surely enough appeared a narrow window, or doorway, full twenty feet from where we were standing, while the other sides were destitute of any opening at all to a considerably greater distance from the ground. It is affirmed that there was no subterraneous entrance

to this same keep. This tower was probably intended to serve as the last place of defence in case of the outer part of the castle being stormed, and in the good old days, before gunpowder was invented, it might have enabled the garrison to hold out for a considerable length of time, till relieved by their friends. It is more likely that it was built for the above purpose, than, as the keeper of the castle informed us, to confine the fiery Donna Teresa.

Besides the rooms of the keeper who has charge of the castle, we found several of the turrets roofed in and inhabited. In one square tower, with strongly-barred windows, wretched maniacs of the male sex are at times confined, and an opposite tower is destined for females; but neither now contained any occupants. Into a dark vault, the roof of which had given way, we looked down: it is said to have been the dungeon of the castle, and such probably, from its central position and gloomy appearance, was its use, though a castle of that consideration must, in those times, have contained many more prison-holds.

The view from the walls as we walked round them was beautiful in the extreme. Directly below us was the palace of Alfonso, beyond, the town, with the quintas of the Baron of Villa Pouca and of Senhor Aruxelles, all which were surrounded by fields and groves, interspersed with the cheerful white habitations of men: then again rose bosomy hills covered with trees and shrubs, among which could be discerned the convent of da Costa; and above all, on a serrated ridge, appeared the little chapel of Penha, built up

there to tempt the piously inclined thus to win their way towards heaven.

We were much amused by the keeper's description of the castle and palace. "You must know, Senhores," he observed, "that yonder palace was built by a certain count, who came from a far distant country, a long way over the sea; but what the *diabo* was his name, I cannot recollect"—and he shrugged his shoulders, took off his hat, and scratched his head; but to no purpose; so we allowed him to continue his tale. "Know, Senhores, that in that very palace was born, many years ago, one of the greatest kings the world ever saw, the mighty Alfonso Henrique, who when a baby was baptized in the little chapel below, which I am about to shew you. Now, the king Alfonso when he grew up had a wife, who unfortunately was no better than she should be, so he built that high tower which almost breaks your neck to look up at, and shut her up in it, which served her right, and there she died: this is all I know on the subject. Let us now, Senhores, descend to visit the chapel, which is well worth seeing."

A few steps brought us to the door of a small very ancient-looking chapel in the olive-grove near the castle. The interior of the chapel is of roughly-hewn stone, and contains nothing worthy of notice, except a printed paper in a frame, which the keepers shewed us with great reverence, certifying that, A.D. 1008, was here baptized the great king Alfonso Henrique. Without the leave of the alcade, even the bishop himself cannot enter the church. Throughout the

building everything was simple—the chairs on which the alcade sits, and the confessional box, which was a mere screen of thin wood with a seat behind it, and a French print stuck to it. The edifice was renewed in 1795. This was the first church in Guimaraens.

We then entered the court-yard of the palace, and wished to penetrate into the ruined church beyond: the finely-trelliced and highly-worked windows of which we could see through another window directly facing us, also beautifully carved; but, unfortunately, the person who held the key could nowhere be found. Much of the palace was pulled down to build the convent of the Capuchins. Thus many of the most beautiful Gothic and Moorish remains have been treated, and now, in their turn, the convents are being destroyed, or converted into dwelling-houses, barracks, or stables.

It must have been one of the most delightful residences in ancient days, for the rooms are large, and lofty, with windows of good proportions, looking down upon a view which could never have been otherwise than lovely. At two corners of the building were turrets with winding stairs leading to them, which establishes the antiquity of that part of the building. Some of the rooms had fire-places with enormous chimneys, and indeed so had the castle itself, which proves that Count Henri, though a great warrior, was fond of his comforts. All the very old houses in Portugal have fire-places, and those only of later days are without them, for what reason I cannot understand.

The court-yard is a large square, with the walls of the palace and its offices on each side, the church in front, and the gateway and towers on the fourth side; indeed, the whole pile must have been in a style of magnificence rarely to be found in those days, but worthy of the gallant warriors who inhabited it. Some of the rooms had those broad tables round them intended for soldiers' bed-places, as had others pallets for the non-commissioned officers; but the windows were open and the floors swept, so that all looked clean and in order. Should the spirit of the warlike Alfonso think fit to revisit his abode on earth, he would at times find some hundred men ready-armed to follow him at a moment's notice to battle—only, I suspect, he would experience considerable difficulty in manœuvering them.

Having satisfied our curiosity, we descended to the plain on the other side of the castle, whence I wished to take a sketch; but the patience of my companions being exhausted, I deferred doing so to a time which has not yet arrived, and accompanied them to see more of the town.

We passed outside the ancient walls, which have, like those of Oporto, indeed of almost all the towns I have seen in Portugal, pointed parapets. They extend in a line of considerable length, part of them serving to enclose the garden of the convent of Santa Clara. After paying another visit to the garden of the Baron de Villa Pouca, and to the church of the pious little pigs, which O'Shaughnessy regarded with peculiar reverence, though he pretended the contrary,

we passed through several open spaces with churches in them, and entered the large square of the city.

Here are numbers of the shops of cutlery for which Guimaraens is celebrated in Portugal. The iron comes from abroad by way of Oporto, and being manufactured both here and at Braga, is distributed over the country in the shape of every description of knife, spurs, locks, and carpenter's adzes. One of the party bought a most formidable-looking cut and thrust clasp knife, with a spring and hilt, and a saddle at the end of the handle on which to place the thumb, in order to drive it with greater force into an antagonist's body. The cutlery which was shewn us, though inferior to the English, looked well and neatly made, and the blades of the knives properly tempered. It is manufactured here on account of the abundance of wood, and the consequent cheapness of charcoal.

While the party were completing their purchases, I amused myself by looking on at the proceedings of people in the square. In the centre was an elegant fountain, formed by a succession of shell-like basons, placed one above another, decreasing in size towards the summit, whence the water flowed forth, splashing in sparkling showers over the lower ones, and falling into a large circular tank below. A pretty young girl sat with her basket by her side on a stone seat near me, her face so placed that I thought she could not see me as I stood admiring her beauty, till seeing a modest blush rise on her cheek, her eyes sparkle, and a smile wreath itself round her lips, I discovered

that the little rogue had been all the time aware of the admiration she had been exciting. *Cosi fanno tutte.* I leave it to my fair friends to decide whether she was displeased. I shall not forget quickly that pretty face, albeit Lusitania contains so many, that it would require a large album to contain them. A crowd of lazy people had collected round to gaze at us strangers, when some respectable-looking men passing by, thinking we did not hear them, endeavoured to disperse the idlers, observing, "Why do you stand rudely gazing at those gentlemen? They do not differ from us. Go home, go home." Such is the delicate civility which a stranger who comports himself according to their notions of propriety universally receives from all classes; and when I have heard of instances to the contrary, I have invariably found that the first offence has been committed by the stranger, sometimes of course unintentionally, through a misunderstanding of each other's language.

We intended to visit a very pretty quinta near this part of the town, belonging to Senhor Aruxelles, who has married a fair countrywoman of ours, equally admired for her beauty, accomplishments, and elegant manners. He belongs to one of the old fidalgo families, and is universally respected by all classes. We went to the door of the house by a steep winding road between English-looking hedges; but finding that the master of the mansion and his lady had returned the previous evening from Oporto, we immediately retired.

The view from the garden side of the house, looking up the valley of Guimaraens, containing the

various objects I have before described, is as lovely as can well be imagined. The front of the mansion is tasteful and handsome, with a portico and large cool hall: over each of the wings are coats of armour, helmets, lances, &c. beautifully carved in stone, which give it the appearance of an old baronial hall. The mistress of so lovely a place may well be envied, even although it is away from her own green isle.

We now returned to the hotel, to prepare for our departure, when our cicerone hurried in to inform us that if we would proceed immediately to the cathedral, we could see "the Treasures of Our Lady." "On no account would we miss so gratifying a sight," we answered; and following our guide into the sacristy we had before entered, we found two worthy priests standing before a large folding oaken door, who bowing politely as soon as they perceived us, they threw open, and exhibited to our sight a cupboard filled with numerous gold and silver ornaments. The most worthy of notice was a silver shrine, gilt, and beautifully chased. It served as the travelling shrine of Don John king of Castile, to be placed in his tent, and was captured from him on the field so glorious to Portugal, of Algebarrota, by the brave João I., king of Portugal, in 1403. Here also is preserved the very coat the king Dom João wore on that bloody day—a thickly padded silken jerkin, somewhat, as may be supposed, the worse for wear. I remember, besides, another small silver shrine most beautifully worked, a number of cups, and crosses, and a silver statue of St. Sebastian, shot to death by arrows. The

most valuable however of all the treasures is a crown of pure gold, used on state occasions, as it was on that day, to adorn the head of Nossa Senhora herself, whom we had observed as we entered standing with regal dignity near the high altar. All these, and other treasures, having been exhibited, we also asked to see "the scissors of Our Lady." A smile rose on the lips of the grave and polite priest who was acting as shewman, when suddenly there entered the sacristy a long line of reverend canons, clothed in the richly worked vestments of their order, and who had just concluded the performance of high mass. Immediately the smile vanished from the face of our friend, the portals of the treasure-house were closed, the priests commenced unrobing, and we bowed, and in return were bowed out of the hall. We forthwith repaired to the hotel, and packing our baggage, despatched it towards Braga, we ourselves soon after mounting our horses to follow in the same direction.

Few towns in Portugal are more beautifully situated, or surrounded by a more fertile and lovely country, than Guimaraens. In the orchards in the neighbourhood grow those delicious plums, which being dried are packed in small round boxes by the nuns, and ornamented with silver and silk flowers. They are well known in England by the name of Guimaraens plums. I remarked particularly the great number of elegant crosses of every shape throughout the town, chiefly of stone, the stems of a light spiral form with merely a small cross piece at the top; also in every direction the numerous shrines, the architecture and

ornaments of which were far from deserving of the same admiration. I understand that there are many other objects to be shewn in the town, which we did not see; particularly various relics of peculiar sanctity, not exhibited except to the devout eyes of true believers; but I trust on a second visit that I may be considered as such, and enjoy the inestimable satisfaction of viewing them, when I promise to give a full and exact description of their peculiar virtues.

On leaving Guimaraens, we passed under a dark and venerable gateway of the ancient town, on which the hand of time had worked with slight effect; and we might have fancied ourselves a company of the knightly followers of the brave Alfonso Henrique, had we not been clothed in the effeminate habiliments of white jackets and straw-hats, which I opine they did not wear.

It were endless to describe the beautiful scenery we passed—on each side fertile valleys and laughing hills, rich orchards and luxuriant corn-fields, while every hedge was overhung by the slender tendrils of the vine loaded with its juicy fruit; so that, as we rode along, we might pick and eat to our heart's content. Such is the fertile province of the Minho—the bright gem of Lusitania's lovely land. There are, it is true, steep and rugged serras intervening—the bold outlines of the landscape; but far up their sides extend corn-fields or vineyards, and on their summits graze numerous flocks of sheep or goats. When the gradual extension of good roads enables the farmers to bring their produce at a less expense to market, not a spot

of ground will remain unemployed; so that this province will become, for its size, one of the richest in the world, as it is now the richest in Portugal.

At the distance of a league and a half from Guimaraens, on a good trotting road, we reached the village of Taipas, where at a small inn we dismounted, and walked to visit the baths in the neighbourhood. The houses have a neat and cheerful appearance, though the scenery is very far inferior in beauty to that round Vizella.

Turning to our right through a pretty grove, where in front of some houses we passed several respectable-looking families seated in the shade, we proceeded towards the springs. Near them stands another residence of the Baron de Villa Pouca; and in front of it on a wall over a fountain is an inscription in Portuguese, of which the following is a translation:

"João I., monarch of this kingdom, nearly dying, was here restored to health. More wonders I will not recount of the inexhaustible and wholesome drink drawn from this wonderful fountain."

A little further on we arrived at a low stone building, with an arcade, and seats in front, and containing several doors, on which were marked the degree of heat of the baths within. The temperature of the waters range only from 90° to 92½°, nor do they hold so much sulphur in solution as those of Vizella. These baths were also built by the Romans, as an inscription in the neighbourhood testifies. Those over which buildings have already been raised, are small, square, and of slight depth, and are about eight in number. Close

to them excavations have lately been made in a field, which have discovered a considerable number, of a variety of shapes, with channels leading to and from each: some are semicircular, others triangular, circular, and square. From their position and arrangement, they must have evidently been enclosed by one edifice of large proportions, and I hope that it may be replaced by another in the same style.

Workmen were employed in excavating the ground around them, and over several baths the buildings were yet in an incomplete state; so that, I doubt not, a few months will much improve the accommodation for the invalids. While I sat cooling myself in the shade of the arcade, I watched the numerous groups of men and women waiting for admittance to the particular baths recommended to them, now occupied by others. They are equally open, as those of Vizella, for the benefit of all; and are at certain times of the year much frequented. On our way returning to the estalagem we observed in a field near the road a large block of stone, carved square on two sides, the rest being rough as nature left it. It was one of those vast masses of granite found sometimes even on plain ground, washed down by the last mighty deluge, or else cast there from afar by some mighty convulsion of nature. On one side was the following Latin inscription:—

IMP · CAES · NERVAI ·
TRAIANVS · AV · GER · DAC ·
PONT · MAX · TRIB · POI · VV ·
IMP · IIII · COSV · P · C · P ·

Under it was carved in Portuguese a sentence purporting to be an interpretation of the Latin, and of which the translation into English is as follows:—

"The Emperor Trajan, the august son of Cæsar Nerva, conqueror of the Germans and Dacians, Pontifex Maximus, Tribune of the people, seventh Emperor, fourth Consul, and having the title of the Father of his country."

On the other side was another longer inscription, which I had not time to copy.

Returning to the little inn to lunch while the horses were being prepared, I entered into conversation with three pretty girls seated on the steps and under the verandah of the neighbouring house. They knew we should probably never see each other again, but yet they exerted all their charms to please, or rather they allowed their natural graces full play. I shall not forget their hearty peals of laughter, their naive replies, or the graceful courtesy with which they rose to bid us farewell—and yet they were but little removed above the rank of peasants.

The waters of Taipas are, I believe, as efficacious in cutaneous and rheumatic complaints as those of Vizella; and the air, I doubt not, is purer and cooler, from their being in a less confined position; but then again the scenery is so inferior in beauty, that most people give the latter the preference.

After riding for some distance with a fine view behind us, we commenced the ascent of a steep and rugged mountain on the worst bit of road we had yet encountered: however the pure and cool air, which blew off the rocky summit, refreshing our frames and bracing

our nerves, prepared us for far greater difficulties than any we were destined to meet. As we neared the top, we came in sight of a convent, I believe never inhabited, and a small chapel, in front of which, over the balustrades of a terrace, several soldiers were carelessly lolling. A guard-house, and another small house, like the Casa di Ricovero on the Alpine Passes of Italy, were the remainder of the buildings on that elevated position. "Why is a guard of soldiers stationed here?" I asked of our muleteer Silvestre. "Because this mountain, Senhor, is the most noted in Portugal for being frequented by rogues, thieves, vagabonds, Miguelistas, friars, and such like *canalha*, who would cut the throat of every honest man that attempted to pass, were it not for the guard." "As we may claim to be honest men, we are much indebted to the guard then," I answered, laughing at Silvestre's terrific account of the spot. I certainly heard a very different character of it from my friends in Braga.

Muleteers invariably delight in giving a bad character to peculiarly rugged spots in certain positions, because the fear of robbers, more than the badness of the road, will generally induce people to pass them by daylight. Once give a place, or a dog, a bad name, and it is difficult to get rid of it. For my own part I have less fear of robbers when travelling on an unfrequented road at night than by daylight, as I conceive robbers, like other people, go to sleep, and they never expect to find anybody worth pillaging abroad at night.

As we reached the brow of the hill, we all simultaneously reined in our steeds to gaze at the magnificent view which appeared before us. From our elevated position, we seemed like demigods on their floating clouds, gazing down on the smiling world at their feet. Below us was a beautiful valley; yet so vast, that it contained within itself numerous other fertile vales and wood-covered mounds, surrounding with a rich setting the centre jewel—Braga itself, with its many ancient towers, churches, convents, and widely ramifying suburbs. Beyond, again, rose range above range of mountain-heights, each more blue and indistinct, till the furthest were lost in the summer azure-like haze; those to the east being the rugged and sterile mountains of Gerez, extending even into Spain. On the summit of a hill to our right appeared the far-famed shrine of Nosso Senhor do Monte, or the Bom Jesus, with its many hundred steps leading from the vale below; and on our left, over a vast succession of hill and dale, might be seen the clear silvery line of the mighty Atlantic glittering brightly in the sunshine. Oh! it was a lovely prospect to excite the poet's muse, or the warmest adoration of the true worshipper of nature and of nature's God!

SKETCH VIII.

Arrive at Braga. The Ladies, and Lattices. The Campo da Sta. Anna. Carry Letters of Introduction. The Casa das Infias, and its polite host. Stroll through the City. Ladies not accustomed to walk abroad. Braga formerly an episcopal See. Restriction of amusements prejudicial to Morality. Elegant and interesting Reunion. Admiral Sir Harry Burrard Neale's Opinion of Portuguese Society.

En avant! en avant! was the cry of the less romantic of the party, to awake the rest from the trance of delight into which we had fallen at the beauty of the scene before us; so, rousing ourselves, both the enthusiastic, and those who regarded a lovely scene merely as a collection of so many trees and so much water and rock, we cantered, trotted, and slid down towards the fairy-like land at our feet. We soon found ourselves entering one of the long, spider-like legs which stretch out from the body of Braga: for let it be known that to that reptile do the inhabitants, from its shape, liken their city. We reined in our horses, and rode steadily along: for good reason we had to do so, not only that a slow pace was more suited to our sedate character, but that from beneath the latticed windows on each side of the street many a bright pair of eyes were beaming forth, in whose lustre we were fain to bask, even for a moment. In common-place language, I have never seen so many pretty girls looking out of windows in any town as I did during that ride through the streets of Braga. Then the windows are not common windows, which let in the garish light of day unre-

strained, or the vulgar stare of the audacious crowd; but oriental-like lattices, which, lifting up like the ports of a ship, exhibit only so much of the person as the fair inmate may wish to disclose.

Now the ladies of Braga are not only very lovely, but being Christians, and good Catholics, have towards the gallant knights who may be perambulating the streets a feeling of charity and kindness, which makes them unwilling to keep those jealous blinds altogether closed, and therefore, infringing the custom of their oriental sisters, they raise them sufficiently to be clearly recognized by their admirers below, without any great difficulty on the part of either. These lattices are of various forms, painted green or dark red. Some cover the entire front of the house, so that it is difficult to say from what part the bright eyes of the imprisoned beauties may be gazing forth; though these have certain parts which open on occasion, but which in all probability are generally kept locked by the discreet duennas during their absence from home, lest their fair charges might be tempted to essay their attractive powers on the sensitive hearts of the many ready to adore them without. For such things will happen, it is said—not that the duennas can mistrust their charges, of course; but merely that they have a kind and considerate regard for the feelings of the loving youths, and wish to keep the tempting fruit from their sight. Other houses have only the windows with latticed fronts, which lift up from below, and some have latticed balconies; but these latter have regular rows of ports, which when open enable the

ladies who sit working within to see, without being seen, all that goes forward in the street below.

Fortunately for us this was a holiday and saint's day, which fully accounted for the number of fair beings, who, dressed in their best attire, were unwilling to allow their charms to bloom unseen, and thus, with lattices lifted to their utmost height, were looking forth on the world abroad. The tramp of the steeds of seven cavaliers on the hard smooth stone-pavement doubtless drew many to the windows, though we do not presume to say the appearance of any individual of the party had such attractive powers; indeed, we have strong fears that we were pronounced to be a very dirty, unpolished set of travellers. However, before we had ridden five minutes through the streets we pronounced Braga to be a very delightful place.

At the end of the long street turning to our right, we entered one nearly as long and twice as broad as Sackville Street in Dublin, which, as all the world knows, is the broadest in the British Isles. Not that I mean to compare the Campo da Sta. Anna of Braga with that of the Irish capital in any respect, except in width; for instead of being paved all over, the centre is a sea of dust; and though it can boast of a church of respectable size, and several of the houses are large, there are many very small ones. But when completely paved, as it is to be forthwith, and rows of trees planted on each side, and fountains in the centre, the effect will be very handsome, and it will much resemble the streets of one or two towns I have

visited in the south of France. The towers of the ancient citadel at one end and a church at the other, add much to its appearance. A broad pavement of beautifully regular square stones runs the entire length on each side, formed however, I am grieved to say, by the demolition of one of the old towers of the city. Directly on entering the square our guide stopped at a large old house near the church, which we soon discovered to be the *Estalagem dos dous Amigos.* Into it we were most hospitably welcomed by a personage who informed us that he was the *Moço do estalagem*, (*id est*,) the waiter, that his name was Manoel, that the master was away at a quinta, and that he himself was prepared to wait upon us and sundry other guests besides.

"But do you pretend to say, Senhor Manoel, that you can satisfy the impatient demands of seven English gentlemen in a desperate hurry to sally forth and view the sights of Braga?" we enquired.

"*Não tenha duvida*"—Have no doubt about the matter, was his answer.

"Can you make the beds, bring up water, clean our boots, and place dinner on the table?"

"Have no doubt about the matter," he again responded; and he was as good as his word.

We found our luggage placed in our rooms, and accordingly prepared to dress. "Manoel! Manoel!" was shouted from all directions. "Sim Senhor, Sim Senhor," he answered, running backwards and forwards:—not a moment was he idle—indeed, I doubt if any waiter of any country or time could have

performed more, or a greater variety of work, in a short space of time, than did the said Manoel. He was in truth a pink of waiters—an ugly rascal though, and certainly not choice in his language, particularly when he spoke English, a few words of which he had learned, and was fond of employing, though he vowed he knew not their meaning. He was, nevertheless, most respectful in his manners, as the Portuguese servants universally are, however great the freedom used towards them by their masters.

When I had completed my toilet, I desired Manoel to send some one to shew me the houses of two gentlemen to whom I had been furnished with letters of introduction by friends at Oporto. "They have both been inquiring for you this morning, Senhor; and Senhor João Borges desired me to say that he has a reunion of friends this evening at his house, where he hopes to see you."

"Delightful news!" my brother and I exclaimed; "we shall then see to greater advantage some of the choicest beauty of Braga;" and we forthwith started with our letters, and a little girl as our guide.

A walk of some length across the city, during which we passed several praças and churches with broad flights of steps and rows of trees in this neighbourhood, brought us in front of the house of the *Infias*, the residence of our friend.

I do not approve of the American custom of mentioning the names, or, far worse, of describing the domestic scenes of the families with whom I have

enjoyed the pleasure of being acquainted; but where I have naught to censure, and much to praise, I hope I may be pardoned, if this should ever reach the eyes of any of the party, in giving a slight sketch of the very delightful evening I spent at the *Casa das Infias*. I am anxious also to describe Portugal in every point of view as she really is, and not as strangers are apt to paint her, who with prejudiced eyes pay flying visits, and because they do not, on landing, find the comforts to which they have been accustomed, pronounce the country barbarous, and the inhabitants barbarians.

The Casa das Infias, like most Portuguese country-houses (for being on the extreme verge of the city, it may be considered in the country), is a long edifice of two stories, with a spacious court-yard in front, surrounded by walls, and the offices on each side. A double flight of steps leads to the hall-door on the upper story, while an arched carriage-way, under the steps and the house itself, conducts to the gardens. Passing through the first gateway, over which are the arms of the family sculptured in granite, we entered the court-yard, and ascended the steps to the entrance. Being shewn by a servant through a large hall (from each side of which doors opened into various apartments) to a handsome drawing-room, we were immediately joined by the master of the mansion, who received us with that courteous and kind politeness in which no people on earth can surpass the high-born Portuguese gentleman. Our host is of one of the oldest families in Portugal, a

fidalgo of the first order, and connected with many of the highest nobles in the land. As he rarely visits Oporto, I had never before the pleasure of meeting him, though my family had for many years been acquainted with several of his relations. After conversing for some time, he proposed shewing us his garden, which he was employed in laying out much in the English style, with delightfully shady walks and leafy arbours, through which scarce a ray of the sun could penetrate; and in other places, amid flower-beds of various tinted hues, fountains were taught to throw around their sparkling showers. He told us that he himself cultivated a considerable portion of his estate; and certainly to very good purpose, if we might judge from the neatness and order in which the pleasure-grounds, and part of the farm-yard, through which we passed, were kept. He apologised for not accompanying us through the town, on account of expecting company, and, much pleased with our new friend and his garden we took our leave, promising to return at a later hour.

There was, fortunately, still sufficient light, as we walked through the city, to see the lovely faces gazing from beneath every lattice; which were both more numerous and more beautiful than those who had claimed our admiration on our first entrance. Perhaps the streets were more aristocratical.

I shall not forget one lovely face with long ringlets falling over a swan-like neck, who appeared for an instant at a window of a large palace, and as quickly retreated. That same palace, not having been built

to contain fair inmates, has no jealous lattice-windows: I wished it had. "Ah! Senhor," said our little guide, ranging up alongside with true female judgment, "that wing of the palace is inhabited by the Baron de Casal, and that young lady was his daughter." "You are a good little girl, and here is a piece of silver for the information," we answered. "And will that same young lady be at the party to-night?" "Sim, Senhor, to a certainty; no party would be complete without her." "Good child! and now shew us where we may buy some kid gloves—these riding gloves will never do. Oh! we ought to have brought our last London costume, which has been so long useless at Oporto."

We found a French glove-shop, a branch of one at Oporto, and the master assured us that he sold almost as many kid gloves at Braga as his partner did at Oporto. This we could easily believe, as we had passed numerous well-dressed gentlemanly looking men, both walking and riding; yet so ignorant were we of the society we were to meet, that we narrowly escaped bringing no other than our riding coats.

Men of all ranks were abroad, but few females except of the lowest orders; indeed, we found, to our disappointment, that it is not the custom for ladies in Braga to walk much abroad except to mass. They are gradually breaking through that bad custom of staying at home, and will do so completely when some public gardens, which are in contemplation, are finished, and where a band of music will play on the

summer-evenings. Indeed, a good band used to play last year, at a very lovely position in the city, and families had already begun to assemble to hear it, when, for some reason or other, the practice was discontinued.

Braga, from being an episcopal see, was formerly overrun by priests and friars, so that no ladies ventured abroad, and every one walked, (as a friend described it) with their hands crossed before them, and their eyes cast to the ground. Except church-music, none was heard, and dancing was an amusement so little dreamed of, that not a young lady in the place possessed that accomplishment.

"It was cards, cards, cards, and scandal all," observed my friend. No bad description of some cathedral-towns in England!

"Were the people better?" he continued. "Certainly not. Were they happier? Far from it. There was more wickedness, and more mischief going forward on every side; and an immeasurable deal more of hypocrisy. Thank heaven, we have got rid of the abominable nuisance! Great changes have lately taken place. We now meet at each other's houses, where we have music and dancing. We have a capital club-house, at which we also give balls—for the ladies will not be excluded from any society; indeed, where is it perfect without them? During the Carnival we have masquerade-balls, commenced two years ago, which might vie with those of Italy, though we keep them select; but during the last Carnival, though our dresses were ordered, and arrangements made, owing

to the unhappy affair of Almeida we could not have our ball. We met and consulted on the subject, but though none of our relations were engaged in the affair, how could we enjoy dancing while our countrymen were cutting each other's throats?"

I have given a faithful translation of my friend's words, for they will better describe the state of society in Braga than I can in my own. I found them to be perfectly correct.

Even at present there is a certain clerical air about Braga, and at every corner we meet priests in their robes; a sight not usual at Oporto. There are also many more shrines than in the latter city; one of which we passed in our walk, over the gate of the public prison, or lock-up house. This prison is a dreadful-looking den, a recess apparently in the old castle walls, with a strongly barred iron gate in front, more suited to confine wild beasts than human beings, however turbulent. Some half dozen most ruffian-looking wretches were thrusting out their arms and hats from between the grating, begging charity of the passers-by. Over this den there was a shrine containing the figure of a saint, whether male or female I forget, surrounded by flowers, and lighted up with numerous wax-candles, before whom every passer by took of their hats—a few devout old women kneeling down to offer up their prayers. Following the wise rule of "Do at Rome as the Romans do," we of course bowed as respectfully as the firmest believers—or the greatest infidels—among the crowd.

After leaving our cards at the house of another

gentleman, to whom we were introduced, and who we found had in the mean time politely called on us, we repaired to our hotel to satisfy the cravings of hunger, much pleased with all we had seen, both animate and inanimate.

Having concluded our late dinner, we returned, accompanied by two of our friends, to the house of the Infias. Two younger brothers and an only son of the host, who were in waiting in the hall to receive the guests, conducted us first to where Senhor João Borges was standing, and then introduced us to their mother, Donna Anna, a most elegant and amiable-looking lady, who in her youth must have been very handsome—indeed, so many traces remained, that I could scarcely suppose her the mother of the three gentlemen accompanying us, and the grandmother of the fourth, who was also entering manhood. She received us with that exquisite grace which it is so delightful to meet, and which so captivates at once the heart. Her sons then led us through the rooms to introduce us to partners, arranging not only for several consecutive quadrilles, but also engaging vis-a-vis for each of them.

One quick glance round the circle convinced me that some of the fairest flowers of Portugal's youth and rank were there; nor was I wrong in my conjecture—not that diamonds sparkled in their hair—their eyes would have outshone them, and rendered them of no avail; indeed, all were dressed in most simple though becoming attire; but one and all possessed that air of grace and elegance which an innate

consciousness of superiority alone can give. Had the whole company been transferred by an aërial machine to the saloon of Almacks', I feel assured that the lady patronesses would have considered them full worthy of admittance. The men, too, though they wore no stars or ribands, were mostly gentlemanly fine-looking persons, whose polished manner at once bespoke their station in society. Many politely addressed me, and when mentioning my name to them, I found that they were acquainted with several members of my family and other friends. They also eagerly inquired after various officers, with whom some had served, and others had known during the Peninsular war, and also in later days. A relation of mine, General Sir Charles Ashworth, who was in the service of Portugal, or rather, with Portuguese rank, also was in the British service, had commanded that district of the country for some time, and many spoke of him with sincere regard, as they did of his lady, who made a tour through the province some years ago. "Ah! I remember her well," said the young Marchesa de ——, with whom I was dancing. "I recollect when a little girl her coming to my father's house at Viana. What a charming person she was! as was her pretty little daughter, and a niece of your name!"

There was scarcely a British officer of distinction who having been known in the north of Portugal was not mentioned; indeed, *by every one were the English spoken of with expressions of sincere regard and esteem.* How grievous it is that, by the arrogant behaviour of our government towards them, and the

scurrilous abuse of Portugal indulged in by the English press, we should forfeit those feelings of affection which were once general among the whole people. I suspect also that many who thus spoke had besides, been supporters of the absolute government of Dom Miguel, whom we aided in deposing; they having however long given in their adhesion to the new order of things. Notwithstanding that, old times and old feelings had not vanished from their recollections.

"There are in this circle," observed a gentleman to whom I had been particularly introduced, "those of every shade of political opinion. Some have even drawn their swords against each other; yet here we meet in one bond of union, casting all former dissensions into oblivion, and striving only who shall be most amiable. The secret is, there is but slight difference in the rank or fortune of any present; and therefore no one fears that the other will surpass him in style or equipage; nor can one look down upon the other. *Il n'y a pas des roturiers ici.*"

My friend was right. Social intercourse can seldom or ever be enjoyed with perfect freedom except every person present can with justice lay claim to the same social rank, have the same general ideas, and the same social education. I of course do not mean the same titular rank, or equal fortunes—that would be absurd indeed; but all present must respect each other, and be accustomed to meet on terms of perfect equality—not however, I must again observe, what the republicans understand by perfect equality, but with a due attention to the respective titular ranks

of each other; those useful devices which serve to keep the vast machine of society in order.

Our host did not profess to call this party a ball, though there must have been from eighty to a hundred people present; observing that such took place every fortnight or oftener, in either his or one or other of the principal houses in Braga, while not a week passed without a reunion of their society in some way.

Dancing commenced the moment we entered. Indeed, I suspect that it had been delayed till the arrival of us strangers—a mark of the most courteous attention, but little merited by us; for we were unfortunately late; nor did it occur to me, I confess, at the time, that such was the case. Perhaps I may be even now mistaken, but such treatment would have been only characteristic of the very kind reception we met with. Everybody present danced in that quiet style universal in good English society, and there were also many ladies who waltzed; nor have I ever enjoyed the pleasure of dancing with more delightful partners. In the intervals of the dances a young lady, to whom I had the honour of being introduced on my first entrance, sang several Italian and French songs most charmingly. I soon recognized her as the lovely apparition at the window of the episcopal palace—the eldest daughter of the gallant Baron of Casal. On my first addressing her in Portuguese she directly answered in English, which language with a foreign accent, and a slight hesitation in search of the most appropriate words, she spoke fluently; and I

found the young lady also well versed in many English authors. She understood also Italian and French, though she professed not to speak the former. I was much pleased with a naive remark she made, which shewed how little vain she was of her own talents. She had just sung, with great sweetness and most exquisite taste, a French air from the *Domino Noir*, which she had heard but once performed on the Oporto stage by the *prima donna*, Madam Rossi Caccia. "Ah!" she exclaimed, "I hope Madame Rossi will not visit Braga, as she promises, or my credit will, alas! sink dreadfully with my friends here, who now so flatter me with compliments as to my singing, and who fancy that their countrywoman must perform better than anybody else." I assured her, as I felt, that Rossi could not more delight her hearers in a room, whatever she might do on the stage, than she herself did. "Ah!" she answered, laughing, "now I see you also are determined to flatter me;" and I saw she did not give me credit for the sincerity of my sentiments. Her master, I found, was a native and resident of Braga, but who was educated at the Academy of Music at Lisbon; and though his voice was gone, he exhibited the best taste in his style of singing.

I trust that I may be pardoned for the liberty I have taken in mentioning this young lady more particularly than the others of the party: I have ventured to mention her name to present a fair specimen of the Portuguese ladies in the higher ranks of the present generation. There were, indeed, I doubt not, many

more in the room, whom, had I enjoyed greater opportunity of conversing with, I should have discovered to be possessed of equal talents and accomplishments.

The older men were engaged with cards in an adjoining room, and some of the ladies declared, that in their own defence they had frequently made most determined attempts to join them in the game, hoping to win their money, and thereby to break them of so ungallant a custom.

Refreshments were handed round during the evening, while quadrilles and waltzes were kept up with spirit till past three o'clock in the morning. The attention of our hosts was so unremitting, and so delicate to each of us strangers, that I could not help mentioning to one of my partners an observation I have frequently heard made by my uncle, the late Admiral Sir Harry Burrard Neale. Having been the esteemed friend of two British monarchs, passing many years of his life at their court, besides having visited those of several other European sovereigns, his opinion on the subject was one on which full reliance might be placed. When in command of the squadron in the Tagus, on his way to take that of the Mediterranean fleet, he spent some time at the court of Lisbon, and had the honour of entertaining his majesty Don João VI. and the royal family of Portugal on board the *Revenge*, and he afterwards affirmed that he had in no country met with men of more truly courteous and elegant manners than the Portuguese gentlemen whose society he had on that occasion the pleasure of enjoying. I could not in a more appro-

priate place repeat his assertion; and I fully believe that the same compliment is with equal justice deserved by all the polished classes in every part of the country.

I have given the above detailed account of a very pleasant party, not because it is the only one I have enjoyed in Portugal, for I have at times, for several years, mixed in Portuguese society, but that it is fresh in my memory, and that it was my first introduction to the society of the interior of the country, which, in my ignorance, I had supposed was not equal to that of Oporto at the present day.

Our host politely insisting upon calling on us in the morning, we returned to our hotel, so pleased with our evening as not to feel any fatigue from the great exertion we had undergone during the day.

SKETCH IX.

Exterior of the Houses at Braga. The Cathedral. Barbarous modern Innovations. The Sacristy. Splendid Vestments and costly sacred Utensils. Precious Relics. The High Altar. Pure Gothic Chapel. Quit the Cathedral. Fountain of ingenious construction. Bishop's Palace. Orphan Institutions. Mountain and Church of the Bom Jesus. Singular Fittings of its various Chapels. Good View from one of the Terraces. Beautiful Sunset behind the Mountains of Gerez.

NOTWITHSTANDING the exertions of the previous day, and the excessive heat of the weather, we left our hotel at ten o'clock to view some of the sights of Braga, and afterwards to make some calls on our acquaintance; having first sent a message to Senhor João Borges to request him not to venture out on so burning a morning, his health, as we knew, being delicate.

"Beneath the lofty roof and the shady cloisters of the cathedral we shall be far cooler than in any other spot in the neighbourhood," we concluded, "except it be on the summit of those lofty serras above us, to reach which would be a toil beyond our powers."

To the cathedral therefore, directly facing the bishop's palace, and which was close at hand, we bent our steps; taking advantage of every shady spot to advance. It was useless to look up at the windows on our way; the jealous lattices were closed, nor at that time of day could we expect any bright eyes to be gazing forth on us through them, or rather, I ought to say, could we expect to see any of the fair inmates

of the domiciles beneath them. The heat was certainly very great, but the position of the city being high, the atmosphere was pure and rarefied, and besides, being highly interested in all we saw, we felt not what might have overcome other people.

I think my readers may, from those I have already described, picture to themselves the style of the streets through which we passed. In general, there were, first, on the ground-floor open shops, that is to say, with many doors and no windows, either of French perfumery, gloves, and *bijouterie*, or those of linen-drapers, grocers, or cloth-merchants; then, for one or two stories, came the vast masses of light trelliced wood-work; and above all was a story of stone, or wood, with two or three windows falling back behind the rest.

The streets are paved with flat flag-stones, the gutter being in the centre, and mostly without trottoirs. Sad innovations have lately been made on the picturesqueness of the city (however the inhabitants may have gained both air and light), by the partial abolition of the trellices, and the substitution of plain handsome fronts of stone-work, with large windows to some of the houses.

The cathedral of Braga is one of the oldest Gothic ecclesiastical structures of Portugal; and although on many sides it is concealed by other buildings, the parts of which a good view can be obtained offer a very beautiful specimen of that style of architecture. The porch at the principal entrance, in particular, is most light and airy, with several delicate fluted columns, supporting a rich tracery-work, and a roof of

highly-pointed arches. One end of the edifice, facing a broad street, is also very exquisitely ornamented. As I neither took measurements nor sketches of the building, and as I have never read any description of it, I cannot well say more of the exterior, but my impression was, that of itself it well merited a journey from Oporto to Braga to be viewed. The interior has been much disfigured by the execrable fashion of the last few centuries (I fear that I may say the very last), in being whitewashed, or bedaubed with bad paintings—in having the Gothic columns turned into those of the Grecian, or some nondescript order—and by altars, of the most inappropriate description, erected at the sides. How grieved would the architect be, who planned and built that once perfectly beautiful structure, were he to behold the sad changes which the hand of modern barbarians, more than of time, have worked on the produce of his genius and knowledge! how little cause would he have to say that the present age is in advance of the past! Many Portuguese gentlemen expressed to me their disgust and vexation at the vile havoc which the modern race of priestly Vandals have made on the finest productions of the architectural talents of their forefathers. They turned aside their heads with a dissatisfied air as we passed, in our walks through the city, several of the elegant crosses, in which it abounds, disfigured by whitewash, or yellow, green, and red paint. Some portions, however, of the interior of the building of which I am speaking, have escaped this barbarous desecration of art.

Having made this prelude to my description, I will endeavour to sketch in detail much which we saw worthy of note. There are several chapels on each side of the cathedral, opening into it, and in one, that of the Holy Sacrament, I observed an altar-piece of carved wood in very high relief. The subject was the Triumph of Religion. War, Rapine, and Murder, represented by men with most expressive features, are being ground beneath the wheels of a chariot; preceded by a prancing steed and his rider, bearing aloft the Roman eagle and the keys of St. Peter.

An old, fat, smiling-faced mulatto, who performed the duties of sacristan, acted as our cicerone; and before he would allow us to see anything else, he insisted on our entering what he considered his *sanctum sanctorum*—the region over which he more especially presided—the sacristy itself. It was a handsome hall with arched roof. Up the centre, arranged on stands, were the rich canonicals of the bishop, and the other principal dignitaries of the establishment, while on each side were immense lockers with drawers, in which various other dresses and valuables were kept.

First, we were shewn a drawer holding the golden-tissue robes of some departed bishop, who being a man of very diminutive stature, had a pair of white and gold shoes, constructed with enormously high heels, which gave him nearly half a foot more of height. They looked like a caricature of such as were worn by our great-grandmothers more than a century ago. There were several mitres of white silk worked in gold with glittering jewels—but I must not say precious ones—

for I suspect those robbers, the French, had carried such off, as they did everything valuable they could possibly lay hands on. There was also a beautiful piece of gold tissue, with which to cover the Holy Sacrament. Other drawers contained piles of magnificent vestments: some had been worked in Braga, others had come from Rome; some were of red silk and gold, to be worn on the day dedicated to the Holy Ghost; and others, of green silk and gold, were very handsome. The weight of some which we lifted was prodigious—sufficient, I should think, to fatigue the stoutest prelate who ever ruled the see of Braga. Those powerful bishops, however, it must be remembered, were in days of yore accustomed to don not only vestments of gold and silk, but coats of mail, and to do good service therein, when they led their followers to the field; so that they might perhaps have found no inconvenience from such cumbersome garments. One dress in particular I remember, of the richest brocade, and of great weight, with a cross worked on it, was brought from China three hundred years ago. It was used, and I suppose still is, when a new bishop is initiated in his office. On a fine marble table in the centre of the hall were arranged the gold cups and other utensils used in the Communion Service, covered with cloths of gold tissue. On the upper shelf of the locker which ran round the hall were numerous busts of the former bishops, and above them, paintings of the saints, and events in their lives, by Portuguese artists. In a glass case, among the bishops' heads, was the skull of Santa

Candida, crowned with a wreath of white roses; and I believe that the cathedral contains many other most precious relics, which I must own to not having seen. I fear the sacristan had not full confidence in the orthodoxy of our belief, as he did not even offer to exhibit to us those invaluable treasures.

An inscription on the outside wall near the entrance gives a long account of them, mentioning that they were presented, many centuries ago, by a certain pious prelate, who had collected them at vast expense and labour. The army of Soult never thought of carrying them off, which is a strong proof, if any were wanting, of the utter disregard they had to all religious subjects. The vile infidels! what leave behind those invaluable relics, which were well worthy of a general crusade of all the nations of Christendom to win, and carry away instead all the vile dross of gold and silver which came within their reach? No wonder the united arms of England and Portugal drove them with ignominy from the land!

We had not yet seen half the treasures. The sacristan now opened a closet-door, and displayed a fine collection of gold and silver cups and crosiers. The most beautiful was a large chalice of finely-chased gold, and surrounded with bells, which gave forth a musical sound as it was raised aloft. It was upwards of 300 years old. Then there was a small silver cup inlaid with gold, used at the christening of the great Alfonso Henrique, more than 700 years ago, and a ring and cross of even greater antiquity, belonging to some bishop, of some place or other,

which, as our dark cicerone observed, it mattered but little to us to know.

Near this closet stood a trunk with all the utensils used at the sacrament and in administering extreme unction, which I had now, for the first time in my life, a good opportunity of examining. There were jugs to contain the wine, a pot and spoon to sprinkle holy water, a case to contain the oil and ointment, and other vessels, looking very like tea-pots. I must assure my readers that I touched them all with the utmost respect.

On each side of the sacristy were two Morisco-looking fountains, painted of all colours, the cocks of which shut with a spring, so that they cannot be left running—an idea worth copying for those used in beer- or wine-casks.

It is time we should leave the sacristy, and mount the steps of the high-altar, over which stands a figure of Nossa Senhora da Pedra, to whom the cathedral is dedicated. The altar-table is covered with a cloth of gold, the subject worked on it being the lives of the twelve Apostles. On one side is the tomb of Count Henri of Besançon, the father of Alfonso Henrique, and on the other that of his wife Donna Teresa, both of stone. On the lid of the first is the recumbent statue of a knight, rudely carved, which has since been vilely mutilated, one arm being also broken. Think of the dean and chapter foreshortening Count Henri's legs to squeeze him into his present position! That of Donna Teresa has less pretensions to beauty or style of execution. On one side of the

altar is the episcopal throne; both it and the canopy being covered with cloth of gold.

On the left of the principal entrance is a very ancient and beautiful font, and on the other side is the tomb of Dom Sebastian, the infant son of Dom João I. who died at ten years of age. It is entirely of bronze, and the design is very elegant. On the lid of a richly-worked sarcophagus is a child sleeping, with angels watching round him, while couchant dogs support the whole tomb. A canopy of bronze raised by four light pillars shades it, and it is also surrounded by an iron railing.

Leaving the body of the church, we entered a separate chapel of pure Gothic architecture, in which no innovations have been made, dedicated to Nossa Senhora do Libramento. It contains not only the tomb, but in a glass case, on one side of the altar, the veritable mummy of the gallant Dom Lorenzo, bishop of Braga, who fought most valiantly at the battle of Algibarrota, where he received a tremendous sabre-cut, the mark of which is still to be seen on the right side of his cheek. The body is very perfect, of a light clay colour, the teeth, hair, and nails still seen, but the robes of gold tissue were renewed some twenty years back. Beneath is an inscription praising his valour and his piety. On the other side of the altar is the sarcophagus in which the body was originally preserved.

We next ascended to the organ-loft, which quite blazes with gilt carving. The organs are very handsome, of black wood, with gold ornaments, and are

finely toned. By a fee to the organist strangers may at any time hear them played.

As the sacristan was shewing us round, he frequently complained that such and such an ornament had been carried off by the French. "Then I suspect, Senhor Sacristão, that they are no friends of yours," I observed. "Friends indeed!" he answered with a scornful tone. "Thank heavens! I have no friends among the greatest thieves of the earth. How can an honest man claim them as friends, forsooth?"

We were unwilling to leave the cool recesses of the sacred edifice, till our cicerone informed us that he had shewn us all the curiosities of the place, politely hinting at the same time that he was anxious to close the doors, and to take his dinner and siesta; so we most unwillingly were compelled to seek once more the hot furnace of the outer air.

We stood for some time admiring a fountain of elegant design, which threw around its cooling showers in front of the bishop's palace. Six figures support a large shell, on the top of which is a rock, with a castle finely carved on it. The castle is surmounted by turrets and battlements; the water flowing from beneath it, over the sides of the shell, into a large tank below.

We then entered a part of the palace open to the public, being a large hall hung round with portraits of the defunct prelates of the see; and beyond, the bishop was holding a sort of a court of justice, his predecessors having enjoyed, at one time, the rights of petty princes.

On our way to make our calls, we passed through a square with arcades, and in it were several large buildings, one of which is an institution where several hundred orphan boys are clothed, fed, and educated, till fit to enter the world. There is another institution, a short way out of the city, where orphan girls are in like manner brought up and taken care of, either till they marry, or a situation is procured for them.

I must confess that at length we were compelled to drag our weary limbs home, and to throw ourselves on our beds to rest for an hour or so. We were not long idle; for before three we were again in our saddles, on the way to pay our respects to Senhor João Borges and his mother Donna Anna. I ought to mention that he was a widower, with only one son, of whom I have already spoken. I need not again describe the courteous way in which we were received: he promised to meet us at the foot of the sacred hill leading to the church of the Bom Jesus, whither we were then bound.

The road to the Bom Jesus is about a mile in length, and decidedly bad, although so much frequented by the pious believers, who come from far and near to climb its many hundred steps, and to worship at its holy shrine. We passed for some distance through the wide straggling suburbs of the city, and then through lanes with vines and brambles vieing for the superiority, till we reached two little chapels, and an iron gateway, at the commencement of the ascent. Looking up, an interminable range of steps above steps, and masonry piled on masonry,

appeared, with here and there little chapels as resting-places for the devout, like the few calm spots we meet with in the toilsome up-hill journey of life. The eminence on each side is thickly clothed with trees, and bestrewn with vast stones, which seem about to roll down into the vale below; the chestnut, the cork-tree, and the oak, succeeding each other as the elevation increases.

"After dancing all last night, my piety, on a broiling day like this, will never carry me to the summit of these steps; for, as far as I can see, they may, like Jacob's ladder, reach to the clouds," observed one of our party, looking with dismay up the hill. "There is an ascent to the summit of the hill, though rugged and steep, winding round in the neighbourhood of the steps," interposed our guide Silvestre, seeing our hesitation. "By all means let us try it then," we cried, spurring our steeds up the steep ascent; but when halfway up, where we found ourselves close to the steps, either my piety, or a very uncomfortable saddle, made me dismount, and breast the rest of the hill on foot; although as on every flight a fountain gushes forth, at which the weary may drink and be refreshed, I found but little difficulty in performing the ascent. Passing beyond the buildings, which we found did not reach to the summit of the hill, we walked to a clear spot of ground on the highest point, from which a magnificent view can be obtained of the valley of Braga, the lofty serras of Gerez, the hills towards Oporto, with the silvery sea glittering beyond. The view was indeed much the

same as that seen by us on our road from Guimaraens, before descending on Braga. In one respect we were disappointed, as we understood that we should find a pellucid lake on the summit of the serra, for so we interpreted the word *largo*, which in reality means an open space. We hunted about in every direction for this glittering lake, till we concluded that it must either have been dried up, or never have had existence except in our imaginations, and that after all the largo was but the open spot where we stood. We came however upon the source of the stream which supplied the fountains below, and a cool draught of the water, together with the magnificent prospect we enjoyed, amply repaid us for our toil.

I must now try to describe, to the best of my power, the "Mountain of the Good Jesus," as it is called, and shall commence with the summit, instead of the foot, this being the mode in which I saw it. Passing the principal church, on the highest point to which the chapels reach, is a large open space, on the further extremity of which is the crowning chapel of all, that of the Ascension. All the chapels belonging to this singular structure have iron-barred gates at their entrance, kept always closed, the whole of the interior of each being fitted up as the stage of a theatre, or some wax-work show, with figures performing different parts, as large as life or larger: the scenery is very appropriate, as are also the dresses. The figures are carved in wood, entirely by Portuguese artists, and mostly by those of Braga. The expression of their faces is admirable, and their attitudes natural.

Thus, the look of surprise and awe in the countenances of the disciples at the ascension of our Saviour is very well portrayed in the first chapel. These chapels are of considerable size, and circular, or rather of an octagonal form, holding some twenty or more figures, grouped about on rocks, or beneath trees, as the scenery requires. To the right of the chapel of the Ascension is that of the Last Supper. Christ and his disciples are seated at table with a leg of mutton before them, while several attendants are bringing on other dishes of considerable magnitude. Some scribblers, profanely inclined, might find subjects in these exhibitions on which to exert their wit, and would laugh at the dog and cat in the centre of the stage, who are looking up with longing eye at the savoury viands the waiters are bearing; indeed, it is difficult at all times to preserve the gravity such subjects demand.

On the left of the first chapel is one of which the scene is the angels guarding the tomb of Christ, when Mary Magdalene and other women came with spices and ointments. This large platform is surrounded by a stone balustrade and seats. On two sides of it the hill descends precipitously to the vale below, while a beautiful view up the valley towards Chaves is seen from it. At the Festival of the Bom Jesus this is the chief point of attraction; for here the vendors of fried fish, cakes, and wine, erect their booths, and make their principal stand; and here thousands, from all parts of the country, collect to eat, drink, pray, and amuse themselves. It is truly a gay and enlivening scene at the time. The large square of Braga itself,

the road thence to the Monte, the whole flight of steps, the church, the platform we are speaking of, and the wooded hill above, are crowded with people, in their best holiday attire, and in many varied costumes; some having arrived on foot, others on horses, mules, or donkeys; all screaming, laughing, talking, or praying together. Not only are peasants there collected, but shopkeepers, merchants, and traders of every description, resort thither; nor do the lesser gentry, or the high fidalgos, think it derogatory to their dignity to join the festal scene. The largest fair in Portugal is held during this festival at Braga, where every species of merchandise is sold, including cattle, horses, mules, and donkeys.

But I must describe the mount as we saw it, almost deserted, and not the Festival of the Bom Jesus, with its scenes of moving life. From this high platform, by a gradual descent, we reached two other small chapels; the first containing a representation of the Resurrection of Christ on the third day. The astonished look of some of the soldiers, and the sleepy expression of others, is exact to the life; indeed, the believing peasants may be excused if they fancy that they see before them breathing figures of flesh and blood. In the second chapel, Christ is represented as dead, with the women mourning over him.

We now came upon a second large terrace, on which stands the principal church, with a large edifice on one side, built for the accommodation of families of higher rank, who may wish to perform their devotions in the purest air, and to enjoy a lovely view at the

same time. Numbers spend several consecutive days there for that purpose. A little further off, on the side of the hill, is another long low building, where accommodation is to be found both for man and beast.

The church is an elegant structure, though of the modern style; and surely no spot could have been more appropriately chosen on which to erect a temple to the most High God. The interior is chaste and quiet, without any of that tinsel and paint which disfigures so many of the sacred edifices in Portugal. The altar-piece is curious. It consists of a figure of Christ on the Cross, as large as life, and is considered to be, and, as far as I could judge in the imperfect light, is, very beautifully executed. It was a present from Rome, and is made of pine. In front stand about twenty wooden figures, also as large as life, representing the apostles, the soldiers, and women, who were present at the crucifixion.

The sacristy was hung round with pictures of the benefactors of the work, among which were those of Dom João VI., the duke of Delafoens, and the marquis of Marialva, of whom Beckford speaks so affectionately. We were shewn also a very beautiful crucifix of ebony inlaid with ivory, brought from China. The name given to this crucifix is the Bom Jesus dos Navigantes; which may be translated, "The good Saviour of Sailors." Before it, therefore, "they that go down to the sea in ships" come to pay their devotions.

We mounted to the summit of the belfry, which contains some fine-sounding bells, which were after-

wards rung for our gratification. Thence we obtained a good view of the broad streets and white edifices of Braga, the whole valley being bathed in the glowing light of the setting sun. After sitting on the terrace for some time, listening to the sweet sound of the bells and enjoying the view, we commenced our descent.

It must be known that the whole of this vast structure has been built by the voluntary donations of the faithful, and that the entire plan is not yet complete.

On the next landing-place we reached, two new chapels were in the course of erection, of chaste design, exhibiting a very great improvement in the modern taste. Near one of them, on the summit of a large rock, is the statue of an armed knight on horseback, representing, we were told, the soldier who plunged his spear into the side of Jesus; but why he is thus commemorated, I cannot possibly say. Both the chapels and the statue were designed and executed, I believe, by two Braga artists, of whom I had before heard.

On each side of the steps, which near the top consist of two flights, are high balustrades surmounted by statues of saints and scriptural characters; on the outside are closely cut box-trees, and down the centre are a succession of fountains, to the very bottom. The first fountain is dedicated to Hope, over which Noah presides: his ark, from beneath which the water gushes forth, rests on a rock. From the second the water flows forth from the holes in which the nails were driven in the Cross, with this motto over it: "Ejus fluent aquæ vivæ," which one

of our party read most innocently, "Ejus fluent aquæ vitæ," and translated, "Hence flows a fountain of brandy;" being much disappointed when he discovered the water was *neat.*

We had all the way down a fine view of Braga, and enjoyed that sublime spectacle not witnessed by me without emotion, of the sun setting in glorious splendour behind the mountains of Gerez, the whole sky glowing, for many minutes afterwards, with a vast flame of ruddy light.

On the third fountain was a curious design. It was that of a dark lanthorn, a rope, dice, a triangle, hammer, nails, and many other carpenter's and mason's tools, such as, it may be supposed, were used at the Crucifixion. From several consecutive fountains the water flows forth from all the organs of the senses, first separately, and then all combined; but I am unable to give any interpretation of these designs. During our descent we passed eight other chapels; the fifth from the top being that of the Descent from the Cross; the sixth, Christ compelled to bear his Cross. A figure is holding a handkerchief, with the impression of his face on it. I know not from what authority the idea is taken, but doubtless deserving of implicit belief. The seventh is the Ecce Homo—Christ brought bound before the people; the eighth, the crown of thorns platted on his head; the ninth I forget; the tenth, the Betrayal—Simon Peter is cutting off the ear of the high priest's servant, and his Master is rebuking him. The two last chapels on each side of the entrance contain representations

of the Last Supper, and the Passion on the Mount. There are thus twelve chapels, each of which contains from ten to twenty figures, so that at the least there must be 150 of them, as large as life, and many very well executed; but it is as a whole, and not by parts, that this work must be judged.

The idea in itself was grand, thus to build a temple on the summit of a lofty hill, with a fine flight of steps leading to it from the vale below; but the designer probably died before his work had proceeded far, and his successors did not carry out his plan.

What I had pictured to myself was an elegant temple of Grecian architecture, on the very highest point in the neighbourhood, with a single broad and wide flight of steps leading in an unbroken straight line directly to it; the smaller temples resting on terraces at each side at some little distance. This would indeed have been beautiful, and I doubt if any temple in the world could then have surpassed it. The great difficulty would have been to proportion the steps to the size of the church, as they must have been several hundred yards wide to have had a good effect at the distance.

At the foot of the mount we found Senhor João Borges, who had politely ridden out to meet us, and who with great kindness insisted on accompanying us to our hotel. After a late dinner, we prepared for an excursion that we contemplated making on the morrow, to the famous Pass of Salamonde, intending to return the same day. That day requires a separate Sketch.

SKETCH X.



Pass of Salamonde.

The line of Soult's Retreat before the British. Start early for Salamonde. Ascend the Carvalho d'Este. Noble View thence. Sunrise. Tower of Lanhozo. Pull up at St. Jean's for refreshment. Various Scenery of the Road. Arrive at the Village of Salamonde. Onward Movement. Amusing Recollections of our elder Guide. Ponte Nova: dreadful Slaughter of the French Troops. The Miserella. Sketching. Disasters on our Return. Safe Arrival at Braga.

I WOULD advise my friends, before glancing at the following Sketch, to peruse the second chapter of the eighth book of Colonel Napier's *History of the Peninsular War*, commencing at the 277th page of the second volume.

When Marshal Soult had been driven out of Oporto by the British army under Sir Arthur Wellesley, he retired through Valongo upon Guimaraens, and thence taking a path across the mountains, leaving

Braga on his left, he reached the heights of Carvalho d'Este, having been joined by Loison's division at Guimaraens during the night, and by Lorge's dragoons from Braga. Here, drawing up his troops on the morning of the 15th, he reorganised his army; taking command of the rear guard himself, and giving that of the advanced guard to General Loison. From Carvalho he retired to the small village of Salamonde, in the neighbourhood of which is a bridge over the Cavado which the English general had ordered to be destroyed, but the work being imperfectly performed, the French drove the Portuguese peasantry who were defending it from their posts, and entered the dangerous and narrow defile leading to Montalegre. Before the rear guard had passed, the British appeared on the heights above, when a scene of slaughter and confusion ensued in the French army, though they contrived, by vast exertions and courage (fighting their way across a second bridge, that of Miserella), to make good their retreat into Spain.

We quitted our couches at three o'clock, though we were not in our saddles till four, when in compact order, the stars yet shining brightly over our heads, we rode out of Braga towards the east, with two mounted servants in attendance, one leading, the other bringing up the rear. Passing near the foot of the Senhor do Monte, which it was yet too dark to see, we continued along a narrow rough road, till daylight breaking, we perceived a beautifully rich valley on our right, along which we rode for some miles till we commenced the steep ascent, by a most rugged

path, of that range of lofty hills called the Carvalho d'Este.

We made a zig-zag way up the mountain amid large rocks and over stones which rolled down beneath our horses' feet. "It is to be hoped we shall have reached this before the return of darkness, or our necks may suffer, not to mention our horses' knees," was the far-seeing remark of one of our company.

Surmounting the acclivity, we found a good bridle-path, over which we could trot gaily along; none of the party appearing to be afraid of the rather ugly-looking slopes which bordered either one or the other side of the road. When we reached the extreme summit, a fine view of the lovely valley of Gerez (by the side of which lay our destined route) broke on our sight to the left. I reined in my steed to gaze at the beauty of the scene, so calm and soft, in the cold tints of the early morn. A silvery mist floated at the bottom of the valley, rising above which might be observed the tops of the thickly-leaved chestnut, and the delicate green of the willow, or here and there the white walls of a peasant's cottage; while the lower slopes of the green hills were already dotted by cattle, or sheep and goats on their way to pasture; the opposite rocky side of the valley appearing of a greyish tint, through a gap in which towards the west were blue intersecting lines of the distant mountains. As we rode on, the light clouds, which floated like fleeces in the east, seemed suddenly to burst into glowing masses, the sky then gradually assuming a ruddy hue, till the glorious radiance of the sun himself appeared.

"On, on to the summit of yonder mound!" we cried; and darting forward, we reached the point in time to see the bright orb of day burst upon the world, lighting up all the mountain-heights with his golden rays, and driving down the shadows into the valleys below. I shall not forget that sunrise on the mountain of the Carvalho d'Este, or the first view of the valley of the Cavado.

It was on this ground that Soult drew up his forces after his retreat from Oporto, and before he commenced that dangerous march through the pass of Salamonde, which he must have felt was to cause either his annihilation or his preservation. Through his own talents, and fortuitous circumstances, it proved the latter. Looking over the rugged and mountainous country he must have passed to reach this position from Guimaraens, it is surprising that with a disorganised and dispirited army he could ever have performed the march. The truth is, that neither did the cruel Loison (nicknamed Maneta, the one-armed), nor a single Frenchman at that time, *dare* to surrender. Each man in the army well knew that only by keeping together could they expect to escape with life: most of the baggage and ammunition having already been abandoned.

Continuing at a good pace with the valley on our left, we mounted gradually to yet higher ground, when winding round the hill to our right appeared on the summit of a lofty peak the famed tower of Lanhozo. The position is wild in the extreme, standing alone as it does high amid a sea of treeless moun-

tains, sloping and falling in every direction. It was to this castle that the warlike Donna Teresa retired, after she had been defeated under the walls of Guimaraens by her son Alfonso Henrique and the insurgent barons, and here it was, according to some accounts, that she was confined, to prevent the further effects of her turbulent disposition. On the summit of its square and lofty tower she stood, and cursed her once-beloved son, as she saw his army defile by on their march to invade the Galician territorities of his cousin Alfonso VIII. That the curse had any effect, does not appear, as he was nearly always victorious, and survived it upwards of fifty years; his death taking place in 1185. Dismounting from my steed, which one of my friends held, I made a sketch of the tower of Lanhozo from the eastern side of it; indeed, it was not visible from the west.

Urging on our horses, we overtook the rest of the party as they drew up before a little estalagem in the prettily-situated village of St. Jeans; they loudly vociferating that they could proceed no further without nourishment. "Then we shall lose the advantage of the cool morning air, and not reach Salamonde till the sun is high," I observed. "Food, food, food!" was the only answer; so, turning our beasts into a stable, which occupied the entire lower story of the house, we unpacked our saddle-bags, and mounted to a verandah above. While some of the party were occupied in arranging our eatables, and making coffee in a clay jug, and which proved most execrable, I took hence a more elaborate sketch

of the picturesque castle of Lanhozo, which appeared to great advantage, rising on the other side of a vale, seen over a rich profusion of trees, shrubs, and vines, with numerous ranges of mountain-tops around and beyond.

When I am travelling through an interesting country I think little of my creature-comforts, nor till my strength gives way do I dream of rest; therefore, using the most persuasive arguments, I induced the rest of the party to mount and proceed. After leaving the village, through which the road was narrow and bad, we wound for about a league over the brow of another height, wild, rocky, and uncultivated, till we reached a second hamlet, from which a good bridle-road brought us to the village of Padeira. We here once more came in sight of the vale of Gerez on our left, nor did we lose it again, the road winding along at a considerable height above it parallel with the stream of the Cavado, till we reached the village of Salamonde.

Although the road was a very good bridle-path in most places, yet in many there was not even room to pass an ox-cart without climbing up the bank, or running the risk of toppling over into the valley below; so that the reader may judge of the difficulties and dangers the retreating army of Soult must have encountered, hastening on with a speed on which their very existence depended.

The views for the whole way were most lovely. High above us on our right arose the southern side of a deep valley covered with lofty trees, which in

many places overhung the road, while in others vines threw their slender tendrils across our path, or wild and rugged crags jutting out from the hill-side compelled us to deviate from our course, and vast dark rocks threatened to overwhelm us if we passed beneath them. Below us on the left the river Cavado, now diminished by the summer-heats, sparkled bright and clear over its rocky bed, but the water-worn crags far above its present height shewed how wild and foaming a torrent it must become when swollen by the winter-rains. On the other side were the lofty and precipitous cliffs of the Gerez mountains, on the top of which winds another road to Montalegre, and an old Roman way, which, I am informed by a friend who went over it, is in many places very perfect. On the other side the mountains were broken by ravines and smaller valleys which extended up from the main branch, adding variety to the views; and dry as was the season, we observed several waterfalls dashing down the sides of the mountains in foaming cataracts.

On a point from which one of the most beautiful views is to be obtained, a large handsome stone building has been erected, which, as it has a church attached to it, was probably intended as a summer-residence of the members of some monastic institution, but it was apparently never finished, and is now in a state of decay.

Passing through a small hamlet, beautifully perched on the very slope of the hill, looking as if it would slide into the stream beneath, we were courteously

offered by a young girl from her pitcher a draught of the coolest and clearest water I ever drank. She told us the stream never failed, that in summer it was always thus cold as ice, and that in the winter it was warmer than other water. Most of the party, afraid of the effects of the cold, mixed brandy with it, but I could not resist a draught of the pure nectar, nor did I feel any ill effects from it. When I offered her a small silver coin, she blushingly at first refused to take it, till some men standing near laughingly told her that the fidalgos had many bags full of such, and that she need have no scruples; when, with many expressions of gratitude, and a modest air, she consented to receive it.

Our party at times were at a considerable distance apart, and as none knew the road, and were far before our attendants, we more than once took a wrong turning; but fortunately each time found some peasant to direct our steps. For about two or more leagues the path, though narrow, was so good, that we were scarcely once compelled to draw rein; and well did our steeds, either at a trot or canter, carry us over it, appearing to care nothing for the heat which had by this time become considerable. Neither, indeed, did we ourselves suffer from it, owing to our frequent applications to the way-side fountains, the fluid from which supplied the unusual evaporation which was taking place.

I always carry on such excursions a *quaigh*, which I value much, having received it as a present when

climbing the heathery heights above Dunoon on the fair Clyde, during a delightful visit I made to Scotland. It holds a decent mouthful of whisky, and as much water as a man in a violent heat may swallow with impunity: many a time that day did I use it to refresh myself from every stream and rill we passed.

By ten o'clock we reached the small village of Salamonde, the place at which Marshal Soult first halted after quitting the heights of Carvalho d'Este. The street is so narrow that three horsemen cannot pass abreast, yet through this had the whole of the French army to defile. We had none of us any definite ideas as to the position of the bridges and pass we had come to see, having been led to suppose that both were close to Salamonde: we were therefore not a little disappointed at learning, from the innkeeper of the place, that the Ponte Nova was half a long league off, and the Miserella full another beyond that.

"Our horses will be knocked up if we take them without rest," remarked some. "We shall be so ourselves if we walk," interposed others. That we must return to Braga at night, nearly all agreed. "I am determined to have sufficient time to make some sketches of the Miserella," I insisted. "Is there anybody here who can guide us thither?" "I can, Senhores," cried a young active lad, springing forth from a crowd of peasants, who were huddled in a corner of the narrow street to be clear of our horses' heels.

"But you will not serve to hold all the horses," I observed.

"I have a father who will go too at your pleasure, Senhores. *O! meu pai*," cried the boy, and an old man stepped forward with a long stick in his hand, whose sinewy frame shewed him to be yet capable of great activity.

"I shall be happy to accompany the gentlemen, and shew them the way," he said, taking off his broad-brimmed hat. "I ought to know it, for more than fifty years have I lived in the neighbourhood, and well do I remember the day when your brave countrymen were here."

"The very man for us!" I shouted to my companions, interrupting him. "Now hear my proposal. Let us leave word to desire the two arrieiros with our food and forage for our horses to follow us forthwith: we will dine at Miserella ourselves.

"There is, about a quarter of a league from Miserella, a stable where the horses may be put up," observed the old man.

"All our difficulties vanish, you see, my friends!" I cried: "so onward!" And walking my horse, following the old man and his son, I found that all my friends were moving the same way.

"And your name, my friend?" I asked of our guide. "Jozé Maria de Faria, at your service, Senhor, and that lad is my son: he is a quick boy, and has learned to read and write perfectly, of which arts I, his father, alas! know nothing. He is a good boy, too, and if you will take him into your service he shall go with you at once. I wished to send him to the Brazils, but you must know, Senhor, I am poor—the

means are wanting. I owned a mill down there on the stream we are about to pass, but last winter's floods carried it away, and I have spent all my money in building another, which is not yet finished."

Such was Senhor Jozé's account of himself; and I should advise all visitors to Miserella to inquire for him, as the best of guides, or rather cicerones, for there is but little difficulty in finding the way. He had far more interesting narrations in store for us.

On leaving Salamonde we turned sharp off to our left, winding down the rough sides of the mountain, by a steep and narrow track, among a few straggling oaks and other trees, with small gullies and ravines running up in various directions, the mountains of Gerez being sometimes on our left, and sometimes before us. Above us were the lofty ridges of the Serra de Cabreira and the heights of Salamonde and Ruivaens.

"Well do I remember, Senhor," said our guide, "the time the French and English arrived here: the weather was cold, rainy, and blowing, and it was near night when the French appeared, and took up their quarters in and about Salamonde. We thought they would all be captured, when what was our dismay to find that the position of the Ponte Nova, which bridge we fancied had been destroyed, was taken, and that the soldiers had torn down the houses, and carried off the planks and beams to repair it! All day they were crossing, two or three only abreast; yet good reason they had to hurry, for before dark the British troops had reached those heights above us. I had escaped up

the mountain, and never shall I forget seeing the long lines of bayonets drawn up as far as the eye could reach—some had come from Braga, some from Guimaraens; yet there they stood, careless of the wet, the cold, or the wind. In that hollow, Senhor, to the right, the French threw away many mule-loads' of treasure, which the English recovered: that deep gully was full to overflowing of the carcases of mules, horses, and men, while dead bodies sprinkled the whole side of the hill. About here, Senhor, it is said the military chest was buried, and many people have dug for it, but no one has found it." We were passing a narrow but deep cut in the mountain which extends towards the Cavado. "The day after the battle we discovered a French dragoon and his horse in that hollow," continued our guide; "the horse was killed, but, strange to relate, his rider was only slightly injured, and we carried him up to the hospital establishment at Salamonde."

Winding down the hill, a sudden turn of the path brought us to the side of the mountain-torrent over which the Ponte Nova is thrown, and directly on to the bridge. Colonel Napier was misinformed when he speaks of it as over the Cavado—the stream is very similar to, and runs almost parallel with, that of Miserella, falling like it into the Cavado. The bridge consists of one high but small arch, of only breadth sufficient to allow of four men crossing abreast. So short, however, is the distance spanned by the arch, that an active man might almost leap across it; and nothing but the complete demolition of the whole

structure could have prevented desperate men like the French from crossing. Rocks directly face each end of the bridge, the road turning sharp round in opposite directions, while on each side of the torrent the hills rise rugged and precipitous. It was near here that the greatest slaughter occurred; for before the French rear-guard had passed, the British cannon had begun to play upon them, "and then man and horse, crushed together, went over into the gulf; and the bridge and the rocks and the defile beyond were strewed with mangled bodies." Colonel Napier says that the peasants tortured and mutilated every sick man or straggler who fell into their power; but our old guide, on whose word I can rely, assured us that he assisted in succouring many wounded Frenchmen. This however was under the eye of the English, and doubtless many atrocities were committed in stern retaliation of those of which the French themselves were guilty.

"It was late in the evening when the English appeared," said our old guide, "nor was a moment lost in attacking; night alone putting an end to the slaughter: indeed, before all the French had crossed the bridge, it was destroyed by them, and it took the English some time again to repair it. By that time the French had escaped; but as they marched along the guerillas hovered on the hills above them, harassing them dreadfully, and cutting off numbers by the way. Those were sad times, Senhor."

When our whole party were collected on the Ponte Nova, "Let us give three cheers for the honour

of Old England!" exclaimed one of the party, in a fit of military enthusiasm. "As you like it," I answered; "though this is not exactly the spot where much was done to boast of. Hear, however, May the foes of Great Britain and Lusitania fly ever before them as they did through this pass! Hip! hip! hurra!" and we made the welkin ring again with a hearty British shout.

As I rode along, listening to Senhor Joze's descriptions, I could almost have wept with vexation as I thought of the escape of those lawless devastators of the rich fields of Portugal, and could well enter into the feelings of rage which must have possessed the bosoms of the brave men, who, after so many days of toil, saw their foe thus eluding their grasp.

On crossing the bridge, the road turned sharp round to the left, and then continued running parallel with the Cavado, generally so narrow that not more than three foot-soldiers could have marched abreast. Dark rocks were above, and precipices were below, over which a false step, or the bullet of a guerilla, must have sent many an unhappy horseman. The views were much the same as I have before described, but rather increased in beauty and wildness, though mere words can scarcely express the difference of the scenery; looking up the valley especially, the mountains were more lofty, rugged, and broken by ravines, while overhead the trees were more aged, of more luxuriant growth, and more fantastic in their shapes. At about a small league from the Ponte Nova we found a low house of two stories which had formerly been an esta-

lagem. "Can you give food and shelter to our horses, my friend?" I asked of a man whose head was projecting from the window of the building.

"They may go into the stable; but except some dried grass I have no food," answered the said personage, who was a little man with a large hooked nose, and a most dull expression of countenance.

"What no *milho?*" we exclaimed.

"Not a grain, Senhores."

"You have some *broa*, then?"

"Not a particle: our broa is but just put into the oven," was the unsatisfactory answer.

"Now, my friend," I urged, vexed at his real or pretended stupidity, "both corn, bread, and wine are to be procured at no great distance—they must be found." Saying this, I walked away, and took up my seat under a shed whence I made a sketch of the magnificently wild mountain-scenery before me, looking up the valley towards Montalegre, the direction the French took in their retreat*. My friends in the mean time made up their minds, that, taking a glance at Miserella, we must return forthwith to Salamonde. "I mean to dine and spend some hours at Miserella, and so will you," was my answer as I sketched away.

Before I finished my sketch our muleteers with the saddle-bags arrived, as did a sack of milho for the horses, and some broa for ourselves, our own white bread being nearly exhausted. I must say, to the credit of the thoughtful moço do estalagem,

* See wood-cut at the head of this Sketch.

Manoel, he had supplied the said saddle-bags with meat most plentifully. Our old guide, throwing the bags over his shoulders, and his boy carrying a jug to fetch water, we commenced our walk in better spirits towards the bridge. Not to mislead people, I must observe that the road is perfectly practicable for horses. The scenery increased in beauty and wildness as we advanced; indeed, it was altogether the most romantic I have seen in Portugal.

Walking for rather more than half a mile, with declivities sloping steeply down to the Cavado on our left, and the rugged sides of the mountain above us, we wound gradually round to our right, and soon came upon the precipitous banks of the torrent of Miserella, a little way from the mouth of which is the narrow, one-arched bridge which the French were obliged to storm before they could cross. On each side are high cliffs, or rather vast broken crags, with trees clinging around the crevices in them, the torrent leaping down with falls of ten and twenty feet at a time, from a deep rent in the mountain above. On the eastern side, among the rocks, the Portuguese guerillas were stationed, with slight entrenchments thrown up; but had the bridge been destroyed, and regular troops with good officers been in their place, the utmost bravery of the French could not have driven them from their post. After taking a general survey of the whole scene, I crossed the bridge and clambered down the rugged banks, to make a sketch of it, looking up the ravine. At my feet amid huge masses of rock the water dashed, foaming and boiling

along, yet now was the driest time of summer*. What must it have been when swollen by the melting snows and the rains of winter! Alas! the hapless wretches who were once plunged into its raging tide!

I had just finished my sketch, when I saw my fellow-travellers scrambling down amid the crags, on the opposite side, towards a clear, deep, calm pool, beneath the arch, evidently with the intention of bathing: the temptation was great, and I rose to join them. As I was crossing the narrow bridge, and looking down into the deep abyss below, "For the love of God, do not venture into that deep pool, Senhor!" said our old guide. "It looks calm enough, and you fancy you can touch the bottom, but believe me nobody has ever reached it; for it sinks down into the bowels of the earth." "Fear not, my friend," I answered; "we intend only to swim on the surface."

Though on one side the water is of this great depth below the arch, on the other the fall is so considerable that it appears but a few feet below it. We found a delightfully shady spot beneath a large rock, on a slab level with the water, and in a few minutes I with those who could swim were floating on the clear stream, while the rest resorted to a shallow spot in a channel worn by the torrent. We found the water refreshing after the heat and dust of the morning, though far from cold; it having been well warmed by its passage down the valley, into which the rays of the sun darted fiercely. I took

* See wood-cut at the head of the next Sketch.

a sketch of the spot, as I did afterwards a third of the bridge looking down the valley; and then a loud call summoned me to dinner, which I found spread on the bank, beneath the shade of a large tree, surrounded by the rest of the party, who were doing ample justice to it, quaffing quaighs full of wine to the success of the British arms in every part of the world.

The day had sped faster than we fancied; unwillingly, therefore, were we compelled to quit that lovely spot.

On our return, the rays of the sun falling more horizontally, the views appeared to double advantage, there being on the more distant cliffs that light blue haze which contrasts so beautifully with the bright green of the foreground.

Reaching the ci-devant estalagem, which our hooked-nosed acquaintance Senhor Antonio da Cruz owned (for by that name was he known), we mounted our steeds, who appeared quite fresh. Senhor Antonio, like many stupid-looking persons, was fully alive to his own interests, if we might judge by the outrageous charge he made for the use of his stable and the grass he had afforded our beasts. When desired to mention the items he modestly named so many jugs of water brought from the neighbouring spring. In truth, the ex-innkeeper looked the rogue, and was one; nevertheless, I advise any of my friends who intend returning to Salamonde to bring corn thence, and to make use of his stable.

While my companions were halting at Salamonde,

feeling in a meditative mood, I rode on ahead, and being well mounted, completely distanced them, enjoying by myself the superlative beauty of that magnificent pass. The shades of evening were fast approaching before I had made good half our distance to Braga, so on I pushed, every instant expecting my friends to overtake me at a gallop. I had crossed one barren height, and fully believed that I was close to the village where we had breakfasted in the morning. It was now perfectly dark, when I saw a light burning in a cottage-window. "Ah!" I thought, "there is the inn, and there will I cook some coffee, and wait for my friends." When I reached the door, I was told the inn was a little further on, and as my steed seemed perfectly to know his way, which I must confess I could not even see, I threw the reins on his neck, and let him proceed at his own pace. Sometimes he trotted, sometimes cantered, and on, on he went, till I found that we were on the barren summit of a hill, whence it appeared that tracks were radiating off in every direction. Two ideas at that moment occurred to me; the first, that the horse might possibly be as ignorant of the road as I was; and secondly, I recollected having been told at Braga that there was a greater probability of encountering banditti in that neighbourhood than in any other part of the north of Portugal. I never however felt more perfectly unconcerned or contented in my life, and in a minute my confidence in the animal's sagacity was restored. He never stopped nor hesitated. I did not for a single moment attempt to guide him, merely keeping

the rein sufficiently short to aid him in case he should step on treacherous ground. For a whole league did we thus proceed, sometimes with precipices on one side or the other, and sometimes down steep descents, which appeared to me to lead into some dark chasm, till at last my good steed struck into a lane with high banks on each side; in passing through one part of which, where trees overhung the road, I could scarcely see even his head. At last I heard the sound of human voices: how sweet and clear they rung through the calm night-air! for they were those of young girls whose joyous laughter struck like music upon my ear. "Am I near St. Jeans, my pretty maidens?" I cried. Suddenly their laughter ceased. I repeated the question. "It is here! it is here!" cried several, and then they broke forth afresh with a merry peal, I fancy at the compliment I had thus paid at hazard. The moment I loosened the rein my horse trotted on, and suddenly bolting to the left, nearly knocked my head against a *ramada* which was over the door of the stable where he had been fed in the morning. Calling to the people of the estalagem to open the door, I gave him a good feed of Indian corn, which he so richly deserved at my hands, and sat down by his side till he had finished it. Then with the aid of the fat old landlady's two daughters, who were blowing up the fire, I prepared coffee for my friends, while I rested on a bench with my back against a heap of faggots, and entered into conversation with a variety of persons who came into the kitchen—the common room of the inn. More than an hour thus passed

before the party arrived, with an account of a variety of disasters; such as horse-shoes lost, missing the road, and missing me, of whom during the latter part of the way they could gain no tidings.

Some of them, almost knocked up, were for remaining the night here; but four beds only were to be seen, and those none of the cleanest; others were for pushing on; and the latter gained their point. We had, by Manoel's forethought, brought three torches; but those even of the very best sort could not last us one half of the distance, two very long leagues (from eight to ten miles). Having matches, we reserved them therefore till we should reach the descent of the Carvalho d'Este, and the precipices before we arrived there. The chief muleteer led, we following in single file, and our second man brought up the rear. It was most dreary work, for we could not see many yards on either side, yet in spite of the dangers of the path, we could scarcely keep our eyes open; and O'Shaughnessy declared he was unable at times to tell whether his horse was moving with his head or tail foremost. We had long passed the castle of Lanhozo when the first torch was lighted, but so dried had it been by the sun during the day that it rapidly burnt out. We luckily found a pool in which to moisten the others, or we should have soon been left in darkness on the mountain's summit. So long was our line that the single torch in the front only increased the difficulties both to horse and man in the rear; nor at times, when I was riding there, could I see even the person before me. The light, too,

increased my inclination to sleep: sometimes I thought it was the setting sun, next the rising moon—and again, the great light, the emblem which first bursts upon the amazed sight of the initiated in the Egyptian mysteries.

Suddenly, as we were passing a very narrow path with a steep precipice on our right, my drowsiness was banished completely, by a cry from one of the party, the man before me sharply pulling up his horse, "Good God!" he exclaimed, "he is over!" It was impossible to offer assistance—one horse could not pass the other without the risk of sharing our friend's fate. The horse of L—— had fallen with great force, his rider's legs were entangled in the stirrups—he gave one roll over towards the steep declivity—it was a moment of dreadful suspense! L—— providentially extricating himself scrambled up the bank, while his beast, with instinctive dread springing back, recovered his feet. Our friend again mounting, we rode on for some time without any further disaster, till after ascending for some distance a barren hill, our guides gave us the pleasing information that they had lost the way.

"The very spot where Manoel warned us we should be shot down like partridges if we ventured to pass it at night!" exclaimed one.

"He told us so because he knew we should most certainly venture in consequence," said another.

"Ay, and bought the torches to tempt us!" cried a third.

"Depend on it Manoel expects us to eat the supper he has provided, though I fear he will be dis-

appointed," observed a fourth. "I deem the chances are we shall spend the rest of the night on the mountain's brow; but do not mind, we have cigars: we are not *very* hungry, we can light a fire, and the heather will afford us clean couches. I have slept on it in a colder climate."

"But not with a white jacket only and thin trowsers on," cried the most desponding.

Our guides now tried to recover the way back, lighting, as we retrograded, piles of dry heather which had a fine appearance, blazing on every point in the neighbourhood. I was apprehensive that the flames would extend over the whole hill, but the universal *Não tem duvida*, assured me the muleteers thought differently. At last the right track was found, which led us to the very worst bit of road that I trust I may ever be compelled to descend on a dark night—I refer to that on the side of the Carvalho d'Este. L—— preferred walking, while his horse, whose knees were dreadfully cut, followed sagaciously in the rear alone, one of the muleteers being on foot, with a torch to light us at the worst spots. By setting fire to tufts of dry grass, those who followed were able to see the way clearly; and bad as the road unquestionably was, not a horse stumbled or appeared tired. Scarcely had we reached the bottom when our last torch expired, and for a long weary league, in almost Tartarian darkness, did we jog on till the lights of Braga cheered our sight. At the Dous Amigos a good supper, served by the active Manoel, renovated our strength, though it could not keep us awake; and

for my own part, I have a consciousness that I fell fast asleep at the table. It was now three o'clock. Thus three and twenty hours had passed since we left the inn, the whole of which time we were in the open air, and except a few minutes at breakfast and dinner, in violent exercise—riding, walking, and swimming. During the last hours the exercise we went through indeed was not violent, it must be owned, but the slow pace at which we were compelled to move was more fatiguing than a faster rate. For full fifteen hours we were on horseback, which also speaks well for the endurance of Carneiro's steeds; but the best advice I can give my friends is—not to do the same, if they can possibly avoid it.

NOTE.—Either sleep at Salamonde, where the inn is tolerable, or leave Braga very early, and go on to Montalegre.

SKETCH XI.



Bridge of Miserella.

Braga once more. Visit the Cathedral. The Praça dos Carvalhos. Collection of Roman Antiquities. The Hospital: its excellent Arrangements. Beautiful Elevation. Artists and Artisans. Recollections of Sir A. Wellesley in Portugal. Good Roads only required in order to develop the great natural Riches of this Province. Return to Oporto. Villa Nova de Familicão. Arrive at Oporto before dark.

"I HAVE a message for you, Senhores," said Manoel, when he first entered my brother's and my room in the morning. "It is rather late to give it, though. Two gentlemen called several times here yesterday evening, to see if you were returned, and to say that the Baroneza de Casal had a few friends at her house, where she would be happy to see you."

"And we were wandering like owls on the summit of the Carvalho d'Este!" exclaimed my brother with vexation.

We, who were the first of the party on foot, had scarcely finished breakfast, when Senhor João Borges called, and with his usual politeness offered to accompany us to the cathedral, and round the city; an invitation we were most happy to accept.

It was Sunday, and on entering the cathedral we encountered the Baroneza de Casal and her fair daughters coming from mass. The baron is one of the bravest officers in the service of Portugal; and having all his life been a stanch Constitutionalist, was compelled, when Dom Miguel ascended the throne, to fly to England. As Colonel Abreu during the constitutional war he bravely defended a fortress, in command of which he was placed, against a very superior force. His family and his wife were with him, and she, displaying true heroism, urged him, against the wishes of his officers, to hold out to the very last rather than surrender. He followed her advice, and the place was relieved. This lady, I am told, has accompanied him through several campaigns, and is as courageous in danger as he himself.

Leaving the cathedral, we first visited the Praça dos Carvalhos, a sort of public garden, formed by the camera of the city to contain the Roman remains discovered on the Gerez mountains. In the centre of the garden on a pedestal is a large circular slab, which must, I should suppose, have served the purpose of an altar in one of the high places. In regular

order about the garden are arranged numerous pillars of from five to six feet in height, with inscriptions on them deeply cut, and very perfect. From having been discovered on the *Via Romana*, which, as I have observed, runs along the summit of the Gerez mountains, they are supposed to have served the office of mile-stones; but what the antiquaries say on the subject, I do not know. Certain it is that the Romans must at one time have very thickly inhabited this part of the country, as their numerous architectural remains abundantly testify. In a lower part of the valley to the south of Braga the foundations of a town of considerable size have been discovered, the stones and bricks of which probably served to build that which stood on the site of the present city, and which in like manner has given way to more modern structures. Outside the Praça dos Carvalhos are many other columns, not yet set up; and I regret that I had not time to copy the inscriptions on them.

Our friend then led us to a praça of some size, at one end of which stands the hospital. To the right is the church of the Crucifixion, the front of which is curiously ornamented with all the emblems of that event, well cut in stone, of considerable size, and on the left is a large convent. On one side of the hospital is the church belonging to it, which we visited on account of a mosaic sarcophagus sent from Rome, and also to drop our contributions on behalf of that admirable institution into a box near the altar.

We then entered the hospital, which, as it should

be, is a building of the most simple style of architecture. Every useless piece of ornament on an edifice of that description I consider as being so much abstracted from the purposes of the charity, to feed the vanity of the townspeople or nation. The dispensary to the right of the entrance is a large room well furnished with the very best drugs. There are two principal physicians and four surgeons attached to the establishment, who are esteemed the most skilful in Portugal, where the study of medicine and surgery has been much attended to in late years, though formerly sadly neglected. The edifice is built round a quadrangle, with arcades on the two first stories, beneath which the patients may take air and exercise, sheltered from the sun and rain. The area is laid out with flower-beds, in the centre of which plays a clear fountain. The whole building, both the interior and the outside, is neatly white-washed, the wood work being picked out with various colours. We traversed several of the wards, which afford an example of neatness, cleanliness, and good arrangement, to any country. The beds run in a single row lengthways round the ward, each being separated from the other by a lath and plaster partition, while in the inside a passage runs the whole extent, to admit the attendants, and to allow of the freest possible circulation of air. Each compartment was furnished also with curtains, so as to form a separate chamber for every inmate. I was told that it contains generally from 150 to 200 patients; two-thirds of the necessary funds being supplied by voluntary contributions, the

smaller portion having been left by the founders of the charity. Since the abolition of the monastic orders, the contributions and bequests have very greatly increased; one benefit, at all events, arising from the suppression of those crying evils.

The air of Braga is certainly very pure, and the water also is said to possess most salubrious qualities, which, aided by the skill of the medical attendants, have worked cures considered elsewhere hopeless. At the end of one gallery we looked into a neatly laid out burial-ground. A large building is in the course of erection, joined by a covered way to the hospital, for the reception of patients of the upper ranks; the rooms in the main building appropriated for that purpose being found insufficient. This circumstance alone speaks for the high credit in which the institution is held.

Quitting the hospital, much pleased with our visit, we entered a broad street which led directly to the beautiful end of the cathedral of which I have before spoken. This must, in times long past, have been one of the aristocratical quarters of the city, from the number of ruinous palaces it contains, of the same date evidently as the cathedral itself.

Winding our way among the most shady streets, we then crossed the city to the north side, where, on the highest point of ground, stands a church, from which as lovely a prospect as any city in Portugal can boast is obtained. This building is placed in the centre of a circular terrace, which has a parapet-wall round it, with stone-seats beneath shady trees. The view

to the west extends over the city, and far down the smiling vale, with hills rising in the distance; to the south, looking down upon the Campo de Santa Anna in front and on the hill-side beyond it appeared the shrine of the Bom Jesus. To the east, directly below us, amid verdant gardens was a convent, now used as an asylum for female orphans; and further to our left, on the steep sides of the Carvalho d'Este, was situated a large building belonging formerly to the Jesuits in their days of power, now the property of a gentlemen of Braga. The immense thickness of the walls, and the long airy corridors and arcades, make it a delightfully cool summer-residence, though the small cells and vast halls are not calculated for the reception of a family. Behind us was a rocky and wood-covered mound, the most western spur as it were of the Gerez mountains.

At the foot of this beautiful hill it is in contemplation to form a public walk and drive, where a band of music will play in the evening, as an attraction to unite the people in one focus; and I doubt not, from what I saw of the enterprise and public spirit of the gentlemen of Braga, that this laudable purpose will ere long be effected.

We here parted from our kind friend, who we saw was overcome with the heat and his exertions in our service, and returning to our hotel, found the rest of the party still at breakfast. They all then adjourned to my room, the coolest in the house, where, collecting the chairs from other rooms, and throwing ourselves on them and on the beds, we spent the hottest hours

of the day in smoking our cigars and talking over our past adventures, till the cool evening air tempted us again to sally forth.

We soon wandered to the Monte, the lovely spot above described, where we found a few groups of people, and among them, to our great pleasure, one of the kind and attentive friends to whom I had been introduced. In the course of conversation he made the following observations, on the correctness of which, as corroborated by the natives of other places, I can entirely rely. "I do not speak of the higher orders; they differ but little from each other in any country," he observed; "but of the second rank, for instance. It is said a native of Braga is always known at Coimbra, among other students, for the quickness of his parts, and for his application; he generally carrying away all the honours. We have two sculptors in the city, whose juvenile productions gave promise of the highest excellence; but, alas! here they have no models from which to study, and the expense of sending them to Italy is so great that no one is able to afford it."

"Then let them be sent at the expense of the city!" I exclaimed: "they will bring you honour in return."

"You know what town-councils are," he answered, shaking his head and smiling as he continued: "You hear that piano being struck. Now the girls who are playing are my tailor's daughters: they play very well, as also do many of their rank." Not only were the tailor's daughters performing well, but their piano was

a very fine one. "I know not if that piano was made here," he continued; "but a native of Braga has manufactured several very good ones: he was a self-taught artizan, and with one model only before him, by several ingenious contrivances he brought his work to perfection. We have painters also with considerable talent, but without the works of the great masters before them what can you expect?"

I then spoke of our visit to Salamonde. "Ah! well do I remember that time!" he exclaimed with enthusiasm, seizing my arm; "I was a boy then. I recollect seeing the first two soldiers of the British army who entered the city. They were two dragoons with carbines in their hands, who rode up that street without uttering a word to any one, and then halted like two statues. Soon afterward others followed, and then the whole of that gallant host appeared. I cannot express to you the joy of our hearts—the enthusiasm with which your countrymen were received. Had a god descended on earth, he could not have been welcomed with more delight. My father, who spoke English perfectly, had received notice that Sir Arthur Wellesley would take up his quarters in his house, and dinner was prepared accordingly. It was towards the evening, and I was with my father, when an officer, wrapped in a large cloak, entered the saloon, and told him that he was come to remain there. 'I regret,' said my father, 'that I cannot give you the best accommodation my house affords, as the general is coming here himself.' 'I am the general,' said the officer; and for the first time I saw your great duke.

Throwing off his cloak, and an orderly bringing in a case of maps, he desired my father to accompany him into an inner room, and there for two hours did they sit looking over them, while my father was describing the country. During all this time was dinner waiting; but not a particle of food would the general touch till he had formed his plans. The following morning the army again marched in pursuit of the robber-troops of the French general, and had it not been for the sad neglect in not destroying the bridges of the Saltador and the Miserella, not a man of them would have escaped. Ah! those were stirring times."

I am sorry that I made no further notes of my friend's most interesting conversation, and I hope he will not blame me for publishing thus much. He accompanied us to our hotel, where he bade us farewell; and I had to regret having missed seeing other friends who had called during our absence.

On the following morning some of the party were to extend their tour through Ponte de Lima and Viana, while I was compelled to go back by the direct road to Oporto, intending to return to Braga without delay, and finish the round.

The improvement of the roads had been a never-failing subject of conversation with all the gentlemen I met, and every one agreed that such was most essential to the welfare of the country. The advice I hazarded was this: "Bend all your energies to that one point. Do not build a single house or other edifice, do not lay out public gardens or walks, or think even of

purchasing carriages or horses or fine clothes, till you have formed well drained and macadamized roads between all the principal towns, and through all the most fertile districts where there is no water-conveyance in the province. The roads are your implements of trade; and a carpenter, however clever he may be, might as well hope to perform good work with blunt tools, as you, though your province is thus fertile, to become wealthy without an outlet for your produce. You, more than the inhabitants of any other province of Portugal, are interested in entering into commercial arrangements on the most liberal principles with England. They will take your fruit, your oil, and your wine, and indeed nearly all the productions of your country. The distance to the sea is short, and if the roads are good, and the surplus of your district can be conveyed there at slight cost, you must become wealthy, and then you may build palaces, and lay out gardens and public walks, have fine steeds and equipages; indeed, your province will once more become what it was called in the time of the Romans—*the garden of the world.* The Cavado also will justly regain its ancient name of the water of oblivion; for those who visit you, forgetful of all former ties, will be unable to tear themselves away from the attractions you will have to offer.

"The true interest of England is to see you and the whole of Portugal wealthy, happy, and powerful; for the more you become so, the better able will you be to consume her manufactures in time of peace, and aid her in time of war. Nor can she forget that

while the boastful Spaniards fled before the Gallic foe, the Lusitanian legions charged ever bravely, breast to breast, with their British allies. Our secret foes know your worth, and are now endeavouring to win you to their side; and deeply do I regret that our government does not make more strenuous efforts to retain your friendship. I am not flattering you, Senhor; I speak what I know and feel to be truth."

The gentleman to whom I was speaking warmly pressing my hand, paid me a compliment of which I was proud, saying, "I wish all your countrymen thought and spoke as you do; we should all be better friends than we are; but I assure you, never have I heard any one express such just sentiments."

"The truth is," I answered, "enlightened as the civilized nations of the world fancy themselves, they are yet absurdly ignorant of their true interests. They follow the system of doing as little good as possible to each other in time of peace, and as much harm in time of war, instead of benefiting each other as much as they are able in time of peace, and doing as little injury in time of war. They have not yet learned, *that by the freest possible exchange of each other's productions they can, one and all, become wealthy and prosperous in exactly the same, and to the greatest degree, not only without the least injury to each other, but to the very greatest advantage.*"

"*E verdade, e verdade!*"—it is the truth, it is the truth, said the gentleman; and our conversation was interrupted.

I much regret not having been able to go round

by Ponte de Lima and Viana to Oporto. My friends described the road as very beautiful; indeed, so does everybody. After crossing the Cavado it is hilly and wild for nearly all the distance to Ponte de Lima; a small town possessing in itself no great attractions except a very fair inn. From the latter place one may proceed down the Lima to Viana by water, or on horseback along the banks of the river, for a great portion of the way beneath the shade of wide-spreading trees, with gentlemen's houses, and well laid out grounds sloping down to the water, forming a combination of natural beauties and high cultivation rarely to be met with in Portugal. The Cavado, I understand, affords on a smaller scale the same style of lovely scenery. At Viana they received an invitation to a large ball, given by the military governor, and appeared as much enraptured with the beauty of the ladies as we had been at Braga. Spending the next morning at Viana they slept four leagues off at Barcellos, whence it is an easy day's journey to Oporto.

Our two parties started from Braga at the same time, at nine o'clock. The road for some distance is broad, and was once good, but has been completely destroyed; though it will afford less labour to renew than some we afterwards passed over. The scenery was very beautiful, consisting of rich valleys and wood-crowned hills; those we traversed being of no great elevation, and mostly composed of gravel. The drive from Oporto to Braga next year, when the road is completed, will be well worth a visit to Portugal.

Amid a pine-grove on a hill-side we found a cattle-fair being held. Booths for cakes, a little earthen-ware, and coarse cloth, were erected; and casks of wine were being broached on the carts which brought them there. All was order and propriety; indeed, so engrossed did the farmers appear in their business, that they took scarcely any notice of our riding among them.

On the brow of a hill, whence a beautiful view of the country to the right below us was obtained, we passed a church of considerable size, standing on an open space, and surrounded by a grove of trees. Among the trees were about eight or a dozen large mounds, painted white, like gigantic ant-hills. I asked some people for what they were intended, when they told me that they were ovens, and that a large *Romaria*, an annual festival in honour of some saint, was held at this place, and that these ovens were built that the people might bake their bread, as they remained here several days.

At about half way from Braga to Oporto we entered the town of Villa Nova de Familicão, the only place of any size on the road. It contains a prison, a praça, and two or three streets, and an estalagem, with one of the neatest sitting-rooms and two bed-rooms adjoining I have ever seen in Portugal. We dined here, and waited for some hours during the heat of the day. I again distanced my companions, having ridden on slowly a little before them; and when getting on the new road along which workmen were employed for several miles, an easy trot

brought me before dark into Oporto. There dressing and dining, I repaired to meet some friends at the Opera. Thus ended one of the most pleasant excursions I ever made.

I shall now continue my Sketches of Oporto and its neighbourhood, with which I hope my readers may be interested.

SKETCH XII.

Retrospect of Monasticism in Portugal. Unpopularity of the Monks. Political Sermons. Churches and Convents of Oporto. The Serra Convent: occupied as a Military Post: its consequent Destruction. Various other Convents and Nunneries. Different orders of Monks and Friars. Unprincipled Conduct of a Prior of the Carmelites. Atrocious Plot to fire the Convents where the Constitutional Troops were quartered. The Cathedral of Oporto. Nossa Senhora da Lapa. Ancient Church of the Cedofeita. Legend of its Foundation. Church of the Clerigos—the Misericordia, &c.

THE whole of this Sketch is devoted to the monasteries and churches of Oporto; but let not my readers, on that account, omit its perusal, for it may perchance prove more amusing than any of the preceding ones.

There were, before the siege of Oporto, no fewer than twenty-four monastic establishments in Oporto and Villa Nova, though here they at no time flourished in the rich luxuriance to which they attained in other parts of the kingdom; which may give one a tolerable idea of the vast number scattered over the country. Not a town, scarcely a village, was without one or more in the neighbourhood; and now, although hardly fourteen years have passed away since, in perfect security, they dreamed not of destruction, where are they? Strong and vast as were those proud edifices of the monks, they are now masses of blackened stones or deserted ruins, in whose wide halls, where once resounded the ringing laugh of the jovial friar at his bountiful repast, now flit the screeching owl and the gloom-loving bat; and as to the former inhabitants—who can tell what has

become of them? Wanderers and outcasts, they starve where once they feasted, or lawless brigands, they plunder where, a short time since, as lords they gave in charity. Many have long since sunk under the hardships they were driven to endure, and others still subsist at the houses of the religious and charitable of their party, though perhaps their hosts have themselves but a pittance on which to exist.

Do I rejoice at this? indeed, I do not. I rejoice that tyrannical superstition and gross imposition—that institutions pervaded with more error and abuse than any which have oppressed a nation—have received a blow from which they cannot recover; but all must lament that men, many of whom, it is but right to suppose, were blameless and virtuous, should have been driven forth in their old age from their homes, and sent to wander like outcasts about the world. I believe, notwithstanding, that the only efficacious way of proceeding was to cut away root and branch of the noxious tree which overspread the land; for had a single germ been allowed to remain, like the hundred-headed hydra, it would again have sprung up, flourishing with tenfold vigour, and destroying in its turn all who attacked it. Yes—I feel for the unfortunate monks as I wander over those habitations which know them no more, and as a painter and a poet I mourn for the loss of much that was romantic and picturesque in the country. No longer are they to be seen, as once, in every part of the city with shaven crowns, coarse loose robes, and cowl thrown back, their waists bound with knotted cords, and with

sandalled feet; or as the more dignified Cruzes, with hats of vast proportions, sleek countenances, dark flowing robes, and mounted on their ambling mules.

Now, if they appear at all, it is in some strange layman's costume; and I have seen a jovial-looking character, whom I knew to be a monk, in top-boots and leather-breeches, a gay waistcoat and green coat, with his hat set rakishly on one side, and a neckcloth that might be envied by a Newmarket dandy. It was at a time when, had he been recognized by the mob, he would have run the risk of insult and revilings, if not of actual injury. A short time before, during the stirring period of the revolution, I remember a volunteer boasting of how many friars he had shot during the war, and that his hands were that day red with the blood of another. He might or might not have been speaking the truth, for he was a *Valenton*, a low ruffianly braggadocio; at all events, his listeners applauded him; and thus the spirit of animosity they felt was sufficiently evinced against those very friars whom a short time before they had considered as holy men.

It is not surprising that the inhabitants of Oporto should have experienced such feelings; for during every attack on the city the monks were foremost in the ranks of the foe, habited in their robes, with crucifixes in their hands, encouraging the assailants. Though the greater number espoused the side of Dom Miguel, there were many of liberal principles who joined the constitutional party, and exhibited their attachment to it both with their pens and their swords.

I have before me a curious sermon preached by an advocate of absolutism, Fra José de Lima, in Oporto, on the 28th of February, 1828, on the felicitous return to his country of his royal highness Dom Miguel. In an address he presents this printed sermon to the prince, observing, "Not only, Senhor, do I offer this work, but I offer my life to be expended in ever defending the innocence of your royal highness." The sermon is a most able address to the populace, intended to prove the innocence of Dom Miguel, his right to the throne, and to stir them up against all his opponents. It compares that prince to the innocent son of Rachel—the young Joseph—and his enemies to the other sons of Jacob, who sold their brother into Egypt, because they envied him for his goodness. An admirable political sermon it undoubtedly is, in spite of a considerable mixture of blasphemy, and the most impudent falsehoods—a fair specimen of those delivered in Ireland by the collectors of Dan O'Connel's rent.

I have also another sermon preached in the cathedral of Oporto, by a priest of the liberal party, on the establishment of the Constitution of 1820. The text is well chosen: "*Our earth is covered with glory: for righteousness and peace have kissed each other.*" He very ably proves that representative governments are most pleasing in the sight of God, for that Jesus Christ instituted no other. "Yes, my brethren," he observes, "in the Church of Christ there is no absolute monarchy: the government which he established and transmitted to the apostles was the representative, and that alone we ought to follow."

Each preacher quotes scripture abundantly to prove his cause, although the most diametrically opposite to the other, the only right one; and I doubt not both succeeded to their satisfaction; though certainly, in my opinion, the advocate of liberty has very far the best of the argument. The difference is, that he was publishing the truth—the other a falsehood. The constitutional sermon has indeed some very fine passages, though a few, like the one above, may cause a smile on the lips of some of his readers, and the laugh of scorn from others.

Those who knew the country a few years ago, and who in their journeys through it ever met with a hearty welcome from the good-natured friars at their hospitable boards, would miss them much; and those who would wish to see them as they are described in old romances, must now resort to Italy, where alone is to be found the sandalled, hooded monk, as we picture him to ourselves. Even thence, in a few years, if I mistake not, they will be driven forth, and will be known in history as a class of people who were, but are no longer. The Portuguese friar was a being far different from the vindictive, fierce Italian, or saturnine Spaniard. He partook of the character of his country: he was not so highly educated, he had his pride and passion; but then he was a good-natured, jovial, laughing being, fond of conversation, a merry story, not over-delicate withal, and a savoury dish; and truly, I believe, that if he did not add much to the cause of religion, he was guilty of fewer sins than his more stiff-necked brethren in other lands.

They were not blameless, certainly; yet drones though they have most justly been styled, and with all their faults, I liked the worthy friars. They have served to fill an interesting page in the history of the human race, and are now floating gently down the stream of time, with many other strange things which have played their parts in the world. *Pax vobiscum*, Fra Antonio, Fra Jozè, and Fra Manoel; for no longer may your lips utter those words of Christian salutation, as ye enter either the proud palace or the humble cot. *Adeos, meus amigos!*—farewell, my friends, *adeos!*

One of the largest and most wealthy convents was that of the Serra, so called from being situated on the summit of some lofty cliffs overlooking the river on the southern bank. It contained twenty-eight monks, canons of the order of Saint Augustin, called *Frades Cruzes;* none but men of noble rank being admitted into the brotherhood. Their revenues amounted to about four thousand a year, exclusive of many other gains. The monks appeared in the streets always on mules, and their robes, of the best materials, were clean, and put on with a certain air which shewed them to be the clerical dandies of the place. Though not esteemed for the depth of their knowledge, or extraordinary talents, their aim was to shine in conversation, and they delighted to indulge in wit and satirical observations on the rest of the world.

The church of the Serra is a round solid structure, with a domed roof, built after that of the Santa Maria di Roma, called the Redonda, and was richly orna-

mented. The cloisters are of the same shape, and the dormitories are beneath the roof of a low building of great length extending towards the east. The gardens were extensive, with terraces, statues, fish-ponds, flower-beds full of sweet-smelling plants, and surrounded by trees. A lofty aqueduct of considerable extent on arches brought the purest water to it from the neighbouring mountains. Indeed, the noble friars enjoyed the sweets of life, with few of its toils: they eat, drank, and grew fat—so fat that it was truly a pleasure to behold three or four of them walking arm in arm along one of their terraces—for their walks were made broad on purpose. One felt as one looked at their fine portly and dignified figures, their robes well filled out like the bulging sail of a ship before a steady breeze, that the food they had eaten and the wine they had drunken had truly benefited them, forming a pleasing contrast to those ungrateful wretches who feed hugely, and yet grow not the fatter.

The year which gave liberty to Portugal brought destruction to these honest gentlemen.

Some time elapsed after the entrance of Dom Pedro and his little army into Oporto, before, at the earnest recommendation of Colonel Hare and Colonel Badcock, the Serra was occupied as a military post. Then, like the unhappy Bobadil departing from his beloved Alhambra, the last friar sighed as he passed through its portals—no more to return! The trees of the surrounding wood were ruthlessly cut down to form palisadoes, and to prevent the enemy having a place of shelter behind them, the walls were levelled,

rough entrenchments took the place of the broad terraces, the neat walks, the ponds, and flower-beds. The once peaceful garden, the abode of contentment and ease, became the scene of the most desperate and bloody encounters, and now, a straggling rose-bush, or a broken column just peeping above the earth, alone remain—sad epitomes of the richly-cultivated and highly-ornamented quinta which formerly stood there!

The strenuous endeavours made by the Miguelite army to gain possession of the Serra, proved the importance they attached to it as a military post; indeed, had it not been occupied in the first place, or had they succeeded in capturing it, the fall of the city, completely overlooked as it is by this convent, must have been inevitable. It was most gallantly defended by Col. Torres and Major Bravo commanding the Queen's Volunteers, aided, whenever any important movement took place, by troops passed over from the city. During the first attack the enemy succeeded in gaining the threshing-floor in the farm-yard on the east side of the convent, when a desperate charge made by the commandant and his lieutenant drove them back again. After that time the entrenchments were much increased in strength, and were never again passed.

The spot is now one of utter desolation and disorder. The church was so showered on by shot and shell, that not a part remains free from their marks; a large aperture appearing in the domed roof through which entered a shot from a gun of vast size yclept João Paolo. The walls are shattered, and the dor-

mitories, the spacious passages, the refectories and kitchen, are exposed to the rains of heaven. The new road to Lisbon, now in active progress further on, is to lead round with a gradual ascent beneath the Serra; and I hope then to see the site of that ruin occupied by some useful and ornamental edifice.

Most of the other convents in Oporto are either pulled down, or occupied in some useful manner. The greater part of that of St. Domingos, the most ancient convent in the city, has been pulled down; a fine broad street leading from the foot of the Bello Monte, over the spot where it stood, to the Rua Nova. The remainder is now employed as a bank and storehouse.

The friars were one and all stanch advocates of absolutism; and what made them still more hated and feared was, that beneath their convent were, it is said, vaults intended for a branch of the Inquisition, an institution they were anxious to re-establish. The convent of St. Domingos was founded in A. D. 1239, and contained forty friars.

At the foot of the new street is the former convent of St. Francisco, founded 1241: it contained eighty friars, who went barefooted, and employed themselves in begging, whereby we may estimate the service they were to society. It was reduced almost to ruins by fire during the siege, but is now undergoing extensive alterations, to serve as an exchange. The church of St. Francisco has been lately repaired, and service is performed in it. The roof is richly carved and covered with gilding, so that it has a handsome appearance, and is well worthy of a visit.

The convent of St. Bento, inhabited by Benedictine monks, forty in number, was decidedly the handsomest in the city. It stands next to the prison, and is now employed as a barrack, though mass is still performed with military music in the church attached to it. It is said to have been built on the site of a synagogue, destroyed by the same gross bigotry which banished thousands of its most useful and enterprising inhabitants from the kingdom. The following Latin verses over the entrance refer to the circumstance of its foundation:—

Quæ fuerat sedes tenebrarum est regia solis,
Expulsis tenebris Sol Benedictus ovat.

The convent of St. Antonio da Porta dos Carros contained fifty friars, and also possessed halls where lectures were delivered on rhetoric, philosophy, and theology; but, what was valued far more than human learning, which the wisest must consider but as vanity, its church contained, among other valuable relics, the ashes of St. Severino, St. Eugenio, and the holy martyr St. Clement, deposited in three urns! It is impossible to describe the miracles these invaluable remains have worked; indeed, I must confess myself not very learned in their history, nor am I quite confident that they were not carried off when the monks took to flight. They were unwilling to leave such precious relics behind them—*for the urns were of silver!*

There were numerous other convents of monks, numbering twelve in all, and if we reckon fifty professed members of each, there must have been six hundred friars, and twice that number of lay brothers

and servants in Oporto alone. Twelve hundred perfectly useless members of society! and I suspect that is much below the correct amount.

The number of nunneries was about the same, some of which still exist, others have been converted into military storehouses, like that of Monchique near the river. It was founded in A.D. 1575, by Donna Beatriz Vilhena, to whom the mansion belonged; but on her husband's death, having no children, she took the veil, and converting it into a convent, got it dedicated to the *Madre de Deos*—the Mother of God. The convent of Santa Clara on a height overlooking the river near the Batalha was the wealthiest, the largest, and most ancient in the city, containing three hundred inhabitants. None but daughters of noble families were received into the body of this community, as appears to have been the rule of all the convents of that name. They belonged to the strict order of St. Francis. A few still remain to drag out a sad existence, one by one dropping off, with, thank Heaven! no young fresh faces to keep them company. The church is richly gilt, and at one time contained many valuable ornaments, but they have long since disappeared. Their garden is bounded by the old wall of the city, one of its towers serving them as a summer-house, whence they can enjoy a most lovely view both up and down the river*.

The convent of Ave Maria, commonly called St. Bento, at the end of the Rua das Flores, is still

* See a description of it in *The Prime Minister*.

inhabited by a few nuns, advanced in years, who are celebrated for the very delicious sweetmeats they manufacture, as much as for the size of their convent, and the richness of their church. It was founded, in 1580, by the renowned king Dom Manoel.

Not to enumerate any more, there must at one time, no doubt, have been as many nuns as monks in the city.

The financial departments of almost all the nunneries throughout Portugal are in a very deplorable condition; and some time ago I heard of several in which the poor women were reduced to a state of absolute starvation, their allowances not being paid, and all their revenues being alienated.

The different orders of friars were supposed to be distinguished from each other by certain characteristics. The Cruzes, canons of St. Augustin, I have described as wealthy and aristocratic, although their internal constitution was on the republican principle. The most civilized in society, they were far from being learned, and though not coarse profligates, husbands with jealous dispositions were unwilling to leave them too much in the company of their spouses.

The Benedictines, on the contrary, prized culture of the intellect above the gratification of the sense. Their almost emaciated figures, and the ascetic cast of their countenances, shewed that they lived up to their rules, and the quick penetrating glances of their eyes proved that they were well able to read the characters of those with whom they conversed. They also

possessed ample funds, which prevented their resorting to mean devices in order to increase their revenues; and they were consequently more respected than any of the other orders.

The Loyos were few in number, and wealthy. Their dress of blue cloth they wore tastefully disposed, and always aimed at being considered as belonging to the aristocracy of the Friarchy.

The Congregados, like the Benedictines, were highly educated, but they were long regarded with suspicion, as being similar in their system to the Jesuits, who, since they were banished by Pombal, have been looked upon with the greatest dislike by the Portuguese. The college once belonging to this latter order is near the cathedral, and has one of the finest churches in Oporto attached to it.

The Franciscans were a mendicant body, hard-working in their vocation, or, in other words, most determined beggars, tolerably well informed, and much addicted to jocose conversation, by means of which, and the employment of the most persuasive eloquence, equalled only by Sam Slick's 'soft sawder,' they contrived to collect an abundant supply of the good things of this life.

The Bernardines were the acknowledged jesters of the monkish body, and though confessedly weak, ignorant, and foolish, their wealth procured them an entrance into all society, of which they were ever willing to become the butts. They were celebrated for their mistakes and amusing stories, though more were told of them by others than they themselves

related. Take them all in all, a most useful set of gentlemen were the good friars of St. Bernardo.

Then there were the Capuchins, the poorest of all the orders, generally low blackguards, having propensities somewhat allied to those of Friar Tuck—dealers in charms and relics, such as pigs' bones scraped clean, and passed off to the pious and credulous as those of some holy saint.

But of all the orders, the Carmelites were regarded in Oporto with the most universal dislike, from a circumstance I am about to relate. They were mendicants, wearing a dark gown, a drab hood and cape, with sandalled feet. This order was also extremely bigoted, ever intriguing in families to gain some advantage for themselves, and unscrupulous as to the means they employed. Their convent is now converted into a barrack for the municipal guard—far more useful members of society, and their church is the most fashionably attended of any in the city.

The following account is so well authenticated, that I have not the slightest doubt of its truth, and it exhibits the character of the men in their real colours. In the year 1812, when Oporto was occupied by a considerable body of troops, the strictest discipline having been introduced into the army by Lord Beresford, a Portuguese regiment was quartered in the convent of the Carmo. They had not been there long, when the prior repaired to the general, indignantly complaining that a sacrilege had been committed in his church by some of the soldiers, for that many of the most precious precious gold and silver orna-

ments had been stolen. The general, determining to make an example, to prevent the recurrence of such acts, called out the regiment, and insisted on the culprits being delivered up immediately, on pain of those being decimated who had been quartered in the convent. The soldiers protested that they were innocent, and unable to discover any who had been guilty of the alleged deed. The general was inexorable; the pious and hospitable monks were to be protected, and several unfortunate men were drawn to suffer death on the following day. That evening, while the general was seated alone, a monk desired permission to speak with him on an important affair. The general ordered the stranger to be admitted, when a young monk, in the lay habit of the barefooted Carmelites, made his appearance. In a hurried tone of voice, entreating the general not to betray him, he said that he had with difficulty escaped from the convent, for that, though at the risk of his life, his conscience would not permit him to allow a foul murder to be committed which he might prevent. He then declared solemnly that the soldiers were guiltless of the accusations brought against them; for that the prior, wishing to get them out of the convent, had himself taken away the ornaments, and concealed them in the strong box of the convent, where, if it was searched, they would be found. The general promised not to betray the young friar, at the same time recommending him to hasten back to the convent, and to keep his own counsel.

The next morning the prior was somewhat startled by a visit from the colonel of the regiment, accompa-

nied by some of the civil authorities, who requested him to allow them to inspect his treasury; a favour he was unable to refuse, and there, beyond all question, the missing property was found. The prior exhibited as much surprise as the rest of the party, stoutly affirming that their patron saint had worked a miracle in favour of the convent, and transported thither the holy cups and jewels out of the hands of the sacrilegious robbers. His version of the circumstance was received as authentic by the spiritual authorities of the country, so he escaped without punishment from them. Indeed, he certainly deserved credit for his very clever explanation of the occurrence; however, he had, by order of the general, twice the number of men quartered on him as at first, and of course the condemned men were liberated. While the army remained the conscientious young friar made his appearance several times, to convince the general that he had not been detected; but at length he disappeared, nor were any inquiries instituted concerning him.

Years passed away, the prior grew old, new ideas and new wishes were springing up, liberty began to dawn on the land, and at last the revolution of 1820 took place. Then it was that the first blow was given to the monkish institutions in Portugal.

As eight years before a lay brother of the Carmelite convent had presented himself to the general, so did one now to the governor of the city. He said that he was the gardener, and that, in the course of following his occupation, he had been attracted to a certain spot by groans which seemed to issue out of

the earth; that on examination he discovered they proceeded from a vault beneath part of the convent, and that having found means of communicating with the person from whom they proceeded, he found he was the identical lay brother who had given information respecting the holy fraud committed by the prior. The chief of police, with numerous attendants, immediately repaired to the spot the gardener pointed out, and forcing open the door of the dungeon, they beheld a poor emaciated wretch, his beard reaching to his waist, his locks tangled, and clothed in rags.

He then gave a full account of the whole affair, and was removed in a litter to a place of safety, the honest gardener taking good care to keep clear of the holy friars. They, it seems, could not be punished—at all events were not; though the story becoming generally known in the city, they were scouted wherever they appeared, nor would anybody longer confess at their church.

During the usurpation of Miguel they recovered their influence among his party, being the terror of the Constitutionalists, whose confessions they were suspected of betraying; and it was not till twelve more years had passed that they were finally—and I trust for ever—driven from the land.

That the friars fought, and desperately too, for the cause of Dom Miguel, there are abundant instances to prove. Colonel Hodges, in his account of the expedition to Portugal in 1832, when describing the first engagement between the troops under his command, and the Miguelite forces, says, "Among the

casualties on the Miguelist side produced by this encounter there were seven friars killed. These active members of the church militant had muskets in their hands, were armed likewise with stilettos, and were heavily laden with ammunition. Two of these infatuated beings were in the first instance saved through my interference, and made prisoners. Whilst in the rear they attempted to escape, and treacherously fired on our troops. They were presently retaken, and shot upon the spot. One of these wretches, as I afterwards heard, had been the murderer of a drummer-boy belonging to the British battalion."

The gallant colonel also narrates another story which is perfectly true, as respects the convent of St. Francisco, though he applies it to St. Domingos. A most diabolical plot was formed to destroy the emperor, which he thus records:—"All the convents in which the troops, worn out by the exertion of two harassing days, and therefore the more profoundly buried in sleep, were quartered, were to have been fired simultaneously at two o'clock in the morning, while the emperor, from his known activity, would, as it was anticipated, have mingled in the crowd to assist in arresting the flames. It was conceived, that in such a situation his assassination would have been easily accomplished; and this pious office was undertaken by a Capuchin friar, a man as well known for his profligate habits as for his utter disregard of personal danger.

"Most providentially, it rarely happens that such villanous projects, which depend upon an accurate

combination of means, turn out successful. And so it proved in this instance. At one o'clock in the morning of the 25th, and therefore one hour before the time appointed, the convent of St. Francisco, directly behind the Rua Nova dos Inglezes, and in the most populous part of the city, appeared on fire. In this convent were quartered the fifth Caçadores. The flames broke out in three several places, before the men were aware of their danger: but the alarm in the town became general. The alarm-bells were rung, and in the general noise and uproar they were aroused from their sleep, and happily escaped with the loss of only three of their comrades and the colours of the regiment. It was immediately evident that the convent was designedly fired, and in the midst of the confusion three friars were seen cautiously gliding out from the convent, and attempting to mix with the crowd. They were seized by the soldiers, and one of them fell an instant sacrifice to their just vengeance. The other two were imprisoned; but most unaccountably, in spite of the strongest evidence of their guilt, they were never brought to trial. The men had hardly escaped when the roof fell in with a frightful crash, a very short time after the first appearance of the flames."

I have given these accounts not for the sake of blackening the character of the departed brotherhood, but to shew that the Constitutionalists had good reason to treat them with but little leniency, *and also to prove the danger of allowing a body to exist in the state, who hold the doctrine, that crime is justified*

if good may come of it. Many of these misguided men doubtless thought they were performing their duty in fighting for a prince who professed to defend the cause of religion; the greater number sided with him because he promised to protect their orders from all innovation on their privileges. But let them rest: they are dispersed, never more, I trust, to reunite, unless they find some snug corner in enlightened England, whence they may issue forth to preach a crusade against freedom and education. The Jesuits, however, have there preoccupied the ground, and will take care that their old antagonists do not dispute it with them.

Of the nuns I will say little. I believe they have been "more sinned against than sinning." A few years more, and they too will disappear. Many are noble ladies of irreproachable conduct, who, if not induced by a religious enthusiasm to assume the veil, have ever performed the duties imposed on them, and though not bearing the title of *Sœurs de la Charité*, have rivalled their sisters in deeds of mercy.

Oporto is full of churches, most of them of a style of architecture peculiar to Portugal—large, strong, and magnificent buildings; but, as Murphy observes, totally devoid of everything that constitutes scientific architecture: theirs is of a species between the Teutonic and Tuscan. The materials of which they are formed are excellent, and the masonry part not without merit.

The cathedral is of great antiquity having been rebuilt by Count Henry, father of Alfonso I. It stands on the summit of a hill, with a flight of steps

leading to it, as also a steep winding road. The roof is supported by columns of a reddish tint, which are very picturesque. The scallop-shells for holy water at the entrance are elegant, and it boasts of a silver shrine of great value. Near it is the bishop's palace; the entrance-hall to which is one of the handsomest in the country, and decorated in a very rich style.

Nossa Senhora da Lapa is one of the finest churches in the city; and standing on a commanding height, it is a conspicuous object far out to sea. From a broad open space in front a noble wide flight of steps leads up to its principal entrance, the façade being of finely-hewn stone, supported by Corinthian pillars. The interior is in a simple and handsome taste, of the same material. It contains in a stone sarcophagus the heart of the heroic Dom Pedro, which he left to the city as a remembrance of the gallant manner in which the inhabitants fought for his daughter, and from a confidence that there it would ever be surrounded by freemen. A mass is here performed on the 24th of September, the anniversary of his death, and is an imposing and interesting service.

The most ancient church in Oporto is a small Gothic building to the north of the city, called the Cedofeita. It was founded by Theodomiro, king of the Suevi, in the year 559; who being with his son Ariamiro converted to Christianity, of the Arian church, they were there baptized.

The cause of the king's conversion was, of course, miraculous, as the story relates. He had a daughter, a very lovely maiden, who was seized with a malig-

nant distemper, which the art of none of the professors of healing in his court could conquer. St. Martin, I believe, or some other holy father of the church, was fortunately on a journey to gain proselytes. Travelling that way, and hearing of the circumstance, he repaired to the palace of the sovereign. King Theodomiro taking him for a disciple of Esculapius, ordered him instantly to exert his talents in curing his daughter. "I work not by such means, O king!" answered the saint; "but if my prayers and fasting will avail, they shall not be wanting." It appears that the prayers and penances of the holy man had not the desired effect, as the invalid was nothing benefited by them; so, as a last resource, he proposed a pilgrimage to Rome. The king himself was unable to go, nor could his daughter be removed; but he sent an ambassador with rich presents in the saint's company to the pope. A short time only had the envoys departed, when, to the surprise of all the court, the maiden recovered suddenly from her malady; and it was afterwards discovered that this happy event coincided with the very day on which the presents were laid before the feet of his holiness. The king, in gratitude, built a church which he named, from this felicitous incident, *Cedofeita*, which may be interpreted, *Quickly done;* and from it a whole parish has taken its name, and also one of the longest streets in Oporto.

The tower of the church is a solid mass of masonry, of a flint-coloured stone, with two arches on the summit for bells. The whole building is of the same descrip-

tion of material. A lamb is rudely chiselled out on the key-stone of the arched doorway forming the principal entrance, which shews how slightly advanced the fine arts were in the country in those days.

The church of the Clerigos, built in 1748, has the highest tower in Portugal attached to it, and under the same roof is an hospital for poor clergymen. The façade, with steps and balustrades before it, would look well from the street, were not the building crooked, and narrowing off towards the tower.

The church of the Misericordia, in the Rua das Flores, is a handsome building, and the institution to which it belongs the most useful and charitable in the city. In another place I have given a full account of this society of Mercy.

It would tire my readers, were I to particularize all the sacred edifices in Oporto. Besides several large parish-churches, there were, a short time ago, no fewer than eighty others, many of large size, belonging to convents, others to private houses, and some few independent, within the boundaries of the city. Thus, if the inhabitants were not religious, it was not for want of temples of worship.

SKETCH XIII.

Improved Roads in the Environs of Oporto. Consequent advance of Taste among the People. St. João da Foz, a favourite Summer Resort. Facilities for Bathing. Macadamized Roads. Matozinhos. Its Church. Marvellous Story concerning an Image contained in it. Mindello, the Landing-place of the Liberating Army under Dom Pedro. Villa do Conde, and Convent of Santa Clara. Some pretty Quintas. Sardinha fishing. Remarkable Rock. Valongo Mines. Lovely Views on our Return to Oporto.

THERE are many interesting spots, and much beautiful scenery in the neighbourhood of Oporto, though hitherto but seldom visited, on account of the difficulties of reaching them. Now, however, it is truly delightful to those who have known Portugal as she was, to see every week some new opening made into the interior of one of the most lovely countries in the world, and fine broad roads gradually pushed forward on ground over which a coach and four might be driven at ten miles an hour without fear or risk, but which hitherto had been ploughed only by the sharp wheels of the heavy carts.

It was my constant amusement to ride out each day in a different direction, to witness the progress of the work; and if I passed a fortnight or so without visiting one particular road, I was certain to be delighted either with some enchanting scene exposed to view, a passage through a pine-forest, a high causeway thrown over a swamp, or a cut through a hill. A new æra has certainly commenced in Portugal, and road-making is the order of the day. Wherever

those much required veins for the circulation of the abundant produce of the country are carried, there an immediate improvement in the appearance of the people and of their domiciles is visible. The walls are freshly washed, and neatly marked to imitate square blocks of stone, in a way I have seldom before seen in this country, the doors and windows are painted green, pretty porches are here and there being erected in front of the houses; indeed, a real reform is going forward. Then the people themselves dwelling near the new roads seem more active and energetic. They are gradually disentangling themselves from their prejudices: they already cannot help feeling the benefit of this first necessary improvement, and that makes them more willing to adopt others. On beginning, the officers of the works had great difficulty in making the men engaged on the roads use wheelbarrows instead of small baskets, in which, from time immemorial, they had been accustomed to carry earth and rubbish on their heads. Now those useful vehicles are employed on all the roads, and in time will become general throughout the country.

These roads are made under the direction of a French engineer, with great regularity, having on each margin a coaming of hewn stone, which adds to their neatness and solidity. They are well arched, with a ditch on either side. Truly, as far as I am able to judge, no roads in England will be superior to them when they are completed, and when none but broad-wheeled wagons are allowed to travel over them. At present, the country-carts, with narrow wheels, heavily

laden, cut up the ground dreadfully before the broken stones are thrown on, and increase the many difficulties with which the directors have to contend.

Of all the favourite summer-resorts of the inhabitants of the north of the country, St. João da Foz, at the mouth of the Douro, is the most frequented. Its inhabitants enjoy two great advantages, a good road from Oporto, and an easy conveyance by the river. During the bathing season omnibuses run at all hours of the day between it and Oporto, and boats ply on the river, offering a passage for the sum of three pence for each person, or a boat may be hired for one to two shillings.

Saint John's, as it is called by the English, has much increased in size since the civil war. Several English families reside there in the summer, as well as Portuguese. Many new and very neat houses have been built, and others improved and enlarged; and though they cannot most certainly pretend to architectural regularity, they have a pretty appearance, lining the entrance to the river, with the castle in front, climbing the summit of the hill, and sweeping round by the sea-coast.

Foz boasts of a club-house with a terrace before it on the sea-beach, assembly-rooms where balls are held every week, and one or two billiard-tables; so that it has doubtless a right to consider itself a most fashionable watering-place. The principal amusement there, however, is the bathing, which is a public affair —all ranks, ages, and both sexes, enjoying an immersion in the briny ocean at the same time. There are

two or three places of clear sand with rocks on both sides of them, between which the sea washes up. Here a whole village of little tents are pitched, with square frames, each of which is intended for the dressing-room of bathers of either sex. They may be seen issuing forth, the ladies being generally led by stout bathing-men, the men by women, who accompany them into the water; while the rocks are crowned by spectators, sitting or standing, and the beach in front of the tents is lined with well-dressed ladies, sitting on a row of chairs placed for their accommodation. The fashionable aquatic costume of the ladies is far from unbecoming. It consists of Turkish trowsers, sandals, and a smock or short gown of blue coarse cloth, while some have their hair dressed without any covering, others binding it with a handkerchief, and mostly wearing large gold rings depending from their ears. The dress of the men is much the same in colour, material, and shape, except that the coat is shorter, (indeed, I have seen jackets which did not meet the trowsers on an overgrown grocer or tallow-chandler), and that they wear long pendant caps of various colours, red being the favourite.

It is an amusing sight, and enlivening withal, to look at the rows of white tents, the beautiful girls and their elegant dresses, the crowds of spectators, each sheltered by a bright coloured umbrella, and some thirty or forty ladies and gentlemen, fat and thin, tall and short, old and young, in the water together, dipping and spluttering, shouting and shrieking, as the white-crested wave rolls towards them—some

attempting to swim, others, fearful of being carried out to sea, clinging to their attendants' arms, and endeavouring to make their escape to terra firma. Here an old woman bearing aloft a little cherub, independent of any costume, to dip it a due number of times—there a bathing girl encouraging a stout old gentleman to venture into the water, after he has received the first souse on the head from the contents of a bason, to prevent his feeling the effect of the shock to his feet. Sometimes three or four young ladies will go in together, or a gentleman may be seen leading gallantly some fair one of his acquaintance; but everything is conducted with the strictest propriety and decorum; so that however extraordinary the style may appear at first to a stranger, he soon becomes accustomed to it.

The most amusing scenes have passed, never to recur, when the friars came down to bathe. Some years ago there was an enormously fat friar, who was ordered to take a certain number of baths at a certain hour in the morning, and it was the general amusement to go down and see him perform the ceremony. He had ten persons to attend him, six men who stood on the shore holding ropes attached to his waist, (for he had, conscious of his own floating qualities, a most pious horror of being washed away,) and four women who accompanied him into the water. When they got him there, with a proper solicitude for his health, they took good care to make him perform his ablutions abundantly. While the men slackened the rope, they used to dip him and duck him most unmercifully, pressing his head down with their hands, like the

merry wives of Windsor packing Sir John Falstaff into the clothes-basket. He dared not resist, for fear they should leave him to his fate, and they would not let him out till he had taken the prescribed number of dips—he spluttering, and crying, and praying and swearing all the time. Now and then, though seldom, the same scene is enacted with a stout artizan, or a country farmer. The English ladies generally bathe by themselves, at some little distance from the general throng: there is also an admirable place half a mile further on, where a pier has lately been run out into the Atlantic, and there all the Englishmen resort, and are never intruded on.

Yet further to the north of Foz is a small dark fort called the Castello do Queixo, built on some rocks washed by the waves; and at low tide a gallop of ten minutes over the smoothest hard sand will carry one to the pretty town of Matozinhos.

Towards the end of the summer many country people crowd to Foz to take a few baths. Some have been directed to take a certain number; but time passes, the patient must return home—he has to take thirty baths, but he has only six days to spare, so he divides them equally, and undergoes five per diem, and feels rather surprised that he does not recover, entertaining at the same time considerable doubts of his physician's talent. The people living on the borders of the river come down in boats, with sheds built in them, whence I have seen a whole family issue, with bag and baggage, ready to occupy the first room they found empty. In the evening the visitors either walk

on the borders of the river, or on a terrace beneath the lighthouse, or sit on the rocks close down to the water. Such is St. João da Foz; a spot where I have spent many pleasant days.

There are two pretty little places about four miles to the north of Oporto, separated from each other by a small but picturesque river, over which a stone bridge of many arches is thrown. The northernmost is called Lessa, the other Matozinhos. They are too large to be designated villages, and are not, I believe, looked upon as towns, though they contain a number of very good houses, mostly superior to the general run of those at Foz, and built within the last few years. The British consul and several other English families reside on one side or other of the river during the bathing season; and now that a good road leads to them from Oporto they bid fair to eclipse St. John's in the favour of the fashionable part of the community. To the strenuous exertions of Senhor João Brito, a gentleman for many years resident in England, as a refugee from Miguelite tyranny, and whose father suffered for his Constitutional principles, the public are indebted for this excellent communication with Oporto. In spite of all opposition, and the assertions of those who declared that Macadam's system could not possibly succeed in Portugal, he commenced the undertaking at his own risk and expense, with a few subscriptions from his more immediate friends. Other persons afterwards subscribed, and the parishes through which the road leads aided him tardily, when they could no longer deny the advantages of the

system he was following. To him is due the honour, and no slight one is it either, of having successfully completed the first good macadamized road in the north of Portugal. To my particular friend, Senhor Joaquim da C. Lima, Councellor of State to Her Most Faithful Majesty, must be awarded the credit of having set the first example of macadamizing and forming level roads in this part of the country, at a considerable expense to himself. He commenced a well-made road towards the pretty village of Avintes, on the south bank of the Douro; but there being few residences of wealthy people in that direction, it has not yet been completed. He also was the first to have carts and wheelbarrows after English models built under his own eye, and to introduce the use of the English spade. To both these gentlemen, therefore, is the gratitude of their countrymen due, as well indeed as the thanks of all the residents of Oporto, who can now through their exertions enjoy the most delightful rides and drives in every direction.

There is a large church at Matozinhos, with an open space in front, in which a grand festa is held every year, such as I have in another place described, when the people assemble from all the neighbouring districts, and there is a vast quantity of eating, praying, drinking, and performing penance. In the centre of the praça is a curious fountain of elegant shape, formed of a shell-pattern, probably after some Moorish model; but the churchwardens have exhibited the usual taste of such gentry throughout Portugal by painting it of a variety of gay colours. The Senhora do Matozinhos

is a church of sufficient importance to have a large work devoted entirely to the description of it, in which is exhibited an abundance of erudition and piety.

The church contains a miraculous image of our Lord which came on shore one morning after a storm, and was fortunately discovered by a friar walking on the beach. He took it up, and instantly perceiving that it was made by no mortal hands, carried it with great care to a chapel at which he officiated, and where afterwards the present handsome church was built. "Think!" exclaims the worthy chronicler with pious enthusiasm—"Think how happy, how honoured is our little port, that a God, that the Lord of heaven, should have deigned to pay it a visit!" On the beach is an elegant little temple dedicated to "Our Lord of the Sand." It belongs, I believe, to the Teutonic style of architecture, and is the most simple edifice of the sort I have seen in Portugal.

It was on this spot that the wonderful image was found. The story is thus told by a friend of mine, a certain Padre Manoel of Matozinhos. "It appears that Nicodemus was a carpenter, and that after his conversion to Christianity he made four wooden figures of his Divine Master on the Cross, to adorn the four corners of the world. There is one at Beirout in Syria, another in Lucca; Burgos possesses the third, and the last, but not the least, sanctifies the favoured village of Matozinhos. But how they came to be so unequally divided, we are not informed. For the present we shall content ourselves with giving a few details concerning the latter.

"To avoid the irreverence to which it was exposed on the land, this image was thrown into the sea at Joppa or Yaffa, the very port whence the disciples sailed with the body of St. James, and where the prophet Jonah embarked for Tarshish. It floated safely through the Mediterranean, but met with an accident in the Straits of Gibraltar. Being violently thrown against the Moorish coast of Abyla, it lost the left arm in the shock. Five days after this casualty, on the 3rd of May, in the year of our Lord 117, it landed at Matozinhos, near that part of the beach known by the name of Leixões; and never since that period has there been such a thing as a shipwreck there. It is a pity for human life and insurance companies—with all reverence we say it—that a similar privilege should not have been conferred on the Oporto bar. The intelligent people of Matozinhos, who, as we have seen, were already Christians, perceived at once the value of the Godsend, and erected a temple to harbour the heavenly guest. Attempts were made, but in vain, to complete the figure by the addition of the left arm; none would adhere. Fifty years had passed, and miracles countless had been performed at the shrine, when a poor old woman gathering, on the sea-shore, materials wherewith to boil her broth, found a piece of wood in the shape of an arm. In all innocence of heart she threw it with other wood into the fire; but discovered, to her no small astonishment, that it would not burn. The curling flames spread on every side, but left the arm entire. Having examined it more carefully, and found —

it to be perfectly dry, she again placed it on the hearth. It rebounded into the middle of the room. Kneeling, and mute with awe, she now perceived that it was no combustible, and, very prudently, went and exposed the case to her spiritual adviser. This holy man was astounded at the prodigy, but divined the cause. The limb was no sooner placed near the figure than it was, by a kind of celestial magnetism, attracted to its natural place, and adhered so closely thereunto as to require no adventitious cement to strengthen the cohesion. Thus was the armless image miraculously wafted to our shores, and completed more miraculously still. We do not speak at random; we have dates, and data of every kind, to guide our steps through all this maze of miracles—not to speak of that great silencer of incredulity—*Tradition*—"*traditio est nihil quæras.*"

In front of the chapel is a small stone edifice, erected over a spot from which, out of the sand, issued suddenly forth, on some important occasion or other, a spring of the purest fresh water. On each of the sides there is an inscription, one of which is: "Habete fidem majora his videbis." The door of this covering to the miraculous spring is kept carefully locked: such precious waters are not to be tasted by the profane—without payment. I am not anxious to throw doubts on the miracle—however, I may observe that a rivulet loses itself in the sand a few yards inland.

Two leagues further on is a spot ever to be remembered by the Constitutionalists, called Mindello, where Dom Pedro and his liberating army landed in

1832. A small stone obelisk was, some time ago, erected there by public subscription: it serves as a monument to his memory, and to mark the ground, which ought ever to be consecrated in the hearts of those who would be free. A little bay, with a beach of smooth sand, and with dark rocks on each side, a pine-grove on a hill being behind it, was the spot chosen for the disembarkation of the troops. The first who landed having secured the hill, protected the remainder from the troops of Santa Marta, who menaced them at first, but afterwards retired; and, without any opposition, they marched in triumph into Oporto. Had they at once followed up their success with energy, there is every reason to believe the war would have quickly terminated, instead of which, shutting themselves up shortly after in Oporto, they endured a siege of many months, and all the horrors which can visit a city—not the least of which were shot and shell, starvation and plague.

About four leagues from Oporto, yet further to the north, on the sea-coast, is the town of Villa do Conde, on the river Dave, the entrance to which is protected by a small fort, and it has a long wooden bridge over it. The ruins remain of a bridge of stone, which was overthrown by a flood, and replaced by the one above mentioned. The most conspicuous building in the town is the large convent of Santa Clara, on the summit of some precipitous rocks overlooking the river; and daring must have been the loving youth who, to visit a mistress, would have attempted to gain an entrance on that side. It is supplied with

water by an aqueduct of lofty arches, extending to some hills full six miles off. The convent was built, it is said, under the direction of a brother of the lady abbess, who being sent to raise a regiment in the district, allowed the men exemption from military service, provided they engaged to work on it for a certain time. None but daughters of noble families were admitted into this convent, as professed nuns, and it was consequently considered the most aristocratic retirement in the province. The view from the windows over the wide Atlantic, the pretty town below, the picturesque river, and the rich country beyond, must be very fine. Villa do Conde, the Town of the Count, takes its name from a son of the good King Don Dinis bearing that title, to whom the surrounding lands were given. He built a castle on the height where the convent now stands, and the town springing up round it, was called after him. Here a number of small craft are constructed, of very pretty models, and even brigs of considerable size; but the water on the bar is too shallow to allow of large vessels crossing it.

I have seen no good specimens of country villas in Portugal. The people do not understand laying out their grounds, nor do they exhibit any taste in their architecture, or science in the internal arrangements of their houses. This stricture may sound very severe in their ears, but it is so true, and the fault is so glaring to the eyes of all visitors to the country, that I here pen it in hopes they may hasten as soon as possible to change their plan of building.

I should much wish to see an intelligent English architect, who has turned his attention to villa architecture, settled in the country, as without good models and the necessary science they cannot be expected to improve. In every direction round Oporto there are sites where the most delightful villas might be built with lovely prospects, but few in comparison are occupied: many of the best houses standing in bad situations, without any view.

On the banks of the river above the city are several pretty quintas. That of Avintes, belonging to Mr. Vauzeller, is situated high above the water, with views from the grounds both up and down the river, and has gardens attached, somewhat in the English style. From the Quinta d'Oliveira, belonging to the Conde d'Oliveira, one enjoys the most beautiful prospects. The house, which has been repaired, and the grounds, belonged formerly to an order of friars, who made it their summer-residence, and certainly they displayed great taste in the selection of the spot. The quinta is the favourite resort of pic-nic parties, to whom the count most politely gives permission to wander wherever they like. There is especially one lovely cool place for dining which can scarcely be surpassed; stone tables are placed beneath the branches of some most magnificent trees, the banks, up which leads a winding path, rising on each side, while from them the coolest and purest water gushes forth into stone tanks. I have enjoyed so many pleasant parties at the Quinta d'Oliveira, that I always think of it with pleasure.

A sight well worth witnessing is the sardinha-fishing, at a place called Espinho, three leagues to the south of Oporto. The beach is there peculiarly free from rocks, and when the sea is smooth, during the spring, hundreds of fishermen assemble, and joining their nets, form one line upwards of a mile long, which carrying with a wide sweep out to sea, they drag on shore.

It is an animating scene. The men with red caps, blue waistcoats, shewing their shirt-sleeves, and with white trowsers, as wide as Turkish ones, not reaching to the knee; the women wearing brown petticoats scarcely longer, low broad-brimmed hats, and with a coarse brown cloak thrown over the shoulder. The latter are employed in filling their baskets, the men in hauling, hallooing, and bawling. The sardinha is a species of herring, and is salted in the same way: it is very delicious when fresh.

About two miles to the north of Oporto is a remarkable rock rising out of a pine-covered plain. It is called St. Jeans, and at the summit of its rugged and almost precipitous cliffs is a small chapel with three tall pine-trees bending over it. To the east, at a greater distance, is a similar rock, also with a church on it, called St. Cosme. The view hence is most lovely. Looking down the river towards Oporto, here and there a silvery line being discernible between the hills; and on the other sides, one looks over a succession of beautiful and fertile valleys filled with cottages.

Beyond St. Cosme is the large village of Valongo, where the greater quantity of bread consumed in

Oporto is manufactured, there being numerous mills and abundance of wood in the neighbourhood. Valongo is completely surrounded by hills, of considerable height, which, in the time of the Romans, were celebrated for the abudance of ore they contain. I paid the mines a visit, a short time ago, with several friends. After breakfasting at Valongo, we started on foot to climb the hills, despising the heat, though it happened to be one of the hottest days in summer. Our guides first conducted us to a mine of antimony, which was opened a few years ago, and is now being worked. The ore comes out in large masses without any admixture of stone; and one of the party who understood its nature pronounced it to be equal to that which is procured from India. It can also be sold at a less price, so that I hope to see the mine before long vigorously worked. Antimony mixed with lead forms the metal of which types are made. There are three shafts sunk, one of which we descended, but found it reaching a very short distance. We then climbed higher up the hill, which was perforated in many places with shafts sunk to a great depth, leading to gold mines. Into two of them we descended —one by a passage, or gallery, with a considerable inclination, having steps all the way. The perpendicular shaft was of large circumference; but part of the sides having given way, had blocked up the entrance to any second gallery, if there was one. The other mine we explored was of great extent: it commenced by a cut in the side of the hill, leading to a large cavern of which much of the roof had given way.

Having a brass-handled whip with me, I rubbed it in several places against the rocks, and then watched the effect on the rest of the party. As I expected, the yellow colour soon attracted their eyes, and the eagerness with which they examined the seeming treasure caused a hearty laugh. The Romans, if we may judge from the number of mines opened, must have drawn large quantities of the precious metal from these hills, which one might take for some gigantic rabbit-warren. Our guide shewed us a spot where one of the workmen employed in the antimony mines had, a few days before, collected in the course of the morning two shillings' worth of gold, merely by breaking the rock on the surface. It is supposed, however, that they would not repay to the government the expense of working them. All the party declared that they had seldom experienced such elasticity of spirits as we did on those Valongo hills, for the air was pure and light, though the sun was most scorching; and it is extraordinary how much exercise we went through without feeling fatigue.

I had heard that there was a beautiful waterfall in the neighbourhood, and having persuaded two of my friends to visit it with me, we struck over the hills, while the remainder of the party turned back to the inn. After walking full two miles we arrived at the point proposed, when to our chagrin we found that not only had the description of its beauty been wonderfully exaggerated, but that the little water there was at any time in the stream was now nearly dried up. Being determined not to have the laugh against

us, we made drawings in our sketch-books of a most lovely and romantic scene, and returned by a dusty road to the inn. We kept our own counsel, and had the greatest difficulty in preventing our friends from mounting their horses, and galloping off to see this wonderful waterfall.

After dinner we set out to visit several coal-mines on our return to Oporto; but we felt no inclination to descend them. The machinery employed appeared very imperfect, all the work, even of turning the capstan by which the buckets full of coal are drawn to the surface, being performed by men. We passed two new mines, from which people were employed in drawing the water; but even that operation was performed in an imperfect way. That reminds me that there is a sad want of professional engineers in the country, though it is said there is not sufficient business to employ one constantly. As we rode along the hills on our way home, we enjoyed the most lovely views over wood-crowned heights and green vales, with the blue shining sea beyond.

A remarkably fine view is also to be obtained from a lofty conical hill beyond the Serra Convent, with a telegraph station on the top of it. I leave my friends to judge therefore whether there is not much to interest a stranger in the environs of Oporto.

SKETCH XIV.

The People of Oporto. Generally pacific. Occasional Outbreaks. Comparative Skill in different Trades and Manufactures. Industry of the Women. The Lower Orders. Citizens of Oporto. Various Sign-boards exhibited. Means employed in disposing of numerous Commodities. The Gallegos: in constant requisition. Style of Bargaining. French Milliners greatly patronized. English Families in Oporto. British Merchants. High Character of the Medical Profession.

THE citizens of Oporto have ever been remarkable for their sedate habits, their quiet dispositions, and their love of free institutions, which has never, even in the most tyrannical times, been extinguished in their bosoms. That they can fight, and bravely too, they gave abundance of proof during the late civil war, while, except in defence of their liberties, they have remained quiet, though at different periods the rest of the country has been in a state of revolt against the existing government. Of the higher classes of society I have spoken, and little more information can be given on the subject; but there is space and verge enough to describe the varied features of the fickle and less civilized populace.

On two or three occasions I have witnessed in Oporto one of those popular commotions to which every city is liable. The first was when, from want of confidence in the justice of the law, the people asserted their own right, and took the law into their own hands. A certain major, who not only while in the service of Dom Miguel had in his name committed many acts of atrocity, but afterwards had continued the same malpractices, was in consequence

put out of the pale of the amnesty granted to all those who had served the usurper. For some time he contrived to elude the vigilance of those searching for him, but at last, having ventured near Oporto, he was seized and thrown into prison. Numbers whom he had injured had vowed vengeance on him, but nevertheless contented themselves with the thoughts of the condign punishment the law must award. When, however, he was brought to trial, and it was reported throughout the city that he would be pardoned, the people assembled in groups round the house where the court was sitting. The magistrates ordered a guard to conduct the unhappy man back to prison; but no sooner did they appear at the door, than the mob rushed towards them, and endeavoured to wrest him out of their hands. The guard resisted, and the prisoner retreated up stairs. Part of the building was inhabited by a noble family, to whom indeed it belonged. The trembling wretch, the cries of those eager to destroy him ringing in his ears, finding his way into the apartment in which the lady of the mansion was sitting, threw himself at her feet, and seizing her dress, entreated her to save his life. He pleaded to a compassionate, gentle being, but she, alas! knew not how to protect him. One door of the apartment opened to the hall where the judges were sitting, the other was the one by which he had entered. Into the former the enraged populace were thronging. His only chance of safety was by returning part of the way he had come, but there too he was foiled, for as she led him forth, he was espied by some

of his pursuers. They rushed towards the wretched man, and ere the lady could recover from her alarm, he was hurried from her sight. As he reached the street he read his doom in the eyes of the infuriated populace. His cries and prayers for mercy they heeded not; but with shrieking voices, and loud imprecations, they reminded him of the crimes he had committed, and of the injuries he had inflicted on themselves; then separating from him, ere he could move a volley of stones from their uplifted hands laid him senseless at their feet. Ropes were then procured, and fastening them to his legs, they dragged the yet palpitating body through the streets, till they reached the centre of the bridge, when, fastening a stone and a dead dog to it, they hurled it with bitter execrations into the deepest part of the river. This act of sanguinary but retributive justice being performed, they returned quietly to their homes; nor did the government deem it advisable to take any further notice of the affair.

Some time after that event, the cabinet-makers having been told that a large quantity of English furniture (it was in reality German) had been landed, they raised a mob, and with loud cries against the English, attacked the warehouses where it was stored, as well as the custom-house, whence they drove away the guards, and destroyed all the furniture they could find, particularly a number of pianofortes, which most certainly not one of them could have manufactured. This mischief was done before any force could be brought to stop them, and by the time the soldiers appeared they had all dispersed.

Now I fully believe that the mobs of most other cities would not, when once they were collected together, be satisfied with one single act of violence, but would look eagerly about for other objects on which to wreak their passions.

The followers of each trade live very much together in Oporto, and thus they are able to combine, either for their own protection, or to impose on the community. They have been accused of being very bad workmen; but I will do them the justice to say, that, though seldom possessed of much inventive genius, they perform their usual work as well as any men, and that they imitate any model placed before them with considerable accuracy. The greatest improvement has taken place in cabinet-making within the last few years, and now every article of furniture is made in the city, from the best English or German patterns, with much neatness and strength.

There are two iron-foundries, in which, though the directors are respectively English and French, the artizans are Portuguese, and hence grates, stoves, and all domestic utensils, are well turned out. In the English one the iron-work of the suspension bridge was manufactured, and also the engines for a small steamer have been supplied.

The Portuguese make very neat boots and shoes, at half the price that they cost in England. As tailors they excel the general run of English workmen; and one sees even the volunteers and young tradesmen in well-fitting clothes. There are several hat-manufactories in the country, which not only supply the greater

part of the inhabitants, but also furnish a considerable number for exportation to the Brazils.

Large quantities of silk stuffs are manufactured in and about Oporto, where there are many hundreds, I may say thousands, of looms; nearly every other small house in the suburbs containing one. There are manufactories also where a number are collected under one roof, but in general each mechanic works in his own cottage, and is paid by the piece. That these people are industrious I am convinced, for at whatever hour of the day or night I have passed their cottages, some of the looms have been going; one man probably relieving the other. A thick woollen cloth with a long nap, somewhat like blanketing, is also manufactured, and being gaily tinted, serves for winter-shawls. Glass is made in Oporto, but the finer sort comes from a manufactory near Aveiro. An abundance of pottery-ware is produced in and about the city, some red and some very thin and black, which is well-adapted to withstand intense heat.

The Portuguese linen cloth is very strong, and of many degrees of fineness. Some is fine enough for shirts, but it is more particularly adapted for sheeting and towels: for the latter purpose I prefer it to anything I have seen elsewhere. This fabric is all made from thread spun by hand. In the country, it is the practice of a farmer who possesses a loom to collect the thread spun by his neighbours' wives and daughters, and weave it into cloth. A Portuguese female peasant is never seen without a distaff under her arm. Even walking to market with a basket on her head she spins

all the way, and also in tending cattle or driving a cart her fingers are actively employed.

The women of Portugal have before claimed my admiration. If the men possessed all the faults of which they are accused, or twice as many as justly belong to them, the women would redeem them all. Intelligence, honesty, vivacity, and good humour, is added to a large share of personal beauty.

I have, in another work, accused the ladies of being much addicted to looking out of windows. It is a custom more discernible on saints' days and holidays than on other days of the week, and is, I had almost said I am sorry, gradually passing out of fashion, as the cleaner streets and better roads entice them more abroad. It is so agreeable to walk through the streets of the city, and to see the balconies on each side lined with pretty faces, that though they doubtless will gain much both in beauty and health by taking more exercise, all lovers of the picturesque will regret their disappearance from their usual haunt. The truth is, that they are not much more idle than English women; but when they have nothing to do, or require relaxation, they gaze out of the window to see what is going forward in the world. It was in days of yore their book, the only one many of them read, I have good reason to suspect. Now, however, the rapidly increasing taste for literature gives them a better occupation; and though occasionally a lovely face is to be seen supported by a pair of rounded arms resting on the window-sill, it is a sight one enjoys less frequently than formerly. On festa and procession-days the fair

sex of Oporto are to be seen to the greatest advantage, dressed in their best attire, with their brightest smiles, as they look down on the crowds who throng the streets with their gay guitars and joyous voices. It is a scandalous libel of the author who declares that they are to be seen in their balconies with neat-handed Phillises in attendance running their active fingers through their glossy locks, and . . . . . Such things may have been, but most assuredly are not now: they have imbibed the English prejudice on the subject.

The lower orders, on the contrary, have not the slightest particle of shame in being seen so employed: rather, I should say, that, according to their ideas, there cannot be a stronger mark of affection exhibited than thus to relieve a sufferer. In truth, it is a sight calculated to move all the tender sympathies of our nature, to behold the fond wife bending over the sleeping form of her beloved spouse, his head resting on her lap, as he is stretched out at his length before the door of their humble home, the abode of peace and contentment, if not of wealth and cleanliness. There he reposes, recruiting his weary limbs, after a day spent in toil to gain provision for his numerous offspring, who are seen running about, or rolling in the mud with a few civilized pigs, in the most primitive state of simplicity—careless of the dust, the sun, the dirt, or the fleas. They exhibit slight tendency to dandyism; for it cannot be said that they indulge even in an approach to superfluous clothing, being either entirely free from any covering but the bright blue balmy sky and a slight coating of dirt, or else

habited in little shirts reaching to about the middle. She, the partner of his joys and woes, is in the meantime employed in passing her fingers with eager zeal amid his crisply curled locks, giving constant notice of her activity by the sharp crack of her nails, as they encounter the noxious intruders. I fear the cottage-doors of our peasantry in England can rarely exhibit scenes of such domestic endearment! A stranger may be surprised that it has never occurred to them to wash their heads; but I feel assured that it would cost them much to abandon the gratification they experience from their long-established method of cleansing themselves. But *com liçencia*, as the Portuguese say; we have dwelt long enough on the subject, and will change it.

The Oporto citizens are very fond of what may be called standing jokes, as exhibited in the signs over their shop-doors. A carpenter has over his door, *Professor de Caixas*—Professor of Boxes. On a hat-maker's board he announces himself to be the Editor and Publisher of Hats. A vendor of cordials and spirits, more honest than many of his brethren, wittily declares that he is the fabricator of real Dutch gin, and another, that he owns a manufactory of English butter. Most of the shops have some sign before them. The dentists hang out rows of teeth, with enormous fangs; barbers, invariably a Mambrino's helmet; glovers, a golden glove; and vintners, the ancient sign of the bush—a small branch serving the purpose. Hosiers suspend outside a whole row of the articles they sell, and hatters, an old battered

beaver—not as a specimen of those they have within, but as a *memento mori*, I conclude, to remind the passers-by of the state to which their own may soon be reduced.

The goods are generally exposed in the door-ways of the shops, which cannot boast of much neatness or elegance, though in that respect they have, during the last few years, much improved. There are two or three large haberdashers' shops with glazed windows, as have some of the shoemakers'. Formerly such a thing as a pastry-cook's shop was not known—now there are several, where very nice confectionary is vended. Bread was formerly made with leaven, which gave it a bitter acid taste, now yeast is used; and it is impossible to have sweeter or more wholesome bread. Loaves are made very small, either in the shape of twists, which are the best, or in oblong lumps.

Here also are a number of booksellers' shops: the best, kept by a Frenchman, has a handsome appearance; but the greater number do not tempt the passer-by to enter, for, like the cloth-shops, they are small and dark. There is a fruit-shop, but generally fruit of every description is hawked about the streets by women, who carry it on their heads in baskets. Fish is sold in the same way by women, as is poultry, but wild-fowl and game exclusively by men. Honey is cried about the streets by a man who carries a jar of it on his back. Vinegar is always sold by an old man, who has two small barrels of it slung on the back of a decrepit donkey. His cry is amusing,

and highly laudatory of the article he has to sell: "Beautiful vinegar, beautiful vinegar—the richest vinegar in the province. Who has seen the like? It is just finishing, just finishing—come then and buy, come buy." Thus he commences early in the morning, and continues all day, so that at some time or other during that period he must have departed slightly from the truth.

The cones of the pine-tree, which are much used to light fires, are brought into the city in large nets on the backs of donkeys. There are pedlars who sell nothing but paper, a sheet at a time, if required: they carry their property in a dirty cloth under their arms. They are generally, I believe, Gallegos. A goat's-milk cheese, made in the Upper Douro, is also sold by women in the streets. The cry of these vendors of eatables and drinkables is peculiar to themselves: it is very prolonged, in a singing tone, with a rising and falling inflection. The most remarkable are the chestnut-women, who are to be found at the corner of most streets in the city, sitting on a low stool with a basket of raw chestnuts by their side, and a little stove of black clay, with a round pot of the same material full of holes, in which the chestnuts are roasted. There they sit from morning till night, inviting everybody who passes to buy a farthing's worth of their fruit. Boiled chestnuts are also sold by women who carry them about in a round oblong jar, wrapped up in their cloak to keep them warm.

In summer, refreshing beverages are sold by men, who carry a moveable table with a lemonade-fountain

in the centre, and cups arranged round it. In the autumn the large heaps of melons, piled up on the pavement at the corners of various streets, look most attractive, particularly the cool juicy water-melon. Both sorts grow to a large size in the country. A friend who has a quinta in the neighbourhood sent me one of the common melons such as grow in hot-houses in England, of the enormous weight of twenty-eight pounds. I measured it exactly: it was two feet ten inches in circumference, and three feet four inches round the stem and head. The flesh was green, as was the rind, and of the most delicious flavour. Melons are here considered very wholesome, and a person may eat half a common-sized one without fear of disagreeable consequences.

Of all classes of the community the Gallegos are the most remarkable. There are many thousands in the country employed in domestic service, while others gain their livelihood as porters and water-carriers: these wear badges on their arms, and are very honest, hard-working fellows. They carry the water from the fountains to the houses in high barrels narrowing towards the top. Nobody says, Call a porter, but if a parcel is to be sent, Call a Gallego. "Oh Gallego!" is the mode of summoning one, and he comes immediately, to carry a note, or to bear an hundred-weight. He would prefer the latter, for he expects to be paid higher. They are most parsimonious, living on the coarsest food, clothed in the commonest habiliments, and sleeping in some wretched hovel which they hire by clubbing together. When after years

of toil they have scraped together a few pounds, they return to their homes, to end their days in ease.

The Portuguese have a peculiar way of calling a person: they utter a sort of hiss, to be written *swich*, and it is seldom that any but the right person turns on hearing it. A countrywoman has been bargaining for a new hat, but will not give above a certain price, so she leaves the shop without having made the intended purchase. She has proceeded half way down the street, when the shopman, finding she will not give more, and unwilling to lose a customer, utters a loud *swich*, and she, perhaps expecting it, looks back: she sees him, but will not return—he *swiches*, and beckons again—she is then satisfied that he will take what she last offered, so she goes back, and carries off the hat. This account both explains the practice of *swiching* and bargaining. The same style of dealing is general in every transaction of buying and selling. Always more is asked, and less is offered, than the one will take, or the other give, and there is much coquetting, and many declarations of indifference, before the affair is concluded. To a stranger this is an excessive annoyance; and in consequence I scarcely buy a single thing in the country which I can possibly procure from England.

Oporto is full of French milliners and dress-makers, who have abundance of employment in adorning the fair inhabitants according to the latest fashions; and here also is a most enterprising perruquier of the same nation, who, besides selling every article of *bijouterie*, imports live bears to turn into grease. In-

deed, this place has in that respect fully kept pace with the age.

Notwithstanding the steepness of the hills, carriages are in general use in Oporto, of many different descriptions, from the antiquated family-coach to the modern light britzka. The former is a curious vehicle, all inside, without rumble or even a coach-box; for the driver is a humble individual, very different from the sleek, fat, liveried, and be-wigged English coachman. He is habited in a coat of straw, his hat is battered, and if he has shoes they are made of wood, while in his hand, instead of a whip, he carries a long thin pole tipped with iron. No horses could drag that huge, lumbering, rolling machine up the hills, and therefore a couple of patient oxen are yoked to it, who have probably been employed during the morning in ploughing, or drawing cart-loads of mud. Such, gentle reader, is a Portuguese *boi-carriage* in the first half of the 19th century; but probably before the end of it such will be banished to the distant provinces, or may have disappeared altogether. Yet uncouth as these vehicles appear, they are not to be despised on a rainy night; and I have seen at the door of the Opera House, or of some gay assembly, many of the first ladies in the land descending from them.

Of long standing also is the *calessa*. It is in shape between a chariot and a cab, partaking of the qualites of both, and hung excessively high, between large wheels. It is drawn by two horses or mules; and although, as I have watched one descending a

steep hill, I have thought it must inevitably break down or be overturned, accidents very seldom occur to them. There are many English carriages in the city, both open and closed; and as the roads in the neighbourhood improve, there will probably be many more. Horses are even now kept at a small expense, and of course, when the communication into the interior is facilitated, provender will be still cheaper. A very tolerable horse can be hired for about six shillings a day.

Litters are much used for journeys. They are odd-looking machines, gaily painted, and with curtains, carrying two persons uncomfortably and one tolerably at his ease. They are something in shape like small Isle of Wight sociables, with shafts before and behind, which rest on the shoulders of two mules. The mules employed for the purpose are of the largest size, and the strongest and most docile; for if they fall, or are vicious, the passengers' lives are in imminent peril.

Ladies generally pay their evening visits in sedan-chairs, which are precisely similar to those used in England. The chairmen are always Gallegos, and wear a large livery cloak, and hat with a band, the servant preceding them bearing a torch. Nearly all the houses in Oporto having large entrance-halls, the ladies are thus carried to the very foot of the stairs.

In speaking of the inhabitants of Oporto the English must not be forgotten; for though forming but a small portion of society, they are tolerably conspicuous. There are about fifty families, a part only of whom move in the higher circles, and are much

respected by the Portuguese, living on the most friendly terms with them, in the constant exchange of all the courtesies of life. They inhabit some of the best houses in the most airy parts of the city; in truth, there is no city in the Peninsula where an English family can enjoy so much comfort and independence. I must observe, that I believe there are not a more honourable set of men than the gentlemen representing the long-established British mercantile houses in Oporto; nor can I resist the satisfaction of paying a just tribute to the name of my friend Mr. John Graham, who from his liberal and amiable disposition, and noble generosity on all occasions, is an honour to his profession. However, there are several other British merchants to whom the same encomiums would apply. Of the British chapel I must speak elsewhere, and of the amiable chaplain, Mr. Whiteley. There are also two English physicians, one a son of the late Sir Henry Jebb, a celebrated medical man in Dublin, and brother of a man beloved by all who knew him, formerly the chief surgeon on the staff of Lord Beresford; another, a Dr. Rumsey, for many years resident in the place. The Portuguese medical men are also much esteemed, having entirely raised their profession from the very low state in which it formerly existed. So, as the guide-books say, Oporto is well supplied with religious and medical attendance —the bodies and souls of her Britannic Majesty's liege subjects therein resident are sufficiently cared for.

SKETCH XV.

A Ride from Oporto to Vigo. Damp Weather and muddy Roads. Pass the Night at Cazal da Pedra. Curious old Church at Rates. Village of Necessidades. Beautiful Scenery on the Banks of the Lima. Enjoy comfortable Quarters at Viana. Caminha, a frontier town of Portugal. Villa Nova de Cerveira. Castles on both sides the Minho. Scenery on approaching Valença. Cross thence into Spain. Town of Tuy. Wild Scenery on the road to Vigo. Arrival there, and Embarkation. Fellow-passengers.

THE last time I returned to England, being particularly anxious not to miss the steam-packet, I started with a friend from Oporto, to join her at Vigo, at which magnificent port one of the Peninsula Company's vessels invariably calls every week. We set off late in the day with several companions, who insisted on accompanying us as far as Cazal de Pedra, where we purposed to sleep, although, had we left Oporto by day-break, we might easily have reached Viana the same day. The weather was what my Irish friends call damp, and consequently the road, none of the best even in the finest season of the year, was now covered in some places a foot or two deep with mud, and in others with water, effectually concealing the numerous holes and deep ruts in the way; so that each step our horses took they plunged up to their knees in the treacherous mixture, and we could not by any possibility tell how much deeper the next step might carry them.

This is the least interesting part of the province of the Minho, for the hills are of no great height, nor are the views pretty, although the fields are fertile

and well cultivated, with numerous pine-groves in all directions. In spite of the badness of the roads, over them we galloped at the most break-neck pace; but Providence, more careful of us than we were of ourselves, preserved us from any accident; and soon after passing the small river Dave, which debouches at Villa do Conde, we reached in safely the little inn of Cazal da Pedra.

Having sent forward a cook with provisions, we fared better than we could otherwise have hoped to do, for the accommodations of the estalagem were none of the most magnificent; but we were a merry party, and were more ready to laugh than to find fault with whatever happened to us.

If the traveller cannot reach Oporto by day-light, this is a convenient halting-place, just four leagues from it, and the inn boasts of three or four chambers with two beds in each, and a dining-room.

While we were seated at dinner a tall man passed through the room, doffing his cap and uttering a word of salutation. One of our party recognized him as a Gallego that a short time before had killed another man by whom he had been attacked and badly wounded, in a quarrel; but notwithstanding that the poor fellow was not the aggressor, he was imprisoned in consequence, and had been compelled to work in chains on the roads. We spoke to him, and asked him where he was going. He at once candidly confessed that he had escaped from prison, and was on his way to Galicia. There was a mark of care on his brow, and a restlessness in his manner, but he made no

attempt at concealment, nor would any one except the officers of justice, who might have received orders to watch for him, have thought of apprehending him. We pitied the unfortunate man, for till the fatal occurrence he had always borne a good character as an honest and civil servant; but of course we did not think it right to aid in any way his escape, as we might easily have done, and as he probably intended we should do, had he not been recognized, by pretending to be our servant.

A thick drizzling rain, which ushered in the next morning, prevented us from starting for some time, when the sky clearing we bid farewell to the friends who had thus far accompanied us, and mounting our horses proceeded on our journey. After riding a short league we came to a small village called Rates, where there is a curious church, built in the time of the Moors, and surrounded by a number of tombs in the shape of sarcophagi, beneath which rest many of the brave nobles who followed the standard of the gallant Count Henrique, the father of the first Lusitanian king.

Another league through a dense pine-grove, with paths branching off in all directions, serving much to perplex the traveller, (few indeed except those accustomed to the road taking the direct one), brought us to the considerable village of Necessidades. Here is a large church with a remarkably fine-sounding bell, whose sonorous tones struck our ear when yet at some distance. In the centre of the village is a large praça, or open space, surrounded by neat-looking

buildings. On passing through it we observed several persons, two of whom we recognized as officers of justice, standing before a sort of guard-house. As we came up they narrowly examined our countenances, and those of our attendants, and we had no doubt that they were on the watch for the unhappy fugitive we had met the previous evening. I afterwards learned, that, fortunately for himself, he had taken a different route, and had managed to reach Galicia in safety.

The road was now very tolerable, for though in truth little more than a track across the hills, the gravelly soil afforded good footing for our horses. A league further on, just before descending to the river Cavado, the passage across which is called Barca de Lagos, we enjoyed a lovely view of wooded hills, and a fertile valley, with the sparkling stream meandering through it; the town of Esposende with its church-tower being seen at its mouth. Hence, by turning a short distance to the left, there is at low water an excellent way over the sand to Viana; but we preferred keeping the high road. After passing a considerable extent of sand, we were ferried across the stream, men, and horses, in a large flat-bottomed barge, such as is used on all the rivers of Portugal. There is a small inn here, where we lunched off fried fish and broa, the only food to be procured. The road led us, at a short distance from the sea, between groves of stone pine-trees, with a number of windmills on our left, and a rugged rocky serra on our right for two leagues, to another stream called

the Rio Neyva. From this spot, a very long league more, through excessively picturesque scenery, brought us to the banks of the Lima, the views on which river are deservedly celebrated for their extreme beauty. Descending the hill, we crossed the water by a wooden bridge of great length, the longest I believe in the country, and which in its course makes three angles. Though a fragile-looking structure, the width of the stream, by allowing the winter-torrents to expand over a large surface, prevents any risk of its being carried away. A toll is here collected from all passengers, to keep it in order. These wooden bridges answer very well for broad shallow rivers, but for narrow streams between high rocky banks, such as intersect every part of the country, and which are subject to be suddenly swelled by the mountain-torrents in early spring, iron suspension bridges must supersede those of stone, which are constantly being washed away. The iron are far cheaper, and more easily constructed.

My friend Mr. Noble had kindly desired us to take possession of his house at Viana, and he having written beforehand to announce our coming, we found a most luxurious dinner, and beds prepared for us. His house is large and commodious, with a slated terrace on the top, whence we obtained a fine view of the dark blue sea, into which the sun had just sunk, leaving a brightly-glowing sky. We looked, too, over the other houses on to the river and surrounding country; so that one could scarcely have

had a pleasanter place to enjoy the cool sea-breeze on a summer's evening.

Viana is one of the nicest and cleanest towns in Portugal. The streets are broad, and well paved, with a number of large and handsome houses, formerly the residences of some of the most ancient fidalgos in the realm. There are still several very old families living there, but the greater number have, from time to time, been drawn to Lisbon, by the attractions of the court, or have become extinct, or broken up in the course of the convulsions which lacerated the country before liberty was established.

Viana is the capital of the corregidoria of the same name. It was formerly a place of considerable trade, which of late years has much fallen off; though I trust its commerce, with that of the rest of the country, may again revive. The harbour also has become shallower, owing to the accumulation of mud washed down from the interior. The entrance is defended by the castle of Santiago, next to that of Valença the strongest fort in the north of Portugal; although its defenders did not attempt to withstand the victorious little band of the gallant Napier, when he, turning himself and his Blue-jackets into soldiers, with a few native troops, took possession of the greater part of the province for the queen. On the north side of the castle is a large green—a refreshing sight to English eyes seldom to be seen in this country. In every direction about the town are fountains of pure water, of all sizes and fashions, which add much

to the cleanliness and beauty of the streets. The governor of the province frequently resides here, when there is generally much gaiety going forward, though, whatever might formerly have been the case, it does not in that respect surpass Braga. There is a large annual fair held here in August, where everything, from a bale of cotton to a needle, is sold, including hats, wooden shoes, tooth-picks, tin-tacks, and pocket-handkerchiefs. A number of horses are also brought here for sale from other parts of the province, but few from Spain, as compared with the number sent to Viseu. The chief import is salt fish, for storing which there are large lodges, whence the northern part of Portugal is supplied,

Having received the greatest attention from the gentleman who manages Mr. Noble's business there, we started by day-break on the following morning, so as to have abundance of time to go through the requisite forms before crossing into Spain. To our right for some way was a line of high broken rocks, without a particle of herbage growing on them, running parallel with the coast. They can be seen at a considerable distance out at sea, and do not give one a very favourable or correct idea of the country, though in reality the land at their base is remarkably fertile. The costume of the peasants of this part of the province is very different to that of those in the neighbourhood of Oporto, and though not so becoming on the women, is more picturesque. At the end of the first league we passed the village of Fife, the second bringing us to a little placed called Anchora, on a small river, with a

castle at its mouth, and a *cabodello*. The river is fordable at its mouth, so that only small boats can enter; but at times the sea suddenly rises without any warning, and rushing forward would overwhelm any person attempting the passage at the time. A friend of mine was thus disagreeably surprised, but his horse fortunately managed to swim with him on to terra firma.

The third league brought us to Caminha, on the river Minho, which separates Portugal from Spain. The whole course of this river presents a number of picturesque castles on each side mostly in ruins. Wherever one has been built on the Portuguese border, another has risen on that of Spain, and both have generally been allowed to fall into decay together. Several of those in Portugal are however larger and in better repair than their Spanish rivals.

Caminha is a regularly fortified town, the walls on one side are washed by the waters of the Minho; but it is not a place of any great strength. At the mouth of the harbour is a rocky island, on which stands a fort mounting several guns, and forming a cross fire with Caminha. After the embarkation of the British army at Corunna the French attempted to enter Portugal in this direction, and attacked the town, but were successfully repulsed, and finally abandoned the enterprise. A different fate befel it before the arms of the Queen of Portugal's admiral, Napier. Appearing off the mouth of the river with his fleet, he landed his Blue-jackets and Marines, with whom he marched towards the town, sending a herald in advance to say that he purposed to bring up his big guns, and

to blow the walls about the ears of the garrison, if they did not instantly surrender. To this bold threat the governor thought fit to send a civil answer, assuring him that he had only to march in and take possession of the place, which he accordingly did, much to the surprise of the Miguelite forces, who fully expected to see a large army with all the munitions of war make their appearance. In war, as in love or politics, there is nothing like a name to carry a man on to victory. Probably the governor was very glad of a decent excuse to yield up his command peaceably, for he knew that the cause of his master was by that time lost.

We walked round part of the fortifications, which are not now kept in good condition, whatever they might then have been. The houses being built of square blocks of hewn stone, have a neat appearance, but the place has a deserted *triste* air. While our horses were feeding, we entered into conversation with some people at the door of the inn, who were very eager in their inquiries about iron steam-boats and flying machines, and seemed to have great respect for us as belonging to the nation which could invent such wonders. The flying machines, one man sagaciously observed, were less wonderful; for birds and bats could fly; but iron ships! they were surprising, for everybody till now supposed that iron would always go to the bottom. "Miracles will never cease!" was his concluding remark. I must do the rest of the party the justice to say that they fully understood the principle of the iron vessels; nor is it surprising that they

believed in the flying machine. There is a dock-yard at Caminha where merchant-vessels are built.

From this town to Valença is four leagues, the road running along the banks of the Minho the whole way, sometimes close to the margin of the river, and at others winding over slight rises. The scenery, though far from grand, is very pretty. About two leagues from Caminha we passed through the old fortified town of Villa Nova de Cerveira, situated on a hill, the lofty frowning towers which guarded the two entrances still standing, though sadly shattered by time. I regretted not being able to make a sketch of this picturesque old place. Near it is a castle of more modern date, but of no strength as a fortification, and on the opposite side of the river is the Spanish fort of Gayau. Further on is another small fort called Novalia, with a Spanish rival of the name of Amorim. From the nature of the soil, more than from the care bestowed on it, the road is good all the way to Valença.

The scenery on approaching Valenaça is exceedingly interesting. The fortifications appear well in the foreground, with the river Minho below, the Spanish town of Tuy on the opposite bank, and the wild sierras of Galicia in the distance. The walls crown the summit of a hill, rising gently from the south and west, but precipitous on the other sides. The fortress mounts about fifty pieces of cannon, and consequently its governor, when summoned by Napier to submit to his arms, unlike his brethren, refused to

obey. It held out for a considerable time, but at last, when threatened that it would be stormed, it capitulated with all the honours of war.

The streets are narrow and dirty, with few good houses; but there is a tolerable inn, where travellers from England ought to sleep the first night after leaving Vigo. The commandant and the other government officers at once looked over our passports, and in less than half an hour we were winding our way down the steep path leading to the water's edge. Here we found a boat, in which we and our luggage crossed to the Spanish side, while our horses and beasts of burden were sent with their guides back to Oporto, as we intended to hire fresh animals at Tuy.

It is now necessary, when leaving Portugal, to take out a certificate (for which payment is made) that the animals you ride are to be returned into the country, and are not for sale; a very unnecessary precaution, I should think, considering the great superiority of the Spanish horses over those of Portugal. At a small guard-house on the banks of the river our luggage was examined; a peseta preventing our clean linen from being tumbled or thumb-marked. When the operation was over, we sat down on the trunks as they lay strewed about the sand, while a troop of women were coming from the inn, which was at some distance, to carry them thither. To our great satisfaction at last they arrived, with the landlord of the posada, a very polite facetious gentleman, who led us across the fields to his house.

The inn was completely in the Portuguese style,

but passable, and possessed a sitting-room, with four beds. While dinner was preparing we sallied out with our landlord to buy some cigars, and view the town. It stands on the summit and sides of a conical hill, which slopes very steeply down towards the east. The fortifications are completely dismantled, and I believe the place is totally devoid of guns. There are few large houses, but a number of small neat stone buildings, the streets being tolerably clean.

At the cigar-shop we were delighted with one of the most perfect specimens of female loveliness I ever beheld; and the innkeeper assured us she was good as she was beautiful, though rather hard of heart, for that she had refused numerous offers of marriage from ensigns and lieutenants, and less honourable proposals from captains and colonels. She was very fair, with a delicate colour on her cheeks, and glossy brown hair, her figure elegantly slight, and of good height, though not tall. As soon as she had given us the cigars we asked for, she resumed her work, and though she smiled at our bad Spanish, we could draw but few words from her. She was not by birth a Galician, I believe, nor had she long resided there. Her history was highly romantic, but I have not space in this place to detail all I heard concerning her. One sometimes meets in girls of humble life with such surpassing beauty and such innate gracefulness, both in thought and action, that one begins to doubt that such are the attributes of lofty birth alone. I have met two or three instances, where, supposing a few ordinary accomplishments added, they would have appeared fitted at once

to adorn the highest stations; but perhaps a closer acquaintance would have discovered defects which my admiration of their more obvious perfections concealed. However, I have seldom seen any to surpass the cigar-maiden of Tuy.

I must advise all my friends, if possible, to cross the border, and to get their passports signed on the evening, going either way, so as to be able to start without let or hinderance in the morning, or they may find themselves vexatiously delayed for some hours, while the commandant is rising from his couch and the custom-house officers are examining their luggage.

From Valença to Oporto there are two other roads besides the one we took. By far the most interesting and beautiful is over the Serra de Estrica, five leagues to Ponte de Lima, and thence another five leagues on to Braga, from which city, eight leagues to Oporto, a fine carriage-road is in the course of construction, if not already completed. Ponte de Lima is celebrated all over Portugal for its charming scenery; but, indeed, there are few parts of the Minho which are not lovely. Another road from Oporto to Valença is through Barcellos, a town of some size, with a tolerable inn. This is the most direct and easy, but the footing is little better than the other two can boast of, and the scenery is not so interesting; so that, except in very bad weather, when it might be dangerous or inconvenient to cross mountains, I should give the preference to the Ponte de Lima and Braga road; the longest, however, of all three.

It is proposed to make some good roads in this direction—perhaps some are already commenced—which will much facilitate travelling, now a matter of some difficulty for ladies, though highly amusing to the other sex. In a few years I fully expect to see Portugal as much resorted to by tourists and invalids as Germany and Italy, or the south of France, should all the improvements now proposed be carried out.

We left Tuy at an early hour on the following morning, riding for some distance along a fine, broad, macadamized road, which put to shame those which then existed in Portugal. It leads to the renowned St. Jago de Compostella, of holy fame. The distance from Tuy to Vigo is three leagues. There are two roads, one to the right, which is at times flooded in winter, and impassable; the other to the left, across the mountains. Much rain having lately fallen, we took the one to the left, which after leaving the high road is little better than a horse-track, but we were amply repaid for the slight inconvenience of ascending and descending hills, by the wildly beautiful views which met our sight, of heathery mountains stretching far away to the east, and now and then a glimpse of the sparkling ocean to our left. Before descending to Vigo the prospect we enjoyed over the bay was remarkably fine, both to the right and left; and the scenery all round its extensive shores is very picturesque.

After depositing our luggage at a very tolerable hotel in the square, where there is a table d'hôte every day at two o'clock, we strolled about the town. Our first visit was to the office of the British consul,

to procure the necessary leave to embark. That functionary was a Spaniard, who did not speak a word of English, nor was I particularly pleased with his manners.

Politely bowing ourselves out of the office, we strolled up the hill to the castle, which overlooks the whole of the town. On a green before it a few companies of wretched-looking troops were being drilled: their costume a long blue coat, with yellow belts, and a high crowned hat with a little peak in front. An exact sketch of a group of officers standing on one side of the line would have appeared only an amusing caricature. One was a lieutenant, an immensely tall thin youth, with a long neck, and a tight stock too low for it, so that he had the appearance of being throttled. From his height he had an habitual stoop, which made him look somewhat like a tall poplar bent by the wind over some stunted shrubs. The major was a short man, prodigiously fat, with a jovial countenance, and was evidently affording great entertainment to the officers collected round him. The troops we saw appeared to great disadvantage after those of Portugal.

We took a walk along a road leading to Compostella, and then returned to the inn. As in most Spanish towns, so here, the Plaça is the locality where in the evening the inhabitants congregate, the men to smoke their cigars, and talk politics, the ladies to walk and listen to soft nonsense. The Spanish ladies never talk scandal. Such subjects they utterly detest and abhor, having far more interesting matter to discuss. We met several parties with black lace veils

thrown over their heads, and the ever-ready fan in hand, on their way to a *tertulia* given in a large house in the square.

Having engaged a trusty person to summon us when the steamer should appear, we went to bed, and enjoyed some hours of repose.

If I were a Portuguese I should look with an envious eye on Galicia, and should long to join it to the crown of Portugal; or I should be contented with even a part, embracing the Bay of Vigo. The Spaniards make no use of the province, neglecting its magnificent harbours, and allowing its once-famous dock-yards to fall into decay. By its geographical position this tract belongs to Portugal, whereas it appears to be but a remote corner of Spain: its hardy children are despised, as not being true Spaniards, while they amalgamate well with the Portuguese. If Spain continues much longer in the state of anarchy into which she has been plunged for so many years, she must ultimately fall to pieces, and then, according to the present code of the morality and justice of nations, she will be partitioned out between all the great powers, when I hope Portugal will come in for her proper share of plunder, as Vigo Bay would indeed be a valuable acquisition, restoring the country to its ancient renown and wealth. Just before day-break it was announced to us that the gun from the steamer had been heard, and rapidly dressing, we were on board as soon as she stopped her wheels before the town. I have made many voyages, but never enjoyed a more delightful one than I did on board the *Lady*

Mary Wood, in May 1843. There were a great number of passengers, many of them very agreeable people, and some amusing—more to laugh at, than with. The company included a large proportion of ladies, young and lovely; so that there was much adoring and coquetting going forward, and many scenes interesting to the lookers on, and I doubt not doubly so to the actors.

What a wonderful thing is a steam-ship! yet in a few years it will have become so common—it is even so now—that people will have ceased to wonder at it. I am not going to speculate about this means of conveyance, except in one point of view—as a great engine of civilization. Think of the thousands of people whom it draws forth from their homes who would not otherwise stir abroad—how those who would otherwise never meet are thrown together—how much is learned of one's fellow-men of which one would otherwise remain ignorant! For my own part, I never step on board a steamer without learning something; and in one voyage of a few days' duration I gain more knowledge of the world than I do when remaining a whole year in one place on shore.

It is now fitting time to bring this Sketch to a conclusion.

SKETCH XVI.

Coup d'œil of the Public Institutions of Oporto. Their success consequent on the Regeneration of the Portuguese character. Politics. The Santa Casa da Misericordia, and other affiliated Societies. Asylums for Widows, Orphans, &c. Infant Schools. Various Brotherhoods. Foundling Hospital. Hospital for British Sailors. Italian Opera House: Madam Rossi Caccia and Signora Albertini. Theatre of St. João, and Minor Theatres. Club-houses. Printing-offices and Periodical Works. Public Library. Museum. Schools of various grades. Market-places. Road-making and Mining Companies. Post-office. Custom-house. Tobacco and Soap, royal Monopolies. Municipal Guard. Governors of different Departments. Public Cemeteries.

I HAVE many other things to sketch about Oporto, before I can give my friends a tolerable drawing of it; but lest they should have become tired of the subject, I presented the two previous sketches of other parts of the country for their amusement. I now return to my favourite city. I have before given a slight outline of Oporto, such as it meets the eye of the traveller on the first day or so of his arrival; but I should be doing both it and its inhabitants great injustice, were I not to take some notice of the many charitable and useful institutions it possesses. I am not afraid of wearying my readers with the description.

The city contains four hospitals, numerous friendly brotherhoods, several schools admirably conducted, various asylums for decrepit age, or helpless childhood; a medical college; a public library, of which any city might be proud; a gallery of paintings adjoining, of which less must be said; a commercial association,

which possesses a handsome hall of meeting in the New Exchange; four club-houses, not to mention the British Factory House; two public banks of great credit; insurance offices both for ships and houses; a Steam-navigation Company; several barracks, and a prison (a fine structure); a naval and military arsenal; markets, well supplied with all the necessaries of life; companies for the improvement of the internal communication in the country; several burial-grounds, on the outskirts of the city, well laid out; an Italian Opera House of large size, and two minor theatres; many printing-offices; besides other associations for various purposes, the names of which may occur to me before I conclude this Sketch.

Such is Oporto at the present day; and it is worthy of notice, that except the hospital, the barracks, the theatre, the prison, and perhaps one or two others, all these institutions have arisen within the last ten years of constitutional liberty. Now, though I was born in the bosom of Toryism, though I was bred a Tory, and have all my feelings still tending the same way, I do affirm, that it is only with the blessing of the most perfect freedom such institutions can flourish in this country, and that were Dom Miguel to return (of which there is not the slightest chance), within a year of his arrival, they, one and all, would be ruined and overthrown.

After years of despotism and tyranny—of cramped energies and miserable apathy—the qualities of the people require full liberty to develop themselves. We have yet to see what is in the Portuguese; whether

they still retain their ancient noble character, or whether it has been totally obliterated by the long reign of mental slavery. I think it is still in existence—that the blood of the Albuquerques, the Menezes, the Castros, and of many other of those true heroes of Lusitanian history, still flows in the veins of their descendants, and gives life to hearts capable of daring and doing the same great deeds. Though the incubus has been removed (we may say in truth it has been only partly removed), we cannot expect them to start forth at once into greatness. They have still mountains of prejudices, false notions, mistaken loyalty, to cast down—heaps, I may say, of littlenesses, petty intrigues, and so forth, to scatter to the winds, before they can become great. It was no slight achievement to overthrow despotism—to banish the usurper Miguel. They shed their blood freely, nobly, for the purpose; they stinted not their treasure, but they have yet more work before them. Liberty only can aid them in that work. In England the case is different. We have liberty, and to spare; we have admirable institutions, we have an enlightened and patriotic aristocracy, well-educated middle classes, and hardy intelligent yeomanry and peasantry; and therefore I am in England a Tory, or something like one; though I think they too might improve—must awaken from their sleep of security—must be up and doing, or one and all of us will be ruined. No Radical measures, or Whig measures, or Conservative measures, will serve us. They must legislate for the lower, the poor, the starving classes—and there are not a few such

who dwell in fair England—or those said classes will attempt to legislate for themselves, and then what will become of Tory, Whig, Conservative, or Radical? Where will all political parties then be? No! the English do not want liberty; they want work—they want food—and they must have them. Give them food and raiment, and they will be contented.

In Portugal, on the contrary, I am very different—I am a reformer, an alterer, an improver, or what you like; but I am not a demagogue, or a destroyer of good institutions because they are institutions.

The Portuguese are improving, but they have not yet got into good order, and they have yet many wants—among the most urgent is a great man. Such an one every person in the nation acknowledges they require; but the difficulty is to find him. Some exclaim, "Send us back the Marquis of Pombal!" but I much doubt if his reign of terror would suit the present day. They require a man equally firm, but far more enlightened—equally bold, but of mild and conciliating temper. Carvalho, with his restrictions on the freedom of commerce, with his monopolies, his narrow-minded projects, his imprisonings and his executions, his racks and dungeons, would quickly bring their country to destruction. In his day he did good; he was required; he came, he played his part, and he is gone. Pombal, or such as he, is not the man to regenerate liberal and enlightened Portugal: he was fitted only to cleanse a country inhabited by enslaved and bigoted people of some of its filth. Perhaps a far greater man than Sebastian Carvalho

does exist—perhaps he is already rising, and may soon burst forth to save his country. How gladly shall I hail him when he does appear!

But I promised to devote this Sketch to the institutions of Oporto, and have unintentionally wandered widely from my subject.

Of all the institutions of Oporto the most admirable is that of the *Santa Casa da Misericordia*—The Holy House of Pity. It is under the direction of some of the principal men of the place, who have very large funds at their disposal, to support hospitals, to send medical assistance and food to the sick, and to bury the poor. Among other establishments under their care is the magnificent hospital of Santo Antonio, in the Cordoaria; one of the directors taking it by turns to act for a month as major domo. The hospital is attended by two physicians and three surgeons. The building is in a most airy situation, of vast size, and yet incomplete; indeed, the plan was far too great for the necessities of the district. It is even now capable of containing many hundred persons. The wards are lofty, airy, and kept very clean. The food of the patients is of the best kind, and anything for which they may have a fancy, is immediately procured. The Portuguese would be shocked at our union-house rations. The dispensary is considered excellent. There are private rooms for invalids of a superior class, who may wish to reside there, the charge for which is slight.

I must observe that of late years medical science has made great strides in Portugal, and also have

surgeons become better operators; but even now there are two or three persons—priests, I believe—who are considered more competent to set bones than any surgeon; and, what is singular, some of the profession employ them. The prison has an infirmary attached to it under the care of the Misericordia.

There is a college in the square of St. Lazaro, entitled *Collegio de Nossa Senhora da Esperança das Orfias*, superintended also by the Misericordia, into which girls of respectable families left orphans are received and educated; those who can afford it paying something towards their own maintenance. Any orphan girls who may dislike the treatment of their guardians can reclaim to put themselves under the protection of this institution. The education at this asylum is such as is bestowed at most young ladies' schools; music, drawing, and other accomplishments, being taught.

An asylum exists in Oporto into which husbands may put their wives during their absence from home; in fact, ladies of their own accord frequently retire thither on such occasions. There is another establishment, a sort of penitentiary, where those whose conduct has caused uneasiness to their husbands, or who have proved actually faithless, are shut up according to the will and pleasure of their lawful masters.

In no country are the fair sex, of whatever rank, more carefully protected than in Portugal; there being establishments for the reception of widows, wives, orphans, and the deserted and destitute.

Two asylums for children abandoned by their parents, one for boys and the other for girls, deserve especial notice.

Two infant schools are in full activity, under the care of some of the first ladies of Oporto, who take it by turns to inspect the establishments, and many attend daily to give instruction. They are on the plan of the infant schools in this country. Several English ladies belong to them; and I believe no establishments are more admirably conducted in every way. Their funds arise from voluntary contributions, and from the proceeds of a ball given once a year to assist them.

Here is a college also for orphan boys of the upper ranks, who are instructed in all the accomplishments necessary to fit them for society.

Five or six wealthy and highly respectable brotherhoods may likewise be enumerated, composed generally of all ranks, who have hospitals for their poor and sick brethren, and schools for the instruction of their children. The brethren take it by turns to attend at the funerals of those of their body who die, to visit daily those who are sick, to see that they are provided with necessaries and comforts, as well as with the attendance of their medical brother. If any one falls down in the street sick or wounded, they immediately hasten to his assistance, and either deliver him over to his proper brotherhood, or to the public hospital. They may truly be called brothers of charity, for in every way do they fulfil that greatest of duties.

Next to the Misericordia, that of the Trinidade is the most important and wealthy, of which my friend Senhor Joaquim da C. Lima is prior.

The clergy have also a brotherhood for the support of those of their body who are old and destitute. A more detailed account of these various institutions would only weary my readers. Some are wealthy—others have but a precarious means of existence.

The Foundling Hospital in the Praça da Cordoaria is in considerable request. Before it, at times, may be seen the nurses waiting to receive the little beings they are to bring up at their own homes; the greater number being nursed in this way. There is a wheel in front of the building for the reception of the new-born infants. It is in the shape of a cylinder revolving perpendicularly in the wall, with an aperture on one side, in which the child is placed, and it then being turned round a bell is rung to give notice of the arrival of the little stranger. Many of the children are put in with some distinguishing mark that their parents may know them again. There is very little of that romantic secresy observed which one is fond of imagining—such as an aged female, her form and features closely enveloped in a dark mantilla, approaching the wheel at the dead of night, and there depositing, swathed in the finest linen, with a ruby cross indelibly impressed on its arm, a smiling cherub, torn from a young mother's agonized embrace, to hide her shame, or save her from a cruel father's anger; the duenna then looking watchfully around to see that no one observes her, and stealing

cautiously back, making many circuitous turnings till she arrives at the door of some noble mansion!

Very different, in truth, are the general run of inmates, I should conceive, from the samples I have seen. Once I was riding out with a friend, when just before we turned our horses a woman passed us with a basket on her head. "Halloo!" cried my friend. "Did you hear the bleat of the kids that woman has in her basket?" "No, indeed," I answered: "this is not the time of the year for kids." "By the way, no," he replied: "though the cry sounded remarkably like that of young kids, or half a dozen babies in concert. By Jove, they must have been babies!" Soon afterwards, riding back, we found the woman resting her load on a wall. We lifted the cloth which covered the basket, and there, true enough, were four new-born infants! "Is that pretty litter all your own, my good Senhora?" I asked, compassionating her on this alarming increase to her family, and giving her a piece of money towards their support. "Oh no, Senhor," she said, laughing; "they are, thank Heaven! none of mine. They are children without fathers found this morning in our village, and I am taking them to the Roda"—(the wheel). Ha! ha! ha! and she laughed heartily at the idea of their being all her own. It was a sight at the first glance to frighten Malthus, though one at which both he and his disciples might ultimately rejoice, *as the inmates of these establishments are very short-lived!*

Another day, having taken a walk along the banks of the river, in order to return I got into a large

boat filled with country-women. One of them had a basket with six babies in it, and whenever they cried she dipped a dirty piece of rag into the water, and held it to their mouths to suck, which quieted them for the moment. They looked very weak and miserable; and the chances were, that some of the little disowned wretches were released from every trouble before they reached that wheel, one turn of which was to shut them out from all communion with the rest of their race.

The number of those who grow up in comparison to those who die is small. Many of the boys are apprenticed to the rope-makers, who reside close at hand; all of whom, it is said, have come out of the wheel. They are generally a wretched set of beings. I am surprised the government have never thought of making them soldiers, as has the Emperor of Russia. Cut off from the rest of the social body, they might be moulded into very useful engines, and then perhaps more care might be taken in bringing them up.

The revenues of this institution were formerly large, but have frequently been diverted into wrong channels—sometimes into the pockets of individuals, and even of its own guardians; but it is now much better regulated.

Foundling hospitals are by some said to conduce to immorality, but I doubt, considering the state of society and climate, if they do so in Portugal. I should say that the same immoralities would be committed, did they not exist, with the additional crime of infanticide, from which the Portuguese are, I believe,

very free. The female peasantry who depart from the paths of strict morality are not treated by their parents and acquaintance with the same rigour as in more righteous England. They are compassionated for their misfortune more than punished for their fault, and it is only when they obstinately persist in an evil course of life that they are turned away from their paternal homes. This considerate treatment arises not from a depravity of manners, but from a tenderness of disposition, and true charity ingrafted in their bosoms; for the Portuguese peasantry are a most kind-hearted people, whatever may be their other faults.

Advanced age is not neglected in Oporto. There is an asylum for old and decrepit women in the Praça da Cordoaria, under the name of the Hospital de Santa Clara. Each old woman has a room, a dress once a year, one meal and fourpence in money a-day; and if ill, is sent to the hospital free of any expense. Another of the same kind also in the Praça de St. Lazaro; but I believe neither of them have sufficient funds for the support of the numerous claimants.

It was proposed, some time ago, to form an establishment for the reception of the wretched, deformed, and loathsome objects who throng the streets to excite compassion, and thus collect from the charitable considerable sums; many of them being, it is well known, vile impostors. Should it be established, the municipal authority must insist on all deformed beggars of every description going into it, quitting the city, or being sent to prison as rogues and vagabonds. I hope

sincerely that this project, among other enlightened measures, will be carried out.

An Hospital for British Sailors and other subjects of Great Britain, is placed under the care of an English physician, Dr. Henry Jebb. It is now supported by private contributions, the government having withdrawn a subscription they formerly paid towards it, without, as far as I could learn, any just cause for so doing.

There are other hospitals and charitable institutions of various descriptions in Oporto, and throughout the country. Many people of fortune also give weekly doles to the poor, of food, clothing, and money; in some measure making amends to them for the apparent loss of the relief distributed by the convents. In truth, the monastic establishments received with one hand, consumed much, and distributed the remainder with the other. It was a grievous pity, when they were abolished, that their funds were not systematically applied to some purpose beneficial to the country; but that necessary work was done amid the confusion of civil strife. More could not be expected.

Among the other establishments of Oporto, I must not forget to mention the Italian Opera House; one of no little importance if considered rightly, and so the government have at all times judged, as an aid in the prevention of disturbances, revolts, and revolutions. If there is a good opera who thinks of changing the ministry? or has time to consider whether taxes and impositions are just or vexatious? People have then the Opera House to which they may adjourn for most

nights in the week, and the other evenings are employed in discussing the entertainments. The Portuguese government therefore wisely bestows some thousand pounds annually towards the maintenance of the Opera Houses of Lisbon and Oporto. The performances at the former are justly celebrated all over Europe for their excellence, nor are those at the latter, at times, much inferior.

The Opera House at Oporto is a large unsightly building, standing in the Praça da Batalha. It was built, I believe, about sixty years ago, many English residents assisting the funds. The interior is handsome. It has five tiers of boxes, closed like those of other opera houses, and the most commodious pit of any I have ever been in, each of the seats having well-shaped backs and arms. In size it is larger than any of the London minor theatres, but rather smaller than Drury-lane or Covent-garden. Its great fault is that the stage is too shallow, and people in some of the boxes do not hear very well. It is tastefully ornamented, and kept tolerably clean. The audience are of the most respectable class, and no females are admitted into the pit; nor are any of those disgraceful scenes ever witnessed, which are too common in our English theatres. The price of admittance is very low. A box can be hired in the best circles for about ten shillings a night, and only three shillings is paid for the pit-stalls—even less, by taking one for a month. Except on gala occasions, when the theatre is lighted up, the ladies do not appear in full dress, and men in any costume are admitted into the pit; few appearing

in evening dresses. The consequence is, the greater part of the audience walk, or ride there on donkeys, in the most independent style; a very pleasant custom during the fine evenings in spring. No smoking is allowed in the theatre; indeed, both on and off the stage everything is conducted with great decorum. It is the custom for people to pay visits to each other's boxes; so that altogether the Oporto Opera House is a very agreeable place in which to spend an evening.

I must now say something of the performances, which have never been better than they were last year. The people are too fond of new operas; thus one has scarcely time to become familiar with the beauties of an opera before it is changed. Dancers sometimes appear, but there is seldom a regular ballet. The most admired singer last season was a Madame Rossi Caccia, a Frenchwoman: formerly, before she went on the Italian stage, belonging to the Opera Comique of Paris. She has never managed to conquer the peculiar manners of that theatre, more suited to waiting-women than to the dignity of princesses or high-born ladies. She can run her voice up to an excessively high pitch, in a most peculiar and beautiful manner, but her low notes are decidedly bad; and she wants flexibility and modulation in her singing. She is, notwithstanding these defects, considered a very perfect artist, having had, I believe, abundance of practice for many years past. Her face is handsome, though her figure is rather too large to be graceful in any character; and her acting would not be borne on any stage in London with tolerable preten-

sions to good taste. She had, however, sufficient admirers of some of her attractions to carry away from Oporto a very elegant golden wreath, formed like that worn in *Norma*.

The Tenor who performed with her was Signor Flavio, one of the most graceful men and best actors I ever saw on the Italian stage. He is an imitator of Rubini; but though his voice is inferior to his original, his personal appearance almost makes amends for the difference. In his Roman characters one might almost fancy John Kemble stood before one. He is the son of a Spanish general, but having quarrelled with his father, he took to the stage; and nothing will now induce him to leave it. His wife, an elegant little person, is also of a very good Spanish family. She is in no other way connected with the stage, and wherever she goes is received into the best society. The Basso was a particularly fine-looking fellow, a Frenchman, under the name of Botelli, and possessed of a fine voice. With such a company we enjoyed *Norma*, *Anna Bolena*, the *Regente*, and many other operas, performed in a way only inferior to such as are heard at some of the principal cities of Europe. The chorusses are tolerably got up, and the orchestra is decidedly good: the lower characters were taken by singers who did their parts as well as those in most of the theatres in Italy. In the early part of the season, a young prima donna, who had just before made her first appearance on the Lisbon stage, came to Oporto for a few weeks, and soon won the admiration of all the audience. The young lady I speak of,

Signora Augusta Rosina A. Albertini, belongs to an English family of the name of Aicheson, but has been educated in Italy under the best masters. Her figure is very elegant, though small, her features engaging, her eyes dark, with much expression, and her forehead high and expansive: so that, though not tall, in all queen-like characters she fully supports the regal dignity. Her voice is sweet, powerful, and flexible: she is capable, with the greatest apparent ease, of mounting to the highest notes, and her low ones are particularly fine. I have never seen an actress with such complete abandonment of self—who so entirely enters into the character she is performing—one who more successfully makes her audience forget that she is acting; which I consider to be the highest excellence of art.

She came out at Lisbon in March 1844, under many disadvantages, Rossi having been a long-established favourite, and the debutante being allowed only three operas from which to select. At last she fixed on that of *Parisina*, a most difficult and arduous part for a young girl, (for she was then scarcely more than nineteen), but one in which she acquitted herself to the admiration of all her hearers; and from that day her ultimate success was foretold. She soon afterwards, accompanied by her mother, came to Oporto, where I first saw her in the same character, and it was not till shortly before she left that I was aware of her being a countrywoman. At first she was excessively nervous, from having heard that the Oporto audience were great critics, and very

severe in their judgment; but as her groundless fears wore off, she met with even warmer applause than she had received at Lisbon. The last night of her performance (she was to sail on the following morning), when she made her appearance on the stage, she was received with showers of flowers, in wreaths and bouquets, and each time she came on, where it would not interrupt the performance, the same elegant and graceful compliment was paid her. It was amusing to witness grave, serious-looking gentlemen standing up to throw their tributes of admiration towards the young girl, whose pleasure at her well-won honours was too visible to be supposed otherwise than real. She continued gracefully curtsying, and running here and there in a vain endeavour to collect all her trophies; and at last, as the curtain was falling, forgetting the dignity of the prima donna, we saw her spring forward to save them from the grasp of the chorus-women who were striving to obtain them. I never witnessed a more genuine expression of feeling. There was the young enthusiastic girl—the actress was forgotten: it fully accounted for the power she possesses over her audience. A little more of the art which practice alone can impart, added to her natural talent, and she will be perfect. When returning to Lisbon she carried away no golden crown, such as Rossi afterwards received; but instead, her richly-deserved floral trophies in a large basket; and I believe she prized them more than all her other earthly possessions. From Lisbon, where the new prima donna was again welcomed, she went to Cadiz, and was there

received with the greatest enthusiasm, gaining the appellation of "the idol of Cadiz." She is now the rival prima donna of Madame Rossi Caccia on the Lisbon stage; indeed, many are of opinion that Signora Albertini already surpasses her. I must say no more about this young lady, or I may be accused of being an interested panegyrist, which is very far from the case, except that I am an admirer, a worshipper of genuine talent, in whatever form it is found. It is the tribute we must, whether we will or not, pay to genius, or rather, let us say, to the great Distributor of it—of whose essence, it is not impious to say, it is a part.

I hope, before many seasons have passed, to see Signora Albertini on the London stage, the goal at which of course she aims, though she acts wisely in not attempting to win it too soon.

It is remarkable how many vocal performers from various countries of Europe are rivalling those of Italy, formerly considered the only land whence sweet sounds could flow. Now Germany, Russia, England, France, Spain, furnish many of the first artists for their own or each other's theatres. We may well be proud of those England has produced, or we may say, is producing. There is indeed nothing of talent or greatness in any sphere which England is not capable of furnishing. Let this be our creed—it is no false one, and must be useful.

When there is no opera, Portuguese and Spanish plays are performed on the stage of the theatre of St. João. The first are chiefly translations from the French. There are few even tolerable actors among

them: the women are the worst, for it is not considered a very creditable profession. Formerly actors were excommunicated; in fact, I believe even now they are, properly speaking, without the pale of the Roman Catholic church, and ought not to be buried in consecrated ground, though the rule is never enforced. The Spanish actors who have appeared at Oporto were very superior in every respect, and always drew large audiences.

There are two minor theatres at Oporto. The Portuguese are passionately fond of private play-acting, and for amateurs are admirable performers. There are numerous small private theatres in the city, and one of the largest companies have hired a theatre, and another acts frequently in that of St. João. The female parts are, however, on these public occasions taken by men, which of course spoils any tragic piece. A few years ago the English possessed a very elegant private theatre, where plays were acted by the young English residents, once a fortnight, to audiences amounting to seldom less than three hundred persons; all of whom understood the language of the performers.

I have before spoken of the club-houses in Oporto: the fourth one, the Lusitania, has been established, on the same principles, I believe, as the others. I have mentioned also the English Factory House, an establishment to which few other foreign cities possess any thing superior. The commercial room in the New Exchange is a very handsome hall, where all the leading papers of England, France, and Portugal,

are taken in, as well as several magazines and reviews. Here, also, all meetings to discuss commercial subjects are held by the members of the association.

There are nine printing-offices in Oporto, whence issue daily five newspapers, and two papers merely for advertisements. From different offices are sent forth five monthly works: the first, called the *Gallery of the Religious Orders*, a very well got-up work, giving the costumes of the monastic and other orders, not only in Portugal, but throughout the world; the *Medical Gazette*, a publication of which I am not able to judge; the *Portonian Instructor—Instructor Portuense*, a work also with prints; the *Revista Litteraria*, a literary review, and very well written; and the *Lusitanian*, a magazine in English, started for the purpose of describing Portugal correctly, and of publishing all the information which may be useful to Englishmen visiting the country. A few numbers only have yet appeared, containing some interesting tours, translations from Portuguese poetry, tales illustrative of Portuguese history, and descriptions of places, &c. I hope sincerely it will succeed, as it deserves.

There are numerous booksellers' shops; by far the best being that of Morè, a Frenchman, in the Calçada dos Clerigos, where most of the first-rate French, English, and Portuguese works are to be found. He has set the example of opening the handsomest shop in the city, equal indeed to that of most booksellers' in England.

The Public Library of Oporto, in the Praça de St. Lazaro, is well worthy of admiration. The walls of the building containing it formed part of an old convent. The rooms are most elegantly fitted up, of great size, well ventilated, and lighted; indeed, I fear the literary tastes of the inhabitants scarcely deserve so handsome a hall. The works of all the Portuguese authors are to be found there, with many thousand volumes of monkish books, into which probably no one will ever look, collected from all the suppressed convents in the north of the country. There are also a good number of English, French, and Italian works, which I have looked over. I have, as all visitors do, received the greatest attention from the librarians and keepers of the hall, every one seeming eager to find the book that I wanted. At one end of the large hall is a full-length portrait of Dom Pedro, a good likeness. Under the same roof is a gallery of paintings and prints, which may be worth a visit from a stranger; but I cannot say very much in their praise.

An English gentleman, Mr. Allen, long settled in the country, has a very valuable museum in a building attached to his house. In it is a cabinet of natural history, a fine collection of medals, as also one of shells, numerous prints, paintings, and books; besides many other interesting objects.

There are in Oporto about fourteen schools for the education of gentlemen's sons. Two of them are kept by Englishmen, one of whom, Mr. Grant, I consider possesses the best method of instruction of any person I have ever met, and is a man of much talent and

amiability. It is rare to meet with boys so well grounded, both in languages and mathematics, as those he teaches; and I have been surprised at hearing little fellows solve most difficult problems, and translate from French into Latin, and then into English or Portuguese, with the greatest facility. Of several girls' schools for little children, three are kept by English ladies. There is no lack of drawing-masters, but I cannot say that I much admire their style. Music- and singing-masters or mistresses are also to be met with, and, I believe, also a dancing-mistress; but the Portuguese children appear to dance of their own accord, and seldom require instruction beyond what their parents can give them.

Thus it will be seen that the education of every class of the community of Oporto is attended to, or most certainly so many schools could not be supported.

The market-places of Oporto are well supplied with all sorts of provisions. That near the Cordoaria is the largest, but is built with a most determined hostility to all principles of taste in architecture. It is of a triangular form, each of the three sides consisting of a row of single-storied stone-houses, serving as the shops of the sellers of meat, fish, potatoes, and fruit; while vegetables, poultry, eggs, &c., are sold in the open space in the centre; the market-women sitting beneath light sheds, screens, or large umbrellas, to shade them from the sun. Certain articles must only be sold in the market-place, and a toll of a halfpenny is collected from each woman who enters with the produce of her farm. On a Tuesday or Saturday morning

it will afford amusement to observe the diversity of costumes, both of the buyers and sellers, the numerous fresh pretty faces, the laughing, the bargaining, and the clamour. Every stranger ought to visit the place, to see at a coup-d'œil the varieties of the population in the neighbourhood of Oporto. Meat is sold at from threepence to threepence halfpenny a pound; and I have never in any country, not even in England, tasted beef superior to that at Oporto. Mutton also is frequently very good, though it is small, and cannot be depended upon. The poultry is excellent, and a couple of fowls are sold for about eighteenpence. Formerly potatoes were imported; now very fine ones are grown in great abundance in the country. The markets are well supplied with fish: the best turbot are to be bought for one to four shillings each; salmon are rare, as are sturgeon; but cod, skate, and soles, are in great abundance. Vegetables are plentiful, but through want of care, are seldom brought to the perfection they attain in England. It is however to be hoped that the Horticultural Society now being established will do much towards improving their culture. Other market-places are to be found in several parts of the city.

There are three different companies for the formation of roads leading from Oporto. The same engineers are engaged in all. The chief projector and director is the Count de Claranges Lucotte, a Frenchman of considerable talent. Under him are a Monsieur Bigot, and four other French engineers. The suspension-bridge over the Douro was constructed by that gentleman, and does him much credit.

A General Mining Company has been formed, composed of some of the most respectable men in the city; but I believe they have not realized much by their speculations.

The Post-office in Oporto, in the suppressed Convent of the Carmelites, is well conducted. The Custom-house, an old building in the Rua Nova, is under the direction of Senhor Costa Carvalho, who, to his credit, treats all strangers with the utmost courtesy, far different to what they experience at Lisbon.

Tobacco and soap are both articles of royal contract, and consequently are bad and dear. I wish the Portuguese would learn speedily the injury these monopolies do their country. In another place I shall speak of the Wine Company, an institution which has inflicted much injury on the country, and will ultimately prove the ruin of the Douro farmers and merchants, if not suppressed.

Oporto is protected by a very fine body of men, cavalry and infantry, called the Municipal Guard, under the command of the Baron of Saavedra. They are all picked men, and are well paid: their uniform is remarkably neat, and they always appear clean and in the best order. The city is at present well lighted by oil-lamps, but gas is about to be introduced, for little purpose, I think: robberies or disturbances at night have of late years been almost unheard of.

The civil governor of Oporto is the Conde de Terena José, a nobleman much esteemed by all classes. He holds his court in a building called the *Casa Pia*, in the Batalha, where also are the quarters of the

military governor, Visconde Fonte Nova. The Casa Pia was probably at one time a religious house, but some travellers who have visited Oporto have most absurdly described it as a *Mont de Piété*, though such an institution is unknown in Oporto. At the head of the ecclesiastical government is the Bishop of Oporto, Dom Jeronymo Josè da Costa Rebello, who resides at the episcopal palace. He is a man of the most urbane manners, perfectly free from bigotry, and is much esteemed by all liberal persons.

I have, I believe, given a sketch of nearly all the establishments in Oporto. I will now conclude with the last scene of all, which ends this "strange eventful history," the public cemeteries. Their establishment was one of the greatest improvements under the present *régime*. The first formed, and which contains the greatest number of tombs, is that of the Lapa; the inhabitants preferring it from its being near a church. It is situated among some rocky hills, behind the church of the Lapa. The largest cemetery is in the ground formerly occupied by the bishop's quinta and the seminary, at the end of the Walk of the Fontainhas. The site is admirably chosen, as the ground can be easily drained, and it commands a beautiful view. The chapel belonging to it is a most unsightly little edifice, and if that and the ruins of the seminary were pulled down, and a beautiful Grecian temple erected instead, it would be a vast improvement. Many hundred poor people lie there, but only two monuments are to be seen: some absurd prejudice is entertained, I believe, against being buried

so far out in the country. One of the monuments is to an infant, with the following exquisite lines inscribed on it:—

Gozei da vida hum fugitivo instante
Para hum beijo da mãe angustiada;
E ao ceo voando para os pais imploro
A vida que eu teria accrescentada.
23 de Janeiro
de
1840.

I have thus roughly translated the lines:—

With life one fleeting moment blessed,
One kiss my anguished parents pressed,
And then to heaven I bore my prayers,
That my short life might lengthen theirs.

Near the church of the Cedofeita there is another very neat cemetery. The Protestant burial-ground attached to this elegant chapel has many pretty monuments, shaded by magnificent lime-trees.

It is now contrary to the law to bury anybody within the walls of a church. At all events, in this improvement the Portuguese were not many years behindhand with the English. Let us hope they will imitate us in other respects, when we set a good example.

SKETCH XVII.

TRAITS AND TRADITIONS OF THE NORTH OF PORTUGAL.

Sebastianites. Religious Processions, at one time abolished: restored by the Pope. Procession on Trinity Sunday. That of the Corpus Christi. Feast styled "the Sacred Heart," peculiar to Portugal. Mode of ushering in Saints' Days. St. Gonçalo. Disgraceful Impositions. Penances much in vogue. Modes of performing them. Almost exclusive Worship of Saints. Catalogue of them, with their respective offices. Supernatural Beings. The Bruxas. The Lobishomes. Feitceiras. Belief in a species of Metempsychosis. Wizards. License of St. John's Eve. Superstitious Observances.

I MUST apologise to that very ingenious authoress, Miss Pardoe, for putting at the head of this Sketch the title she selected for her amusing and clever work on Portugal, the first she published of the many with which she has delighted the world. She would scarcely know Portugal again, so many things have changed; all, or nearly all, yet changing.

I believe if we were to wander throughout the country we should find few Sebastianites remaining. Theirs is a curious creed—an odd tradition to be believed is it, that the young and gallant king Don Sebastian had escaped from the fatal field of Alcacer Quiver, where fell the bravest and last of Portugal's chivalry, and that, confined by some fell magic in an enchanted island among the unbelieving Moors, he will one day break his bonds, and return to restore his beloved country to the state of prosperity she once enjoyed. Looking deeply into the matter this creed is not a senseless one—it is one not to be despised and ridiculed, as might be supposed on first hearing of it.

In truth, this belief arose from a reality—from a necessity. The people felt that each day they were sinking lower and lower in the scale of nations, and that they required some one to save them. It was reported, perhaps not without foundation, that their gallant young sovereign, on whom their fondest affections were set, had escaped the slaughter of his army. "Then he will surely return!" they exclaimed; "he will restore our nation to greatness." This was their fondest hope, their cherished wish, till it grew into a faith. Though years passed by, and he came not, still they believed he would ultimately come. Those were days of credulity—their priests passed off the grossest fables as divine truths. Enchantment, witchcraft, the visible workings of the powers of darkness, absurdities of all sorts, obtained credit from all classes —then why not believe that their king was suffering from enchantment? and if it could last one year, why not ten or a hundred? This the fathers believed, and they taught their children—those children believed it, for the necessity still existed—they felt that they required a great man. I scarcely know why all their descendants do not profess the same creed, for surely such an one has not yet appeared.

It was reported that King Sebastian would return on some morning when the sky was overcast with clouds and mists—that suddenly a bright light would appear, driving away the fog and darkness, and that his heaven-directed bark would be seen gliding swiftly up the majestic Tagus, the harbinger of peace and happiness to the kingdom! On many a misty morn-

ing have his faithful subjects flocked in crowds to the quays of Belem, at the entrance of the river, and there have watched with anxious eyes, in the full and confident expectation of his coming. Morning after morning, constant to their faith, they have waited patiently for the destined advent; no doubts rising in their minds of the ultimate realization of their hopes. Years ago one-third of the nation were of this belief. They have, as was to be expected, gradually decreased in numbers, but those who still hold to it are as firm in their faith as their predecessors. It is said that there was an ancient prophecy that many events were first to take place, and which it appears their fathers overlooked. First, there was to be a severe and cruel despotism; then a civil war and bloodshed, plague, famine, and pestilence; then a hero, but inferior to Don Sebastian; afterwards a queen should rule the land; and then the illustrious hero, the regenerator of his country, should appear! Most of these events have already occurred, they say—the greatest of all—the final one, only has to be accomplished. At one time not a class of the social body was without numerous believers in this creed: it warred against no other—it contradicted no article of their religious faith; but it became incorporated into it—part and parcel of it. It weakened not their allegiance to the reigning powers, for of course they would gladly yield to their heaven-directed sovereign. Prelates, priests, judges, soldiers, sailors, lawyers, merchants, and husbandmen—the highest, the lowest—were to be found among the number of the faithful.

I never met any of those Sebastianites: I should like to know what sort of men they are—honest, good men, I doubt not; thinking also, though credulous, who felt that there was something rotten in the state which required amendment, and who piously prayed for some one to perform the office, knowing that they were themseves unfitted for the work. I must confess myself almost a Sebastianite—I look for some one to save Portugal, for she requires such aid.

A stranger in Portugal is most struck with the religious processions, which I have not yet attempted to describe. The greater number take place during or about the time of Lent, that of the Corpus Christi in the summer; and every town has some peculiar procession in honour of its patron-saint. At one time these processions were abolished, or rather discontinued, from a feeling of the members of the government that they were conducive to idolatry; but his Holiness the Pope, it appears, was of a different opinion; he considering that they encouraged true piety and religion. Thus, when Portugal renewed her connexion with Rome, which had been broken off, they were once more established. They have much fallen off in magnificence since times of yore; indeed, few people of the present day, whatever they might formerly have done, treat them with much reverence. They certainly kneel, and take off their hats as they pass, but at the same time they talk, laugh, and pass off their jokes at anything in them which strikes their fancy.

These processions generally pass from one church in the city to another, or sometimes return to the

one whence they set out, traversing the principal streets, which are hung across with banners, or gaily-coloured cloths, and strewed with flowers. The balconies and windows also have shawls or tablecloths, or embroidered silk counterpanes, suspended from them—anything, in fact, to make a shew; and are crowded with ladies in their best attire.

One of the largest is that on Trinity Sunday. First come men in coloured robes, bearing aloft richly-worked banners, with sacred devices; then follow some of the chief dignitaries of the church, in their golden vestments, beneath canopies supported by four men, and surrounded by priests carrying long waxen tapers. Next follow immense groups of figures, on platforms, representing various subjects from Scripture-history, as large as life, dressed in silken robes, the countenances generally very well executed. They are carried by people in black robes and masks; it being formerly a favourite method of performing penance. Now Gallegos are hired for the purpose, or probably are allowed the honour for the good of their souls. The statues of the Virgin Mary are sometimes well executed, and always habited in the most costly robes that can be procured. Formerly ladies used to send their most precious jewels to adorn her, to be returned as soon as the ceremony was concluded; so that for the time she was in a complete blaze of diamonds. Between each of these groups of figures, or single statues, as the case may be, walk some brotherhoods in the robes of their order, with long wax-candles in their hands, or sometimes priests

occupy their posts. In the centre of them come two or three little angels with pink, blue, and silver wings, and helmets on their heads. They are adorned with petticoats of bright-coloured satin, lined with white, and trimmed with gold lace, the lower edge spreading out and terminating in long points, which are stiffened with whalebone, and curl up all round. Fantastic little beings they look. They are all boys, and their parents believe that it is the greatest blessing that can be bestowed on them to be so employed. The younger ones seem to have a very different opinion, and look very bashful, or frightened, as they attempt to keep to the marching step they have been taught; striking out their little legs, their feet covered with satin shoes, and rolling from side to side, as if the earth was not their proper station. The older angels seem rather to enjoy the fun, looking with ineffable disdain on their ragged companions in the streets, with whom they amuse themselves by exchanging telegraphic signals, very similar to Percival Keen's freemasonry signs. After the angels come more priests, or friendly brotherhoods, with their respective banners; then again figures, and so on, till the long line is wound up by all the troops of the garrison, who gradually fall in, they having previously lined the streets through which the pageant passes, their bands playing all the time some gay airs.

It must be confessed that there is not much solemnity or devotional excitement on these occasions; few if any of the people being conscious of what the figures are intended to represent. They assemble,

and stare, and laugh, much amused by meeting each other, and that is all. There is very little idolatrous feeling among them, for they begin to esteem these spectacles at their worth. When their real value is universally known, they will be abolished altogether.

The procession of the Corpus Christi used formerly to be one of the most gorgeous exhibitions. It still takes place in the month of June, but with sadly diminished splendours. First come silken banners, then the sacred and mystical Host, borne by a priest under a canopy, before which all the faithful fall down in adoration, and unbelievers too, to save themselves from broken heads or revilings. After it appears a long line of persons with waxen tapers, which, if there is any wind stirring, they have considerable difficulty in keeping lighted. The most important personage in the drama follows next. He is no less a character than the gallant knight St. George, of merry England, mounted on a richly-caparisoned charger, and clothed in a complete suit of shining armour, with plumed crest, and spear in hand, a crusader's cloak flung over his shoulders. How he came to be held in so much veneration by the Portuguese, is a matter of dispute. People not friendly to England affirm that he is not our St. George, but another holy knight of the same name. This I hold to be an absurdity. Any person tolerably versed in the *History of King Arthur's Round Table*, or the *Twelve Champions of Christendom*, would be able to controvert that assertion. There was only one St. George, and this is he. I suspect he was introduced into Portugal in the early days of the Por-

tuguese monarchy, when Richard Strongbow, with a large body of crusaders, on their way to the Holy Land, put into the Tagus through stress of weather, and being invited to remain, aided the Lusitanians in capturing Lisbon from the Moors. He and his followers were afterwards at the famous battle of Ourique, when Alfonzo Henrique put to flight an army of unbelievers, numbering some fifty times his own forces, *if* the Christian chronicles are to be fully believed. It is natural therefore that the Portuguese should pay due respect to the patron-saint of their brave allies, and should institute a procession in his honour. In Lisbon it was far grander than in the north, and formerly all sorts of grotesque mummeries, such as were at the same time common in England, were introduced; so that it was probably originally altogether an English procession, introduced by that nation. Many of the warriors above alluded to settled in Portugal, some of their descendants still existing with their English names.

I ought to say that St. George is a wooden figure, and on one occasion the screws that fastened him to the saddle being too long, pierced the sides of his steed, which breaking from the people who held him, charged furiously along the streets, putting to flight whole crowds of the faithful, till the poor knight was thrown ignominiously to the ground. This was attributed by some to the circumstance of the horse being the property of a heretic; a German officer having kindly lent his charger for the occasion.

Following the saintly knight come a troop of gaily-

caparisoned steeds, belonging to all the principal people in the place, and led by grooms in their best liveries and large cocked hats, set sideways, which have, it must be confessed, a truly devotion-exciting appearance! Formerly, these horses were supposed by this act of religious observance to get rid of any vicious propensities with which nature might have endowed them, but at the present day they are sent more as a compliment to the bishop, than for any other purpose. This exalted ecclesiastic in his robes, with one mitre on his head and six borne before him on cushions by as many persons, walks next, beneath a silken canopy, the poles supported by priests, and cords fastened to the top held by the persons of the highest rank in the city, in some uniform or other. I believe the bishop in this pageant carries the Host. The procession is wound up, as on other occasions, by the troops and bands of music.

I do not give a separate description of each procession, because they are all so much alike, that I should weary both my readers and myself in so doing. They will soon, I suspect, be like the pleasant mummeries of once merry England—things of a bygone age. Let them depart—if there is little harm in them, there is certainly little good.

The Portuguese give largely in alms, but still more, I suspect, to the saints, whose representatives thereby benefit not a little.

Saint Antonio is the favourite saint, and innumerable are his images, of all sizes—some as large as life, stationary in shrines, and others little portable

St. Antonios, which are carried about from door to door, to receive the contributions of the faithful. Scarcely a week passes but some saint or other makes his rounds. He is carried about by a man in a yellow, blue, or red cloak, with a plate in the other hand, who goes to every house in the parish, petitioning for five reis for Saint Anthony and the good of the giver's soul. This man is the sacristan, or some lay person attached to the church, (it would be beneath the dignity of the priest): his outward appearance is not very respectable in general, nor is he always successful, for I have heard people exclaim, "Why, he paid me a visit last week! I have nothing for him:" or else, "Saint Gonsalves takes care of my soul; I cannot afford to pay Saint Antonio also." These people seldom ask gentlemen for donations, and never Englishmen, except as a joke, with a laugh, knowing well that they are not likely to receive anything. The above remarks do not apply to the upper classes; the religion they possess is refined by education; and though many are doubtless still somewhat superstitious, the greater number are far from being so.

Saints' days are here ushered in by fire-works, such as rockets, squibs, and crackers. It is extraordinary what a noise they make—one cannot fail to be struck by the piety of the people. No sooner does the day break than those under the immediate protection of the saint commence their noisy salutations—Bang, bang, bang—crack, crack, crack. Not a soul in the parish can longer hope to sleep, but must up and do him reverence. There is some sense in letting off

rockets at night—they are pretty things, at all events, to look at—their bright lights rushing on high, and dropping in shining sparks through the dark æther; but in the day-time they only make one's head ache to no purpose.

A short time back the government, deeming that much useful time was wasted throughout the country by her majesty's liege subjects, petitioned his holiness the pope to abolish certain of the saints' days. After a great deal of hesitation and diplomatising on his part, he consented to abolish three or four at the utmost, out of some sixteen or more which were kept as strict holidays; and for this inestimable favour a considerable recompense was demanded and paid—I forget exactly how much, but no slight sum, I know. The Roman power has never been noted for its liberality. It is willing enough to grant favours if paid sufficiently, but without remuneration it is inexorable. *Omnia sunt venalia Romæ*, said the satirist of old, and in truth we have little reason to contradict the assertion.

Among the feasts retained is that of the "Sacred Heart," peculiar to Portugal. That most pious sovereign Mary I. obtained its institution, and, with a disinterestedness truly exemplary and royal, omitting herself and the royal family, caused the eve to be observed as a strict fast by her subjects only. The introduction of this royal feast and national fast, with the establishment of the patriarchate at the same time, and a rich altar which arrived from Rome, blessed by the pope himself, cost the nation little less than a million sterling. It is to be hoped the abolition of things

sacred is less expensive than the foundation. "The canonization of our cousin has ruined the family," said one of the Borromei, alluding to the vast sums demanded by the pope for the honour conferred on them.

I do not blame the pope and the cardinals. They act rightly by gathering in their harvest while they can. I should advise them to sell everything that any one will purchase—a dispensation to a man to marry his grandmother, if he will pay a round sum, else it might lower the price of other articles. I only pity the people—an enlightened intelligent people like the Portuguese—who will tamely submit to such gross impositions, and which they know full well, as they have often shewn, are gross impositions.

Poor Portugal! she has been from time immemorial in hot water with the popes, and will be so till she energetically asserts her independence—till the church and state are united in one head. Such, and such only, will give her true stability and power.

Some time ago I went into the cathedral—the *sè*, as it is called—of Oporto. It was a day dedicated to Saint Gonçalo: who he was, or when he lived, I do not know. We were saluted, as we walked up the steep steps leading to the building, by a flight of rockets, the sticks from which came tumbling down close to us. On each side of the steps were hideous objects, in naked and filthy deformity, petitioning for charity. The church was crowded, entirely by the lower orders,—women predominating.

High mass had long been concluded, and a curtain had been drawn across the silver shrine, only exhibited

to the vulgar gaze on great occasions, so that I could not account for the number of persons still in the church, till we reached the centre of the principal aisle. The mystery was then explained. At a table sat a man with a plate of money and a figure of a bishop—St. Gonçalo, I believe—before him, and hung to a pillar above him was a collection of waxen arms, legs, and other parts of the human body. A number of women, children, and old men, stood around, others continually coming in. First one advanced, and kneeling down, deposited a piece of copper in the plate, then reverentially kissed the foot of the figure, and received a tap on the head with it from the presiding person, after which he or she went away perfectly contented. One little ragga-muffin was not let off so cheaply: what he had done I know not, but he was kept on his knees all the time we were looking on, with his hands raised before him muttering prayers, though he seemed to be sufficiently amused by watching the people coming and going. Besides the plate of money there was on the table a pile of prints representing the holy saint Gonçalo, every person who paid high enough receiving one as a sign that he had enjoyed the felicity of kissing the figure. One stout, sailor-like fellow bought a dozen of them at once. I observed that the very poorest did not put anything into the plate, though they nevertheless got a tap on the head with the foot of the figure gratis, and went their way rejoicing.

We saw some twenty or thirty people go through the ceremony, for they make quick work of it—some

gave only a halfpenny, others twopence or more. Some bought the wax arms or legs I have described. One poor woman I recognized, who sells bobbins, pins and needles, and such like things, at the door of a friend's house. She was some seconds bargaining for a wax-arm; at last she received it, and as she passed I asked the price she had paid for it, much to the amusement of some people who overheard me. She answered, "A testoon"—about five-pence. She then took it to the shrine of the saint, knelt down, put it on the altar, said a prayer, and returned with it to the man at the table, who received it back, placing it among the others. Some days afterwards I asked her why she had offered up the arm, and how she had obtained it so cheap. The poor creature said that she had long suffered from a pain in her arm, and that she had vowed a waxen arm to St. Gonçalo if he would remove it. No sooner had she taken the vow than the pain left her, so she was bound to fulfil it. She accounted for the cheapness of the wax-limb by telling me that she gave it back to the major domo of the church, of whom it was bought, as that, had she left it at the shrine of the saint, it would have cost a great deal more—much more than she could afford.

As we quitted the cathedral we encountered another of those harpies with a plate collecting money from the poor people, many of whom, like my friend the bobbin-seller, must find it a hard matter to procure means of subsistence. The five-pence which that poor woman gave were the savings, undoubtedly, of several

weeks. I will not venture to give a name to the imposition—it might not sound well in ears polite; but I think the warmest advocate of the Romish church will scarce venture to say that the proceeding above detailed is not an imposition.

I produce this as one example, though I might offer thousands—volumes might be filled with specimens of this system of imposture. These hard-working, industrious, honest people, not only pay tithes to their priests, which is very well—they must have priests, and those priests must be supported; but their savings are filched from them in this way by men who are fully conscious of the imposition they are practising. The money which ought to be laid out in comforts for themselves, or in educating their children, in improving the country, is spent in rockets, wax-lights, or in supporting useless, idle members of society. Till these things are amended the country cannot keep pace with its more enlightened neighbours. I do not allude to the priests, when I speak of the useless members of society, except when they do not perform their duty, and then they are far worse than useless; but I speak of numerous other persons attached to the churches who collect these contributions. Suppose even that the money these poor people pay were expended for some useful purpose, still they are induced to bestow it with their eyes shut: they do not reason on the subject—they are taught not to reason; but are told that their souls will benefit by this bestowal of their money, so they give, and inquire no further. *They* most certainly are not to blame.

What makes me indignant is, that the ruling powers know all this, and still allow it to exist. There is not an educated person in the country who is not aware of these gross impositions, and yet not one ventures to protest against them. *Laisser aller*, they say—"It does no harm—you cannot teach them better." A few puny attempts, heartless, and therefore vain, have been made by the government to bring about a better state of things; but opposition intimidated them, and they abandoned the enterprise as worthless. Rome, papal bulls, rebellion, and Dom Miguel, frightened them. Again I say, till they are once more free they can do nothing.

The Portuguese peasantry are still very much addicted to performing penances. As they are seldom very heavy, they find it an easy way of soothing their consciences. The most severe I have seen some poor women perform, such as crawling round a church many times on their bare knees: frequently they hang a bag of sand to their necks, to increase their toil, and let it run out as they proceed. This is done frequently under a pelting rain, the poor wretches literally tracing their progress with their blood. Sometimes these penances are inflicted by their confessors for sins committed, at other times they are in fulfilment of vows made in consequence of recovery from sickness, or on account of finding any lost treasure. They are not in general however such sorrowful affairs. I have seen men with thick cloths tied round their knees; for though they had vowed to go round the church on their knees, they did not consider themselves

obliged to spoil a new pair of trowsers on the occasion; and as the handkerchief alone could not have preserved them, they were compelled to add pads also. They deserved as much credit as the pilgrims who boiled their peas which they put in their shoes. Young maidens frequently perform the same progress round the church, habited in thick cloth petticoats, and too often most irreverently laughing and joking all the time with attendant swains, who will on occasion most gallantly lift them over any very rough places. An old lady I formerly knew vowed to make a pilgrimage barefooted to a shrine, at a considerable distance, but her friends persuading her it was more than she could perform in the way she first intended, she yet determined to keep her vow, so she ordered her sedan-chair, doffed her shoes and stockings, and was carried thither. Truly there appear to be many curious ways to heaven; and, had I the creed of some persons, I might add, "few there be who find the right one;" but as I pity these poor people who are not taught better things; so do I believe will their and my Maker.

I do not give these accounts as amusing stories to be merely laughed at, but that the character of the people may be better understood. Theirs is not an earnest, deep character—they have faith in what we consider absurdities, and yet they laugh at them. On being asked if they really believe in the efficacy of such things, a shrug of the shoulders is the general answer. "We are told to believe in them, and why not?" is the utmost that can be extracted from them. One then finds the question put to oneself, and one

is compelled either to say things which are considered little less than treason against the church, or to hold silence. Thus the uneducated, ignorant peasant gains the day with her "*Pois não?*" Why not?

Nor is this species of penance exacted only of human beings. Frequently cattle which have escaped a murrain that has destroyed their fellows are led round some favourite shrine; horses, oxen, asses, and swine sometimes, shewing most irreverent unwillingness to fulfil their owners' vows, by the performance of what they, more wise, must look upon as a useless ceremony. From days of yore, I fear pigs have had few religious tendencies—the exceptions, at all events, are rare. These exhibitions are by no means grateful to the ear. Grunting and squeaking they go round; sometimes, too, the hinder part foremost, when the penitential hog takes it into his head to turn back the way by which he came. Asses shew more respect to the sacred edifice, though they do sometimes bray rather loudly; but oxen appear the most piously inclined of any.

While I am laughing, I am reminded of a story told by a friend of mine of two ladies who made a vow to walk to Matozinhos, a distance of four miles, without speaking. They tried it nine times, and were at last compelled to undergo a severe penance to exonerate them from what they found to be impossible of performance.

Another favourite vow, made chiefly by farmers, is to present to their church their own weight in corn or wax; for weighing which a large pair of scales are suspended in the sacristy, or some room adjoining

the church, into which the votary and his produce are placed. Should he desire to recover it again, he may commute it with money—a very wise arrangement of the priests!

The vows most faithfully kept are those made by mariners on the stormy ocean, when their frail bark, tossed by the waves, is threatened every instant with destruction. Their faith, like that of all sailors, is unsophisticated, but it is sincere. A fearful death threatened them, and they have escaped by means, they feel, of a power greater than their own. As soon as they land, the captain and crew, frequently barefooted, form a procession, carrying their mainsail, tastefully decorated with flowers, to some favourite shrine, chanting as they go the praises of their saint. When mass has been performed, they reclaim their sail, which of course belonged to the owner of the vessel; and they sometimes are compelled to beg from all the landsmen they meet, in order to make up the required amount. To the church that matters nothing, as long as it is paid.

I am assured that formerly, before the days of insurance offices and political economy, merchants frequently insured their ships at the highly-esteemed shrine of Matozinhos, by presenting a sum equal to the pay of the captain or mate, and that, too, without stipulating for any equivalent, should the vessel be wrecked. The amount annually raised in this manner was tolerably large, but now-a-days that class of persons are much changed, and have become less pious and less enterprising.

With due respect be it spoken, the religion of the country-people is perfect saintism. They appeal to saints on every occasion for protection from harm, or relief in affliction and misery. They have heard of other personages, but whom they consider too great, or too much occupied, to attend to their affairs. These people, however, consider the saints all-powerful—capable of performing anything which may be required; somewhat like the Neapolitans, who, it is said, pray to their Saviour to exert his influence with Saint Gennaro in their behalf. So painfully ignorant are they of the religion of the scriptures.

Each saint, besides being the peculiar protector of different individuals, has some especial office in which his brother saints do not interfere; and no well-instructed person in religious affairs would dream of appealing to one of them in a matter belonging to the jurisdiction of another. St. Gonsalves cures pains in the knees and arms, and patronizes tin-smiths and potters. St. Vincent is the patron of cutlers, and cures the small-pox. Comb-makers are under the patronage of St. Blase; and tanners are cared for by St. Anthony. St. Barbara watches over the artillery. Carpenters, musicians, painters, goldsmiths, and barbers, acknowledge the guardianship of St. Joseph, St. Cecilia, St. Luke, St. Elvi, and St. George. St. John Nepomucene secures his suppliants against ill-fame. St. Jerome wards off thunderbolts; and conflagrations are extinguished by St. Marshal. St. Egmidius is called upon during earthquakes; and St. Onofrius in hunger. St. Michael de Sanctis heals

tumours and cancers. Coughs are treated by St. Jude. St. Ovidio is invoked for deafness; St. Apollonia for toothache; and St. Clare and St. Lucy for sore eyes. St. Sebastian cures malignant fevers; and St. Benedict venomous bites. Indeed, there is not an imaginable situation in life, a danger, or a disease, which has not its corresponding saint, or, as is commonly said, its advocate.

Are vines threatened? they have a protectress in Santa Martha. St. Ildefonso prevents sudden deaths, St. Francis of Sales looks to students, and St. Bridget also smooths down the asperities of learning. Incantations and wizards are rendered innocuous by St. Cyprian; St. Rita de Cascia is styled the advocate of impossibilities; and one who would be invaluable during a foggy November in London, or in a dull country-house, St. Christopher, is implored in ennui.

I have mentioned scarce a tenth of the saints and their offices; nor can I pretend myself to be very learned on the subject. The above account is extracted from the commencement of a long list, furnished me by a truly pious and worthy friend, deeply versed in ecclesiastical history—a devout son of holy mother church, who fully believes in the efficacy of the interference of the above personages; and should this translation of his notes ever meet his eye, I trust he will not consider I have made an irreverent use of them. "If we neglect the saints," he observes, "the saints will neglect us. We have patrons in heaven—*Agrestum præsentia numina*, as manifold as our occupations, our miseries, and our wants."

"The country-people," he observes, "complain bitterly of the loss of their saints' days." (I must remind the reader, as before stated, that after all the discussion in the Cortes, and the urgent petitions to the pope, five only have been expunged from the calendar.) "Exclusive of the patron-saint days of every city, parish, church, and brotherhood, which, though but of local observance, we sorely regret, and which are now to be kept on the following Sundays, we have lost at one fell swoop five full general holidays and about double that number of *dias dispensados*, or days on which after hearing mass, a devotion which does not last more than a quarter of an hour, we might attend to our every-day avocations. We of the provinces have now but fourteen grand solemnities remaining, counting as one holiday the dove-tailing of Good Friday forenoon into the afternoon of Maunday Thursday. In Lisbon, *prima sibi caritas* (charity begins at home, or, take care of number one first,) they have two more. And what are the festivals we have been stripped of? Easter Monday, Whit Monday, the second day of Christmas, days of universal rejoicing, are to be working days for us; we are to give up the Nativity of our Lady, though we keep the Conception; and St. Jago, too, is expunged. The last three were canonically *immoveable*."

I must here bring to a close the complaints of my friend—rather unnecessary ones, I grant, considering the Lusitanian Church still retains fourteen festivals, besides Sundays, on which the whole nation are bound to be wholly and entirely idle. Seriously

speaking, however, something has been gained, though not worth *paying for*. I wonder if Don Sebastian, when he arrives, will get rid of more of them; for, unless he has learnt something during his enchantment, he will have lived so long to *very little purpose*.

I am led to believe that if deep research was made respecting the legendary lore of Portugal, we should find as much of romantic interest among it as in other countries. I intend therefore to collect, for a future work, all the legends and tales I can find among the peasantry; but for the present my readers must be contented with the information I possess.

The most terrific of all the supernatural beings in Portugal is the *Bruxa* (pronounced *Broocha*). She is somewhat in her propensities like the Eastern Ghoul, or Vampire, from whom, probably, she was derived. In the day-time she is like any other woman, performing the duties of her household in a most exemplary manner. She may be a daughter of honest, good parents; she may marry, and have children; she may even be considered amiable, and is often very beautiful, though there is a certain fierce expression in her eye, and an ominous wrinkle on her otherwise fair brow, which the sceptical would suppose proceeded from care or affliction. Nobody can tell who are Bruxas and who are not. They never allow any mortal to discover it, and woe betide the wretch who shall attempt to pry into their secrets! They are a heaven-accursed sisterhood—their souls pledged to the Prince of Darkness by a compact renewed

every night. Sometimes their daughters become Bruxas, if they by chance escape their infanticidal and vampirish propensities, or else they keep up their numbers by inveigling some hapless maiden whose heart has been turned from the right path, and who has abandoned the holy religion of the church, to join their association. She knows not whither she is to be led, or what is to be her fate, till it is too late to retract—when the fatal compact is signed and sealed with her blood—then, miserable girl! her shrieks, her cries, are of no avail. Repentance is impossible—even the saints themselves have no longer power or will to preserve her.

From sun-set to sun-rise this demoniacal power possesses her; for during the day she returns to her family, no one suspecting the dreadful truth. When darkness has overspread the world, and the spirits of evil are let loose, the Bruxas rise from their couches, leaving, if married, their mortal and unsuspecting husbands, and flying to the company of their diabolical paramours. They are then, as a punishment for their crime we may suppose, transformed into the shape of some noxious bird of night—owls or bats of gigantic size. Away they fly at a prodigious rate, far from their homes, over hill and dale, but especially across marshes, stagnant pools, and lakes—unwillingly they skim along the surface, gazing on their hideous forms reflected in the water, and perfectly conscious of their fate. They will sometimes, on these nocturnal rambles, encounter some friend or relation proceeding in one direction, and either by allurements, such as prac-

tised by Ariel in Prospero's island, or by force, will carry him to an opposite point, far away from the one he wished to reach; indeed, over strangers or anybody they meet they have the same power, provided he is not under the especial protection of the saints.

Many a poor wretch has thus been led across the country, over rough rocks, and through brambles and briars, which have scratched his face, and torn his clothes, till, almost worn to death, wet, weary, and bloody, he has at length returned home; his wife cursing the hellish Bruxas who have thus maltreated and led him astray. Truly the wine-shops have less to answer for than the Bruxas; for surely he could not have scratched his face against the bush hung up near the door, or when drunk have tumbled into a ditch! Oh no! the good man was never drunk in his life—he is rather pale now from very natural fear—the diabolical Bruxas did it all!

After these demon-excited occupations, they, in one or other of the hideous forms allotted to them, with vampirish hunger will fly back to their peaceful homes, where sleep in calm repose their innocent offspring, born of a mortal father. Yet feeling a human loathing for their terrific task, their accursed propensities overcome their maternal love, and seizing on their babes, their black wings fanning them to repose, they suck the life-blood from their veins—dreadful fate! conscious all the time that they are destroying the only ones they love on earth. When they have destroyed these, they enter the cottages

of their neighbours and friends, depriving of life in the same way their sleeping infants; and often when a child is found dead, livid, and marked with punctures, the sage women whisper to each other with fear and trembling, "A Bruxa has done this," casting eyes of dread suspicion at each other; for no one knows who the Bruxa may be. As the first streaks of the grey dawn appear, the miserable females return to their mortal forms, awaiting the time when they must perform their dread orgies, never forgetful of their fate.

I do not think that the most poetical imagination could paint a more dreadful lot than that of the hapless Bruxa; a being devoutly believed in, and dreaded, in most parts of the country.

A destiny scarcely inferior in wretchedness to the Bruxa's is that of the *Lobishomes*, except that, as far as I can learn, it endures only for this life, and is owing to no fault on their part. They are born under an inauspicious star, and a sad necessity rules their fate. Every family is liable to this curse, from the highest to the lowest in the land; and though they themselves are conscious of it, they keep it a profound secret, as it is considered a great disgrace to be afflicted with it. It is common to both sexes among young people; those who suffer from it never attaining an advanced age. I have been unable to learn at what time of life it appears. If seven sons or seven daughters are born in one family, the seventh generally is subject to the demoniacal influence; at all events, one of the younger ones. The only pre-

ventive against this fate is by christening one of the seven Adam: should this be neglected, it is almost certain to visit the family.

In the day-time they are free from the spell, but even then wear a peculiarly sad and pained expression of countenance. They mope by themselves, are taciturn and reserved; never enter society if they can avoid it, and then evidently are incapable of its enjoyment. The lower orders sit by themselves, without speaking, in a corner near the kitchen-fire—the expression of their countenances wild and forbidding, their hair and beard long and tangled, their garments disarranged and squalid. In travelling through the country such beings are frequently pointed out as Lobishomes. As night draws on these hapless beings rush from their abodes—the high-born damsel from her bower, the noble youth from his baronial hall, or the hard-featured peasant from his humble cot. No human power can restrain them—the demon has entered into them—they seek some solitary, wild spot, untrod by the foot of man. There they leave their habiliments, and are immediately transformed into the appearance of horses, with long flowing manes and waving tails, fire darting from their nostrils, fury in their eyes; yet fear it is which urges them on. Away they fly, fleet as the wind, over rugged mountains and deep valleys, across streams and winter-torrents, through frost and snow, rain and the fierce lightning. Leagues are traversed in as many seconds—all other animals fly before them—they neigh in agony as they rush on, yet have no power to

stop. On, on, on! their pulses beat quicker, their breath grows thick, but they cannot, they dare not, rest. They sweep round, forming a wide circuit some hundred leagues in extent, yet before the morning breaks they must return to the spot whence they set out, and there resuming their mortal forms and donning their garments, they once more seek their homes, pale, fainting, and wretched.

It is not surprising, after such a night's work, they should be averse to social intercourse. Often at midnight are the cottagers in remote districts startled from their slumbers by unearthly sounds, like the cry of a horse in agony; loud tramping is heard, and a noise as if a sudden blast passed by, and they exclaim, "It is some hapless Lobishome! may the saints have mercy on him!" At times also, as the shepherds are watching their flocks on the mountain's brow, they see a wild steed dash by, on the plain below, fleet as a fiery meteor, while the sheep and goats exhibit their consciousness of something supernatural by scattering far and wide. Their faithful dogs, too, forget to obey their call; and it is with the utmost difficulty they contrive to reassemble their affrighted flocks.

The Lobishomes endure not this dreadful existence for more than seven years, if even so many; death invariably putting an end to their sufferings at the termination of that period—frequently before.

I have been informed of but one mode of escape from this doom, or, it may be said, of being freed from this extraordinary species of enchantment. While in full headlong career they should be boldly

encountered by some fearless person, who must wound them slightly in the chest, so that their blood shall flow. No sooner does the ruddy current reach the ground, than they are instantly restored to their proper forms. The malign influence henceforth has no further power over them, nor do they ever resume the appearance of a horse: they then become like other mortals.

All well-authenticated narrations speak of the horse as the only form they are thus compelled to assume, though some persons suppose, from the name given them, it is that of a wolf; but this I have ascertained to be a mistaken notion. It is to be hoped political economy and liberal institutions will completely banish this curse from the families of Lusitania to the far lands whence it came.

Portugal also possesses a class of persons denominated *Feiticeiras*, or female soothsayers, with characteristics very similar to our English witches. The Feiticeira belongs to a sisterhood like the Bruxa, but does not possess the same dreadful propensities, though, like her, she has sold her soul to the Prince of Darkness, to attain a knowledge of the mystic art. The diabolical compact is signed by a drop of blood drawn from her little finger, she resigning the salvation of her soul, and he giving her the means of both seeing into the future, and of knowing all that has taken place in any part of the country. Notwithstanding the unlawful means used to obtain her knowledge, she does not always employ it for bad purposes. She will aid the peasant to recover his

property if stolen; she assists fond lovers in meeting; she cures cattle by her incantations, if belonging to her friends and those who pay her, as well as causing the murrain to attack those of her enemies. She is consulted in sickness or affliction, and every one endeavours to be in her good graces; the boldest fearing to offend her. She is furnished with a magic ball of thread, like that of the Fates, with which she foretells the destiny of man, and as she spins fast or slowly, so will his life be prolonged or brought quickly to a close. The Feiticeira is not always an old woman, though generally her powers are not known till she is advanced in years. She is not of necessity ugly, nor does she ride on a broomstick: wanting these qualifications, I have hesitated to call her a witch, though in other respects she is like one. She is indeed a mixture of the graceful Roman sibyl and the more fantastical witch of the north.

There is an extraordinary belief very general among the common people, and one very difficult to eradicate, or indeed to disprove, that the souls of the dead enter into the bodies of living persons, ejecting the rightful owners for the time being, in order to perform some duty neglected during their proper life-time. The only name I can learn for them is *Almas d'outro mundo*—Souls of the other world; and they are supposed to be peculiarly favoured in thus being permitted to escape many of the pains and penalties of purgatory. If a person dies owing another a sum of money, he will enter the body of some one, and make him both gain the amount, and pay the debt; after-

wards returning contentedly to the world of spirits, and leaving his deputy unconscious of what has occurred.

The country-people will frequently point out a person, and say, That is not such a man, it is only his body; the soul is that of ——, mentioning the name of one who has been dead some weeks or months. I like the idea—it is benignant and generous, though it cannot be said to be in accordance with Scripture, our sole authority on such an important subject. However, that is excusable in the Portuguese, as they have few opportunities of becoming acquainted with the contents of the Holy Writings.

There are wizards also in Portugal—very bizarre beings—little wizened old men, with apish, mischievous dispositions. They do very little harm, partaking more of the character of the hobgoblin than of the magician. They are denominated Feiticeiros, but are unlike the females of that name. These strange beings amuse themselves by sitting in trees by the road-side at night, and throwing stones at the passengers, almost blinding them. I can hear of no benefit they do to any one; on the contrary, the peasantry always declare them to be very bad people. I suspect them to be somewhat allied to *the good people* of the Emerald Isle. A friend told me, that on a recent occasion his gardener having been sent out by the cook at night to pluck some kitchen-herbs, rushed quickly back, pale with fright, and scarcely able to speak, affirming at last that he had been almost pelted to death with oranges as hard as stones by a Feiticeiro, whom he saw sitting up in a tree grinning at him. The country-

people are not fond of talking about these strange beings to foreigners, whom they suspect to be incredulously inclined, from the supposition that they are disbelievers in their holy faith; so that a stranger will seldom hear any of these tales, except through a Portuguese friend, who may have learnt them in his youth. The people in the neighbourhood of Oporto are rather noted for their infidelity in such matters.

All over Christendom, and even out of it, the eve of St. John is believed to be the time when the devil is free to go where, and do what he lists; nor does he fail, it may be supposed, to avail himself of the privilege. In Portugal, both on that eve and on that of St. Bartholomew, the young men, copying his satanic majesty, give themselves full license—playing all sorts of outrageous tricks—barricading the entrances to their villages, and allowing no one to enter without paying toll; that extracted from the fair sex being easy to give and pleasant to receive. Spirits, ghosts, hobgoblins of every description are wandering about; the air is full of them; and they are at liberty to go where they list till cock-crow, when, like the ghost of Hamlet's father, they are summoned back to their respective dreary abodes.

On this night the future destiny of the young is discovered by various means. The most favourite is by throwing the white of an egg into a glass, and according to the shape it takes, the fate of the inquirer is ascertained. If a cathedral, he is to be a bishop; if a church, a priest only; if a ship, a sailor; if a number of little marks, a soldier: in fact, there is no limit to

the variety of appearances the magic egg may exhibit. The greatest confidence is placed in this species of divination, nor is it in any way considered unlawful.

A very valuable power is obtained by searching a clover-field for a head with four leaves, and when this is found, and placed in the church-missal, if the priest says mass on St. John's day without discovering it, the person who possesses it will have any wish he may express performed, and will be able to work all sorts of magic by its means. The priest, of course, disapproving of such a custom, looks very carefully through his missal, to see that no clover-leaves have been surreptitiously introduced; so that rarely can any daring youth gain the coveted treasure.

I must now bring this Sketch to a conclusion, hoping at a future time to return to the subject, should I find it prove interesting to my readers.



END OF THE FIRST VOLUME.


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